











PICCADILLY TO PALL MALL









# PICCADILLY TO PALL MALL

MANNERS, MORALS, AND MAN

BY

RALPH NEVILL

AND

CHARLES EDWARD JERNINGHAM

(MARMADUKE)



LONDON

DUCKWORTH & CO.

3 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1908

*All Rights Reserved*

## ILLUSTRATIONS

St. James's Palace

Illustration

The British Museum

Jan. 1897 1898

The illustrations are from the photographs by  
John Lubbock, Esq.





This volume is the result of collaboration with  
the exception of Section IV, for which Mr. Nevill  
is alone responsible.



# PICCADILLY TO PALL MALL

## I

THOSE living permanently in a great city are seldom aware of the changes which day by day, hour by hour, transform its appearance and life. What, for lack of a better expression, may be termed the “physiognomy of its streets” is far more clearly visible to the casual visitor or to travellers who have been away for a long period of time. The gradual alteration and obliteration of customs, the demolition and re-erection of buildings, as well as numerous minor changes, are for the most part hardly noticed by the Londoner of to-day, who has rather come to regard them as natural conditions of existence.

Meanwhile, Victorian London is vanishing away, whilst the architectural expression of cosmopolitan money power manifests itself in gigantic structures—the outward and visible signs of far-reaching changes in English manners and customs.

The great revolution in daily life produced by the advent of mechanically propelled vehicles, which threaten in time to remove the horse from the life of cities, was at first regarded as a startling innovation; it has not, however, taken long for the taxicab

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

and motor omnibus to obtain a place as established London institutions.

The introduction of this form of locomotion, it is to be feared, has practically signed the death warrant of the splendidly horsed equipages which were once such conspicuous objects in the streets of the West End.

For the last twenty-five years Piccadilly, once frequented by many characters known for their eccentricity of gait and attire, has become quite a humdrum thoroughfare, the last lounge of marked individuality and leisured independence having been the Piccadilly goat, an animal which about ten or twelve years ago was wont to wander, pensive and unattended, along this old street, in which it was so perfectly at home, stopping occasionally to browse on such railings as, in spite of many former ineffectual attacks, seemed likely to afford some promise of refreshment.

From time to time, when wearied with its ill-success in this direction, it would wander into clubs. In the hall of one it ate up the tape ; at another it walked upstairs into the coffee-room, where it created a stampede.

As a rule, however, seemingly conscious of its responsibilities as the last of the Piccadilly loungers, it was perfectly content to stroll from the Mews in which it had its home to some point of vantage where on sunny days it could bask in dignified contemplation.

Gone are the wicked old dandies who were wont to ogle every pretty face ; their overtures, however, often led them into ludicrous misadventures. A lady



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

looking into a hat shop was once accosted by one of these old beaux, who in dulcet tones inquired if he might present her with an expensive hat which had riveted her gaze. She roguishly consented, and the money being paid at once left the shop, carrying the hat, much to the confusion of her venerable admirer, who had spent his money and failed to obtain the lady's address.

Up to some thirty years ago West End men habitually walked arm in arm. One of the last to do this was Lord Beaconsfield, who was continually to be seen leaning on the arm of his devoted secretary, Lord Rowton, who, almost better known as Mr. "Monty" Corry, is said to have acquired his peerage in the following manner.

After the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's last Ministry, the Premier and his solicitor, Sir Philip Rose, were in eager discussion at Hughenden, the table being almost covered with applications for peerages, baronetcies, and all the usual distinctions which an outgoing Premier is permitted to distribute on such occasions. Recapitulating various claims, Lord Beaconsfield happened to observe that what most perplexed him was how to suitably reward his favourite secretary, when Sir Philip Rose, inspired by a bright idea, suggested making Mr. Corry a peer. Lord Beaconsfield started up delighted with the brilliant suggestion, for it should be borne in mind that never before had a Premier conferred such a distinction on his secretary. Sir Philip Rose immediately set off to interview one of Mr. Corry's relatives, a lady who

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

had always purposed to make him her heir, and, having informed her of the proposal, she at once generously settled her fortune definitely on her successful nephew, and a few days later the world at large was startled by the announcement that Mr. Corry had been raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Rowton. This distinction met with general approval, and Lord Beaconsfield obtained much personal popularity from his generous recognition of a loyal and astute secretary.

The late Lord Rowton possessed an indefinable charm of manner, invariably urbane, whatever the circumstances and whatever the surroundings. Possessed of immense tact, he might have been called the very personification of discretion. His elevation to the peerage was universally acclaimed as an honour thoroughly deserved, but some other distinctions conferred by Lord Beaconsfield did not meet with the same approbation. In one instance, when Mr. Disraeli, he bestowed high office upon an unpopular individual whose name, for obvious reasons, must be withheld. The appointment in question aroused a good deal of criticism, which, however, left the Premier unmoved.

Discussing the matter with a friend, the latter ridiculed the appointment, objecting that the individual was an "ass." "No doubt," replied Mr. Disraeli; "but what a magnificent ass!"

Since the introduction of mechanical locomotion people walk much less than they formerly did, a drive into the country in a motor-car taking the place

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of the leisurely afternoon stroll, once quite a feature of West End life during the Victorian era. Hustle and hurry are the order of the day, and at times it would seem as if the whole population of this district were desperately anxious to get somewhere in the shortest possible space of time.

Man's dress has become more lax and woman's more elaborate, country clothes and straw hats, once not permissible in town, being now habitually worn by a class which in more punctilious days would have been horrified at appearing in any other costume than the most correct morning dress, crowned by an immaculate tall-hat. Smoking in the streets, once an unpardonable social crime, is general.

As for the women, tricked out in creations of the most startling and expensive kinds, with feathers of every hue waving in the breeze, their aspect would have distressed the great ladies of a former generation. All the women, irrespective of their years, are attired in youthful fashion—there are no old women to-day, and but a few middle-aged ones.

With changed fashions and ways has come an alteration in manners and expressions, a marked feature being the improved pronunciation of the humbler classes, against whom the reproach of mispronouncing words beginning with "h" can no longer justly be hurled. The increase of education is the cause of this; nevertheless, in consequence of the universal system of instruction, many quaint old survivals of a more picturesque day have disappeared.

The present tendency is towards a general uni-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

formity of pronunciation and manner, in consequence of which little originality is now to be seen. Many of the obsolete mannerisms of Mayfair survive in less fashionable districts long after they have been discarded by Society. Some old-world expressions, however, die hard. An old duchess, alive not many years ago, asked to the last, "Will you take a dish of tea?" ; spoke of her "chariot" instead of her carriage; and said "thankee" instead of "thank you." A celebrated politician who died but some ten years ago would ask for "cold butter," and at the club would inquire for "the 'Times' newspaper" and "the 'Punch' newspaper." Such mannerisms, and others which preceded them by many years, can still be met with in distant and secluded villages. A stone thrown into a pond produces circle after circle, widening out until the outer one reaches the furthestmost limits of the water. Much the same happens in the case of the ways and expressions of the fashionable world.

The freaks of fashion during the last fifty years are amusing to recall. Garibaldis, Indian shawls, crinolines, the Grecian bend, chignons, crinolettes, the crutch and toothpick, the horizontal shake, monstrously broad collars, spats for boots, the *matinée* hat, are a few of the various eccentricities which will interest the historian of social life.

The customs of Society often have queer origins. Some years ago the members of a somewhat inferior set took to shaking hands on a level with their chins, a mode copied from a Royal personage, who, suffering



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

from an abscess under the arm, avoided the painful friction entailed by shaking hands in the ordinary manner and resorted to a higher level. This was observed by some lesser lights, from whom the custom spread.

The fashion of living in flats, which originated about twenty years ago, effected a great alteration in social life and habits. Few Londoners are now able to say, "My house is my castle," a great number being but guests in some palatial construction ; whilst of late years many people have regularly taken to living in hotels, the transition to which from flat-life is easy.

As regards the origin and rank of the inhabitants of the most fashionable quarters of the West End, the change within comparatively recent years has been startling, as may be verified by a comparison of the Court Guide of a hundred years ago with that of to-day. Take, for instance, "Boyle's Court Guide" for 1811 (a minute volume, not a quarter the size of its most useful offspring), and note the names of the chief residents in Piccadilly. The Duke of Wellington (then Marquis Wellesley) and Duke of Devonshire, whose descendants still occupy their family mansions, are there ; others are the Countess of Aberdeen, Lord Dysart, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q."), the Dowager Countess of Jersey, Lord Egmont, Lord Coventry, the Dowager Lady Galloway, Lady Pulteney, Lord Cholmondeley, the Duke of Grafton, Sir Francis Evelyn, and the Countess of Guilford. It is essen-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

tially an aristocratic list. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* In 1908 the principal inhabitants (not including the Dukes of Wellington and Devonshire) were Lord Rothschild, banker; Mr. Bass, one of a great family of brewers; Lord Glenesk, and Lord Allendale, an owner of coal mines. A number of financiers are in this list, amongst whom special mention must be accorded to Sir Julius Wernher, Mr. H. J. King, and Mr. Sigismund Neumann, all three of whom have contrived to draw huge fortunes from South Africa, in which respect they have been more successful than a quantity of Englishmen, who put much money into the mines and got little out.

Comparing the old Court Guide with the new, a striking feature is the lack of those foreign names, many of which (no doubt justly) are at present held in such high esteem in the country of their adoption. All prejudice against individuals of foreign birth has disappeared, and the alien immigrant of to-day may land, confident that provided he proves successful in the race of life, and garners a sufficient store of wealth, no obstacle exists which will prevent him from becoming the Peer of to-morrow. Such a state of affairs, which testifies to the triumph of broad-minded and liberal ideas, is perhaps not unnaturally irritating to survivors of the old school. One of these, writing to a friend in high quarters who had hinted that a Baronetcy was to be the reward of conspicuous public service, pleaded that while conscious that his life had not been blameless, he was unaware of having committed any offence which

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

would justify the sins of a father being visited upon his innocent children.

The triumph of Plutocracy over Aristocracy is more or less complete, though of late years many members of the latter class have developed energetic commercial qualities unknown to a less astute generation.

Though in the West End, as elsewhere, business has superseded pleasure, the general appearance of the streets and people is still to-day totally distinct from that of the other parts of the huge metropolis. A peculiar atmosphere hangs about this old thoroughfare, which seems somehow redolent of comfortable well-being, in no immediate danger of being disturbed. To-day, as in the past, a large proportion of the individuals thronging the streets are obviously there merely for relaxation and pleasure, an observation which especially applies to the women, some of whom appear regularly to spend their afternoons in aimless drives up and down the crowded roadway of Piccadilly. In the afternoons also huge crowds of smartly dressed ladies from the suburbs descend upon the West End, pleasantly convinced that such incursions identify them with that fashionable world, the doings of which a popular Press has taught them to study and revere.

In these days, when wealth is so easily accorded its crown of social distinction, many of these ladies no doubt not unnaturally cherish the hope that when their husbands make a financial *coup* in the City they too will become permanent dwellers in those blessed

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

regions of fashion, a residence in which (provided the house be sufficiently large and expensive) to-day secures an unquestioned entrée into what is known as fashionable London Society.

As every soldier in Napoleon's army was said to carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack, so every woman who is the wife or daughter of a modern speculator carries a peeress's coronet in her purse bag. A lucky stroke, and the household over which she presides is moved as by magic from West Kensington to Park Lane, and, inconvenient suburban friends being judiciously dropped, her salons are thronged by a far more fashionable mob, a certain proportion of which has itself trodden the very same path before reaching the pinnacle of gratified ambition.

Thus is modern London Society recruited, wealth, about the origin of which awkward questions are seldom asked, being a sufficiently potent qualification for admission.

What is called Society to-day is largely composed of people whose connection with the British Islands is of quite recent date, a certain number of them have not even troubled to assume English names, though claiming and believing themselves to be the genuine aristocracy of England ; not a few, indeed, can hardly speak the language of the race which to some extent they have succeeded in dominating.

Smart Society, as it exists at present, is not in any sense representative of the country as a whole, the landed proprietors, who formerly came up to town for the season with their families, being for

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the most part far too poor to entertain in the same lavish way as does the plutocracy which now rules supreme.

Society, in the old sense of the word, has ceased to exist. The term, it is true, is constantly being used—indeed, never has it figured in newspaper columns so frequently as to-day—yet an exact definition of the meaning of this word it would be almost impossible to obtain. Though Society is dead, societies (that is, small coteries of individuals who are constantly meeting for amusement and pleasure) flourish as they never flourished before. In former days there were certain persons who were well known as social leaders—strong personalities, for the most part, who really did exercise considerable social sway. The newspapers continue to assure us that these still exist, but such, in reality, is not the case; the so-called leaders of Society, dear to the journalist, lead no one at all, being, as a rule, either wealthy aliens or ladies who hail from across the Atlantic, where their husbands' dollars are made.

The old families of England meanwhile have sunk into comparative obscurity, for the most part distanced in the race for wealth.

The late Lord Houghton is said to have declared that the highest condition of social happiness would consist in being known by everybody and knowing nobody—in being asked everywhere and going nowhere.

Such an ideal certainly makes no appeal to that section of Society which calls itself "smart," a pecu-



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

liarly vulgar word not unfitted to the class of individual whose highest aspirations tends but to ephemeral notoriety.

With these, vanity is so great, and real intelligence so small, that self-advertisement is their very meat and drink. As living human beings they have hardly any actual existence ; ostentation is the only aim of this folk, which plays mainly to the gallery.

Small wonder, then, that their performances are not in the very best of taste ; second-rate mountebanks must of course produce their effect by crude methods. Endowed with somewhat tough skins, such people are well equipped to climb the social ladder. Smiles do not affect them, rebuffs are powerless to daunt their truly indomitable push ; and so, by some means or other, they generally achieve their aim. Unbounded impudence, when well assisted by a heavy purse, is, in these days, rarely defeated in its struggle to reach the first line of those on the top rung of the social ladder.

Unfortunately, at an epoch when the newspapers give so much publicity to the doings of the obtrusive, there are many who imagine that these sort of people are the arbiters of the manners of the age, and in their ignorance follow them, the consequence being a marked deterioration in the general tone.

A certain listlessness of demeanour and studied indifference to everything in general is occasionally to be observed in individuals to whom the very breath of life is moving in what they deem to be fashionable society. Hardly taking the trouble to listen to what

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

is being said, and addressing their vacuous utterances to no one in particular, numbers of them much resemble the semi-torpid fish which in the days of aquariums blinked languidly within their tanks. Some of these people would hardly be moved were a fellow-guest to fall lifeless under the table. They bring to mind the absurd story which used to be told by General Burgoyne, illustrating the height to which indifference could attain.

“At a great dinner-party in India the sun was so powerful that on a blind being moved accidentally for a few seconds the rays lighted upon the hostess and reduced her to ashes. Her husband, having noticed the catastrophe, called to a servant and directed him to sweep up his mistress and bring another bottle of claret!”

Like the conies spoken of in Holy Writ, the majority are “feeble folk,” for the most part little troubled by violent passions, except that of gambling on the Stock Exchange, a mania which has brought many a one to ruin. Notwithstanding this, the main body still regards really rich City men with feelings of reverential affection, and clings, in spite of many disillusion, to the conviction that when the next good speculation comes along old friends will not be forgotten at the distribution of spoils.

In its amusements the “smart” set is more decorous than certain fashionable coteries of the past, who rather prided themselves upon occasional outbursts of eccentricity. From time to time its more sporting section may indulge in a practical joke, but escapades

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of this kind are not viewed with particular favour—there is no money in that sort of thing.

People, as a rule, are serious nowadays, and for this reason fancy-dress balls, whilst still popular in the country, are not often given in London. A brilliant exception, of course, was the wonderful ball at Devonshire House, which probably eclipsed anything of the kind given in the past.

The English as a race are seldom at ease in fancy dress, and, besides this, are totally lacking in the “abandon” requisite to make unrestrained festivities a success.

At the end of the eighteenth century, however, masquerades were very fashionable in London. Of these George IV, when Prince of Wales, was a great supporter. An old story, indeed, relates that his fondness for this sort of entertainment on one occasion caused him to take a very serious risk. He was very anxious to attend a certain masquerade. This, however, his doctor absolutely forbade, though the Prince pleaded that he merely intended to look on, dressed in a domino. “If your Royal Highness persists in going,” said the doctor, “I will not answer for the consequences.” “Ah, well,” replied the Prince, “after all, ‘*Beati sunt illi qui moriuntur in Domino.*’”

Occasionally parties are made up to go to Covent Garden, ladies going in masks just for the fun of the thing. A gentleman accompanying one of these parties was rather amused to find amongst the waiters a former butler, who, though posing as a very religious man, had been dismissed for certain familiarities with

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

his wife's maid. "Well, Jones, what are you doing now?" said he. "Still snatching brands from the fire, sir; but I do a little of this in between." The man, it appeared, was a professional preacher.

At one time practical jokes were much in favour. The best of these, perhaps, was the one played upon a certain lady of world-wide celebrity, who was in the habit of having baccarat parties at her house. Three or four intimate men friends of hers having dressed themselves up as police officers, one evening proceeded to knock loudly at the door and, on admission, walked up to the room where they knew gambling was going on. Their entrance was the signal for a general stampede, and great was the relief of all when the raid was found to be but a joke. Practical jokes can seldom be justified, but this appears to be one of the least mischievous that can be conceived.

Another form of practical joking was, at one time, frequently indulged in by a very beautiful lady, who dressed herself up as a flower-girl and sold violets in Bond Street in the early hours of the evening, her basket being emptied within a few minutes.

The same lady, whilst on a visit to Constantinople, it was said, so won the admiration of the Sultan that he conferred upon her the order of virtue—but only of the second class!

Young people brought up in a frivolous atmosphere easily adopt the flippant tone so prevalent in certain circles. A little girl, the daughter of a rather rapid mother, whilst being examined in Bible history, was asked the question, "Who was Moses?" to

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

which, without a moment's hesitation, she answered, "The son of Pharaoh's daughter." "Oh! no," corrected the teacher; "Pharaoh's daughter it was who discovered Moses in the bulrushes." "Yes," replied the child with a significant smile, "that was what she said."

Children, indeed, soon get accustomed to anything. At the period some years ago when agrarian crime was rife in Ireland, every one connected with that country more or less got to regard violence as almost a natural thing. The child of a well-known landlord, on being shown the picture of his grandmother, and being further told that she was dead, calmly inquired, "How long ago was she shot?"

The story has been often told of a certain lady who, much addicted to practical joking, actually went so far as to sew up mustard leaves in some of the men's trousers just before they dressed for dinner at a country-house party. This freak produced curious results as dinner progressed. A mustard leaf, or rather a mustard plaster, certainly figured in another story, which had, at any rate, the merit of truth.

A newly-married couple were staying at a country house where a large party was assembled. The bridegroom had a bad chill and a sore throat, and wanted a doctor to be sent for. The bride, however, thought this nonsense, and told him she would soon put him right. "I know this house very well," said she, "and when every one has gone to bed I will just run down the back stairs, get some mustard from the kitchen, and make you a poultice." This she did, and, re-



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

entering the darkened bedroom, pulled down the clothes, applied the poultice, and, tucking up her patient, gave him a kiss. Proceeding to strike a light, what was her horror to find she had poulticed, not her husband, but another man! Flying out of the room, at the next door (which she had mistaken) was her husband, who had become uneasy at such a prolonged absence. Explaining to him the mistake, she declared she could never face her victim the next morning, as he would, without doubt, be furious at what must seem to him an impudent practical joke. The couple eventually arranged to breakfast in their room and leave early. What was their astonishment on going downstairs next morning to meet the victim. Asleep during the application of the plaster, he had been awakened by a feeling of extreme discomfort, and, furious at the trick which, as he thought, had been played upon him, had also resolved to leave the house at the very earliest opportunity. Matters, however, being explained, the whole affair ended well.

A practical joke of a somewhat rough nature was once played upon a short but dignified personage, who, arriving on a visit to an intimate friend, was much astonished by the singular conduct of the footman who met him at the door. The familiarity of the latter at last amounting to positive rudeness, the irate visitor became so angry that he administered a sharp admonition, when, to his horror, the flunkey commenced hustling him about, and, chasing him into the drawing-room, landed him there with a valedictory kick. Only when instructing his valet to pack his



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

things did the much ruffled visitor discover that his assailant had been a boisterous younger brother of the host, who, having attired himself in the footman's livery, had devised and carried out this startling practical joke.

Vengeance, however, was to overtake the perpetrator, a friend of the victim determining to await his time till an opportunity should arise.

Lunching with him one day at the "Bristol," the young man complained that he suffered very severely from corns, and did not exactly know to whom he should apply for a cure. "My dear fellow," was the reply, "haven't you heard of Dr. P——" (a great ladies' physician of that day). "He is the man you should see. He treats nothing else but corns; but remember he is eccentric and hates delay, so directly you enter his consulting-room pull off your boots and stockings and show him your feet—that's all you have to do. He is the greatest corn cutter of the day—in fact, does nothing else, which is why you will find the waiting-room full of ladies—women, as you know, are great sufferers from corns."

The young man went that very afternoon to the doctor, where, as had been predicted, he found many ladies waiting their turn. At last his name was called, and on entering the consulting-room he carried out his instructions to the letter, with the result that he was very roughly requested to retire by the physician, who, enjoying the most fashionable practice in London, was beyond himself with rage at being taken for a mere chiropodist.

## Piccadilly to Pall Mall

A practical joke which amounted to positive brutality is once said to have been played upon a lady at Homburg.

As is well known, amongst the various kinds of baths which that resort possesses, the "mud," or rather peat bath, is held in peculiar esteem, a "Badhaus" existing solely devoted to this particular process and furnished with the very latest improvements. The bath is a hole level with the floor, under which a truck on lines, containing the "mud," is rolled. Into this the patient steps, and when the performance is over, the cart is mechanically shunted out of the opposite outlet, discharging its contents. On one occasion the attendant, having been led by some means or other to believe that a fair patient (a well-known *malade imaginaire*) had completed her bath, set the truck going, with the result that she was incontinently discharged in *puris naturalibus* on the mud-heap outside.

London Society of to-day, and more especially that section of it which claims to be "smart," is more occupied in thinking of money-making than of practical jokes—a form of amusement which, by offending people, might prove unfavourable to its schemes.

Judicious introductions and the bringing out of new millionaires occasionally lead to fairly lucrative results. Nor are such proceedings in every case open to unlimited censure, a fair equivalent being given for social value received. A little lower down in the social scale, however, exists another distinct set, whose members semi-professionally and openly traffic in the sale of their acquaintance, and purvey them unblushingly by agreement at so much a head.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The wife of a rich parvenu who by means of such an intermediary had been invited to an exclusive dance, once created much amusement by vaunting the charms of her daughter, who, she announced, was about to have her portrait painted *en sainte*.

Some of the parties and balls given by new millionaires at which the guests have been invited, as it were, by contract, have produced amusing incidents. At a ball of this sort, for instance, a man was accosted by a lady. Drawing himself up, he said, with a patronizing air, "I beg your pardon, but I do not think I have the pleasure of your acquaintance." "Probably not," was the answer. "I am your hostess."

"My dear, how could you go down to supper with that man?" was another remark overheard at a ball given at the house of a newly-discovered millionaire.

"I couldn't help it, darling. Didn't you know he was our host?"

Certain millionaires, however, are of a retiring disposition, and though ready to enter Society, make little effort to do so. These have to be hunted out. Some years ago an eminent personage accepted, or suggested, a dinner with a certain millionaire, at that time comparatively unknown. The first guest to arrive, having explained to the butler that, being unacquainted with his host, he would wait till some one else came who could introduce him, lingered in the hall. The second was in the same predicament, as were the third, fourth, fifth, and other guests up to the ninth, who chanced to be the "eminent personage" himself. Upon the dilemma being ex-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

plained to him, he cheerily said, "Oh, come along with me. I will introduce you all—I know him."

Another sort of *nouveau riche* of a more adventurous nature disdains all outside help and boldly pushes himself to the front, his first move being to blossom out in altogether a new character and, consigning his plebeian origin to obscurity, figure as some new collateral of some noble race.

The process is begun by the assumption of some fine old name. In a little country town, for instance, lived a worthy tradesman named Stodge. Stodge had a son, and to this son a great lady in the neighbourhood became attached. The lady went to town for the season, and Stodge junior shortly followed. Here he was known as Stewart Stodge, which in the course of time changed into Stodge Stewart, and ultimately again into Stewart—*tout court*—"One of *the* Stewarts, you know. . . ."

In such cases, however, it is requisite for the aspirant to social fame to have some one to coach him, otherwise he may meet with the same contretemps as befell the wife of a *nouveau riche* who, having tried to perfect herself in remembering certain Scotch titles, such as the Master of Elphinstone, etc., was once completely nonplussed at meeting the late Dr. Jowett.

The "Master of Balliol" being introduced to her by a lady, she turned to a friend and asked, "Really, it is too stupid to forget these titles, but whose eldest son is he?"

When newly enriched people decide to go into Society, which, at all events at first, is a somewhat

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

expensive business, they must, if they are wise, make up their minds to adopt some particular line. Charity, which includes the organizing of bazaars, to which fashionable people can be induced to come and sell, is not bad ; racing also is good ; but dinner giving, with an excellent cook, is perhaps best.

If the lady of the house be young and pretty, it is generally well for her not to adopt too serious an attitude towards life in general.

Of late years elopements, formerly so frequent, have gone entirely out of fashion ; such escapades belong as much to the past as the post-chaise speeding to Gretna Green. Divorce, however, still holds its own, but, as a rule, it is more decently arranged than was formerly the case ; whilst social ostracism is not so rigorously enforced where the offender, as often happens, has a plausible excuse. No good end was served by cruel severity being shown to some poor lady who, in reality, may have been more sinned against than sinning. Husbands also whose wives are frivolous and indifferent are not always so much to blame as the general public believes. Besides this, a certain kind of woman occasionally makes a dead set at some particular man, whose strength of character is not able to resist her. Many a man is seduced and deserted by a beautiful woman only to find that the well-known wit who called it "the most enjoyable experience of which man is capable" had told anything but the truth.

On the whole, more temperate views prevail as to divorce, it seeming to be now realized that the break-



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ing of a mutually disagreeable matrimonial chain can hardly be considered a social crime. A constant source of amusement to French writers, divorce abroad sometimes produces some rather comical results.

Some time ago a foreign nobleman who had dissipated his patrimony contrived to effect a matrimonial alliance with the daughter of a rich manufacturer. The lady, it may be added, though young, was possessed of a great knowledge of the world and its ways, and soon became tired of supplying funds wherewith to satisfy the extravagant fancies of her husband. She showed, however, no signs of irritation—rather the contrary. “My dear,” she said one day to him, “you are, as you know, always in want of money. I do not blame you for it, it’s your nature. I think, however, that we might arrange things in a more satisfactory manner, having hit upon the following plan.

“My father is very eccentric, and has of late often told me that could I manage to divorce you he would settle a much larger sum upon me than the one I have at present. Why should we not arrange matters? Let me divorce you, get the money, and then we can marry again, when you will be able to spend as much as you like.” This prospect of unlimited extravagance was irresistible to the husband, who readily consented to the suggested plan. In accordance with his wife’s instructions, he formally admitted that he had been unfaithful to her in the conjugal domicile, after which the first stage of a divorce was duly decreed, the event being celebrated by a particularly *recherché* lunch given by the lady to her



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

accommodating husband. "And now," said she, "everything being satisfactorily arranged, you had better go away for a time till the decree is made absolute; besides, I am going to have the house thoroughly done up so as to accord with our increased means. You know you hate the discomfort and annoyance of workmen in the house." Going into the country, the husband waited anxiously for the day when, the decree having taken effect, he might return. When he wrote about this, his wife always replied, begging him not to spoil everything by non-compliance with the conditions necessary to secure the divorce. The prescribed period having at length elapsed, happy and buoyant, the poor man presented himself at his wife's door. "The Comtesse is at home, I suppose?" he remarked gaily to the servant who appeared. "Not to you, M. le Comte," was the reply. Remonstrances, entreaties, supplications, all were vain; she never saw him again, and shortly afterwards married again.

"You" (she wrote to him) "wanted my money, I wanted my freedom. In a duel in which I thought myself entitled to use any stratagem I have proved the victor, and am in consequence perfectly happy and content."

Another lady, who adored her husband, though his extravagance was a constant source of trouble, hit upon a novel expedient of not being liable for his debts. This she announced to her sister in the following words, hastily scribbled upon a visiting card—

"Deux mots à la hâte pour te dire que depuis hier Vladimir n'est plus mon mari mais mon amant—le divorce ayant été prononcé la veille."

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

In all probability the American element in Society is responsible for the somewhat lenient view now taken of divorce, American ladies having some mysterious way of getting rid of husbands who have served their purpose. An American husband, indeed, would seem capable of being dismissed much as is an unsatisfactory butler.

Of late years American brides have, in many instances, made some very unfortunate matches—a particularly unfortunate alliance between the daughter of a famous railway king and a somewhat volatile French Count being a notorious instance. Nevertheless such mistakes ought not to be made, there being numbers of people well able to give every sort of information about possible bridegrooms.

Practical guides to the European marriage market have been published in America. Of these, the most important was “*Titled Americans*; a list of American ladies who have married foreigners of rank” (which possibly still appears). This volume was published by Messrs. Street and Smith, of New York, who stated that it was annually revised. “*Titled Americans*” was divided into four parts. The first division dealt with the comparative values of titles in the different European States; the second enumerated the various American ladies who had secured aristocratic husbands; the third supplied a careful list of all the eligible men of rank throughout Europe; and the fourth provided the names of some 1500 persons who constituted the nobility of New York.

“*Titled Americans*,” as a matter of fact, was a sort

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of stud guide to the eligible aristocracy of our continent, the names, characteristics, antecedents, and money qualifications of a selected number of young men being most fully set forth within its pages. Notes as to position and character were appended, such as "Has sown his wild oats," "Family very poor," "Enjoys a small allowance," and other information of a like character. This original work was, in short, a species of catalogue to the desirable young men in the Continental and English marriage markets. The conclusion contained an interview with Mr. Chauncey M. Depew upon the subject of "Why do American women carry off all the matrimonial prizes in England?" in which was the following passage: "The American girl comes along, prettier than her English sister, full of dash and snap and go—sprightly, dazzling, and audacious, and she is a revelation to the Englishman. She gives him more pleasure in one hour at a dinner or ball than he thought the universe could produce in a whole lifetime. He knows nothing of business, and to support his estate requires an increased income. The American girl with whom he gets acquainted has that income, so in marrying her he goes to Heaven and gets—the earth."

Too often, alas! it must be added, the Englishman gets only the earth, entirely failing to procure either the "income" or Heaven.

The Press in America is ever much concerned with the doings of certain great plutocratic families, and this solicitude occasionally spreads over to London.

Some sixteen years ago a good deal of curiosity was

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

aroused by a number of serious announcements in the daily papers that "the head of the house of Astor" had arrived in London. "The Times," by some unfortunate misapprehension, called it the "house of Aston"! From everything one read, it then seemed as if the United States of America were in some danger of becoming disunited on the question as to who really has the right to style themselves by this impressive and important appellation. The culminating point, it was declared, had been reached at Newport, U.S., a year before, when certain letters miscarrying, the matter was referred to the Postmaster-General at Washington. This unromantic official, however, replied that, according to United States law, every single citizen could, if he so pleased, call himself Mr. Astor or any other "darned" name he pleased!

In these days, when so many English families are connected by marriage with America, and such a number of the peerage is half American by birth, visitors from the other side of the Atlantic are hardly considered as strangers at all.

This was not always the case; many of our transatlantic guests having excited the liveliest interest in past days. Since then, however, the Englishwoman has become a good deal more self-assertive than the most daring of her American cousins ever ventured to be. Matters have been carried too far in this direction.

Owing to the particular bent of the feminine disposition, exaggeration is always more natural to women than the strict truth; this explains the out-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

cry raised as to the undue dominance of men. No mentor is more pernicious to woman than her own excited imagination, which almost invariably leads her into error.

There were gifted women in the past just as there are to-day, but they were not addicted to advertising their mental attainments. Feminine cleverness in certain directions is proverbial, most of the sex being intelligent enough—always with the exception of those who proclaim it. Woman's real mission is to inspire men, not to dictate to them, and any attempt to reverse this must inevitably produce disaster.

Female emancipation (so called) has but little affected the world of society, where women have always been accustomed to have more or less their own way. Young married ladies, perhaps, are rather more independent than was formerly the case, and girls are now allowed a liberty that is occasionally somewhat unrestrained. This being so, there is naturally little desire for the removal of restrictions which have never hampered that part of the feminine world which has money to spend and sufficient freedom to indulge in social amusement.

About eighteen years ago a mild sensation was caused by a number of ladies, headed by the late Lady Florence Dixie, announcing their determination to ride in the Park astride. In consequence of this, the first meet of the Coaching Club that year attracted an unprecedented concourse of sightseers bent upon catching a glimpse of what had been denounced as a sensational and unbecoming innovation. Much to



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the general disappointment, however, the expected Amazons did not appear. Since then a revolt of English femininity has been in progress—English-women professing to be bent upon improving their status. Whether this is to be achieved by sacrificing what is feminine and appropriate to their sex is a question worthy of grave consideration.

Lady Florence Dixie, with her notions of an emancipated costume, was somewhat before her time.

The question raised by her proposal was considerably farther reaching than what is implied by the mere riding astride. It was, indeed, but part and parcel of a general movement amongst an advanced section of women to claim the same rights—for want of a more descriptive term—as are enjoyed by men. Up to quite recent times civilized woman has recognized that the frame of man adapts him best for fighting and working for the wife and children, whom he as a rule supports. She therefore contented herself with fulfilling her own no less necessary duties, the performance of which nature has decreed. With the end of the nineteenth century began the revolt of woman, who to-day seeks to combine the privileges of both sexes whilst supporting the disadvantages of neither. Woman suffrage, female representation in Parliament, female domination all round, will produce an England which will afford a startling object-lesson to the rest of the world. In the long run, however, woman will probably suffer, experiencing a bitter awakening from her delusive dreams.

The cry for further emancipation mostly proceeds



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

from the failures amongst the sex, and from that part of it which has sought solace for the neglect of an unsympathetic world in what is known as "social reform." Throughout the world's history an attractive woman has always, in spite of law, custom and restrictions, been able to do pretty much as she pleased. The present movement in favour of female rule is nothing but an attempt to entrust power to women who, either mentally or physically, deviate from the ideal standard, for really feminine women have no desire to rule otherwise than by their charm.

Female labour is undoubtedly very poorly paid, but any attempt on the part of women to enforce an equal standard of wages for both sexes would meet with an opposition from the mass of workers which would probably end in the adoption of an even more unsatisfactory scale of pay. The addition of female voters would not improve the position of women as much as the advocates of this innovation believe; rather would it in time produce a species of war between the sexes which must inevitably terminate in an even more crushing victory of man.

As a matter of fact, the Suffragette agitation is merely one form of the mania for fads and cranks which distinguishes the England of the present day, in which societies and leagues for the promotion or suppression of things, habits or vices, run riot in every direction. Teetotal fanatics, vegetarian cranks, prurient promoters of moral reform, and innumerable other enthusiasts, hovering on the precipice of mental aberration, are accorded a respectful hearing and also,

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

what is more important, a certain measure of public support. Any individual who is sufficiently astute to work up a new fad in such a way as to enlist the sympathies of the benevolent is practically assured of an income for life. If regular employment as secretary is not forthcoming, opulent imbecility is generally ready to make, at least, moderate provision for strenuous workers in no matter what field of meddlesome philanthropy or reform.

Individuals who would otherwise languish in something very close to penury make a good living by starting movements calculated to attract sentimentalists and feeble-minded folk. Some of these specialize in faddism, others wander from one cranky idea to another all through their lives, till such time as they sink into the long sleep, leaving the world much as it was before. . . .

A would-be social reformer in his own country, though not of our own insular type, was the late General Boulanger.

During his residence in London, however, he aroused but little interest, entirely failing as a social success. A few professional lion-hunters did, indeed, attempt to "boom" him during his visit in the summer of 1889, hoping, no doubt, to profit by his hospitality, should he ever attain supreme power in Paris. The General in question, as a matter of fact, was probably the very smallest "great man" that ever figured in modern history. His celebrated charger "Tunis" was not as successful a "property" in Rotten Row as it had been at the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Longchamps review ; indeed, the general impression at the time was that it must formerly have done mournful service with a hearse. During his sojourn in London the General stayed at the Bristol Hotel. To all outward appearances quiet and unassuming, the good looks which he undoubtedly possessed were of a somewhat vulgar type. A devoted ally was the late Dr. Robson Roose, who once gave a great banquet in this somewhat pretentious visitor's honour. A principal cause of the cold reception accorded to Boulanger was Madame de Bonnemain's constant attendance, which English opinion was not disposed to tolerate.

Society also was beginning to get tired of lionizing distinguished foreigners, many of whom also much preferred to be let alone.

During the visits of celebrated Orientals to this country a great eagerness seems always shown to make their existence one of perpetual hustle. In direct opposition to their own liking, they are hurried from one entertainment to the other, and taken to all sorts of functions, of which they are at heart supremely contemptuous. The old Shah of Persia (Nasr-ed-Din), during his visit to this country in 1889, used to complain that he was never left in peace. The only thing he is said to have really enjoyed was the performance of a female acrobat at Brighton. On this occasion he manifested a desire to know how many "taumauns" it would cost to add her to his harem. As for his courtiers, the majority frankly owned that visits to factories and the like were not at all to their taste. "What do I care," said one at Sheffield, "if

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

they can turn out five thousand penknives a minute ? It would do me no good if they produced five million."

Li Hung Chang, whilst in this country some twelve years ago, was hurried from town to town and from factory to factory, whilst no possible opportunity of inflicting a dinner upon him was ever lost. The only rest he occasionally obtained was by declaring that important despatches from China claimed his attention, his original plea of age and infirmity not having been able to cause much modification in the official programme. The old Chinaman, who was a man of very real ability, was something of a wit besides, as was shown by some lines which he wrote in the visitors' book at a well-known country house. In this volume, as was explained to him, guests were expected to write a sentiment or proverb—anything, in fact, they chose. The place indicated for this was just beneath something written by another guest whose contribution had ended with "Penny wise and Pound foolish." Here the old statesman solemnly inscribed certain Chinese characters resembling hieroglyphics. A few weeks later, a celebrated Oriental scholar, chancing to be in the house, was begged to translate the mysterious inscription. On reading over the words, however, he manifested considerable embarrassment, firmly declaring that he could not give the English version before ladies, some of whom were present. Eventually, however, being much pressed, he said that Li Hung had written after "Penny wise and Pound foolish" simply the word "or," and then "What is the use of going to bed early to save candles

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

if the result be twins?"—a breezy sentiment, of a quite unconventional kind.

During the residence of the Shahzada at Dorchester House in 1895 many rumours were current as to his original views. According to one report, the Shahzada had been much perturbed by the downfall of the Government, and, with true Eastern gallantry, had at once offered the use of his Afghan escort to protect the Royal Family. He was also supposed to have expressed a wish to intercede for Lord Kimberley in consequence of the kind reception which the Secretary for India prepared for him. In addition to this the august visitor was said to have petitioned that Lord Kimberley might be despatched at once, without having to submit to any elaborate or lingering death, and also to have signified his intention of being present at the execution of Lord Rosebery, in order to testify publicly his support of the reigning house. At one time also he was reported to have sent to a Bond Street gunmaker for a large quantity of ammunition, whilst setting his suite to work at the task of placing Dorchester House in a state of efficient defence.

The Shahzada, however, was practically unseen in Society, and did not arouse as much interest as certain French actresses, who, rather to the surprise of their countrymen, were admitted to the most exclusive English circles.

Mlle. Reichenberg, the well-known French actress, being once introduced to Mr. Gladstone at a party, was asked by him if she knew Mr. John Morley. Feeling that she ought to know this statesman, she



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

proceeded to express her warm admiration for Mr. Morley's talents, when the Grand Old Man at once launched out into an elaborate essay upon his colleague considered as a man, a philosopher, and a Home Ruler ; Mlle. Reichemberg chiming in with continual notes of approval. When, however, Mr. Gladstone left her she anxiously inquired of a friend at what theatre Mr. Morley performed, and whether he habitually played tragedy or comedy !

As has been said, the day of the social lion seems rather to have gone ; the world in general is not so eager to meet celebrities as it was in the past. At one time theatrical lions were all the rage, but of late years the social status of actors and actresses has risen to such an extent that their presence at any social gathering naturally excites no remark.

To-day, though pretty women abound, there are no professional beauties such as existed in the 'seventies and early 'eighties. The Victorian Era may be said to have been noted for the beauty of its women, the record of which has been preserved for us by Winterhalter and other artists.

At the time of the marriage of the present King his lovely bride, the Princess Alexandra, was by universal consent acclaimed as the very incarnation of youthful loveliness ; and that this was no exaggerated estimate is proved by her charming appearance to-day.

One of the prettiest compliments probably ever paid to Royalty was uttered by a little child during a visit made by the present Queen, then Princess of



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Wales, to Hatfield. A little girl staying in the house had been told that she should be allowed to see the Princess. In due course presented to her, the child, after a respectful scrutiny, turned round to her mother and said, "Mamma, I see the young Princess, but where is the Princess of Wales?"

Many great beauties flourished during the Victorian era, one of the most famous having been Mrs. Thistlethwayte, who as a girl was well known for her exceptional beauty. About the year 1852 she created a sensation at the Opera, the whole house rising to its feet to watch her leave the theatre. Her eyes and forehead were beautiful beyond description; some idea may be formed of them from the well-known picture of the "Nun" for which she sat, and the photographs of which are still sold by thousands for scrap-albums. The finest picture that was painted of her was by Buckner, and it immediately made his reputation, though he never afterwards attained the same height of excellence. This portrait was painted for the late Lord Kilmorey. In consequence of it Sir Robert Peel commissioned Buckner to paint for him the portraits of the late Duchess of Wellington, the late Lady Jersey, the late Mrs. Stonor, and Lady Emily Peel. All of these now hang in the drawing-room at Drayton.

A great lady who had in her youth been renowned for her beauty was Louisa Lady Waterford. The only flaw in her good looks was a certain lack of colour, notwithstanding which it was frequently asserted that this grande dame had been the most lovely woman of

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

her century. That, however, was an exaggeration, the most beautiful amongst many beauties, by general agreement of those best qualified to know, having been the Countess de Castiglione, whose bust as Medusa, by her relative the Duchesse de Castiglione, it may be of interest to mention, figured for many years opposite the refreshment rooms at the South Kensington Museum, to which it had been lent.

Two other strikingly beautiful women were Mrs. Wadsworth, mother of Mrs. Smith-Barry—herself an exquisitely lovely person—and the Lady Londonderry who was mother to Lord Powerscourt. As is well known, on one occasion, when the Comtesse de Castiglione was present at a reception given by Lady Palmerston, the excitement reached such a pitch that people actually jumped upon chairs to obtain a good view of her.

The beauty of the Comtesse, indeed, had such an effect upon a prominent English statesman not very conversant with French, that in the course of a conversation with her he said: “Madame, vous êtes eclaboussant.” The sound of this extraordinary new word so much startled the Comtesse that she promptly remarked: “I think we had better talk English, which I understand quite as well as your French.”

During her visit to London she was seen a good deal in the company of the Marquis d’Azeglio, who himself was a rather handsome man. The pride which he exhibited at peacocking about with this lovely Countess was a thing to remember.

The Italian nobleman in question was much ad-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

dicted to collecting minor bric-à-brac at a time when it was not so generally sought for as it is at present. He it was who first discovered the value of the so-called "coloured glass pictures," which at the present day command such large prices. Of *objets d'art* in general he was a competent judge, securing many a bargain at Venice, in which city he spent a great deal of his time.

A well-known figure in London Society, he lived for many years at the Albany. The most genial of companions, he was the intimate friend of the Shaftesburys, Palmerstons, and, indeed, all the leading people of his time. It may not be generally known that he and Lord Granville were the original founders of the St. James's Club. D'Azeglio had been one of Count Cavour's principal confidants, and helped greatly to bring about the unity of Italy. He was for long the *cavalière servente* of one of Lord Palmerston's relatives. When his lordship was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Lord Russell, Madame Ratazzi, whose husband was Italian Prime Minister, told D'Azeglio that if he did not attach himself in the same capacity to one of Lord Russell's relatives he would lose his place. As he did not do this he was superseded. His uncle, the statesman and novelist, was named Massimo Azeglio. Playing upon this, the Italians dubbed the nephew "Minimo."

At one time he had shared rooms with Lord Granville in Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, and in all probability then exercised a good deal of influence over that statesman. The Marquis d'Azeglio died in 1890.

## *Piccaailly to Pall Mall*

Lord Granville ("Pussy" Granville, as the irreverent familiarly called him in allusion to some fancied feline resemblance his face possessed) followed his old friend to the grave about a year later, having been more or less unwell for some time previously. Whatever different opinions may have existed as to his qualities as a statesman, his marvellous amiability of character was ever universally acknowledged, as were his charm of manner and old-world courtesy and polish. A most perfect gentleman, "sans peur et sans reproche." When at the Foreign Office Lord Granville was simply idolized by the foreign diplomats of every grade, his courteous behaviour being a refreshing revelation.

Lord Granville's tact, urbanity, and personal charm were notorious, and on no occasion were these valuable qualities displayed to greater effect than during a crisis which occurred at Brooks's Club in the 'eighties, when the introduction of the Home Rule Bill had caused a great deal of blackballing—Liberal Unionists using their power against Home Rulers and vice versa. At one time, indeed, it seemed as if no one would ever be elected to Brooks's again, the tension having become so acute.

Lord Granville, however, saved the situation. Just previous to a ballot, which was expected to produce further dissensions in the club, he made a charming little speech, pleading that one place, at least, in London might be kept free from animosities, which could only serve to shatter friendships and were unworthy of the dignified history of the club. The

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

result was a personal triumph for the speaker, all the candidates, whether Home Rulers or not, being elected.

The bitterness which was engendered by the Home Rule Bill spread not only into clubs, but into Society generally, where discussion, recrimination, and even abuse were for a time the order of the day.

As for Mr. Gladstone himself, general rumour declared that he was less excited by the question than a number of other people, whose interest in the Bill was purely academic. An hour before Mr. Gladstone was to make his great speech introducing the Home Rule Bill, a secretary deputed to communicate some message, is said to have found him at his official residence in Downing Street seated in an arm-chair before the fire, calmly reading South's *Sermons*.

The French Press, which in those far-away days was always making ludicrous mistakes about English names and titles, was ever very much puzzled as to the reason which prevented Mr. Gladstone from becoming a Peer. An unusually well-informed organ once solemnly announced that his refusal of a peerage—*cette abstention presque farouche*—was the consequence of Mr. Gladstone being one of the brethren of Trinity House—"une association britannique religieuse dite Maison de la Trinité"—the members of which had made a solemn compact never to accept any order or honorific distinction!

It was generally said that Queen Victoria, whilst rigidly maintaining that dignified impartiality in politics which is a tradition of the English Crown,



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

much preferred Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. Gladstone. There is little doubt that the former manifested a more sympathetic consideration for the Royal susceptibilities in matters of detail than did the latter.

"I wonder what appointments for my household Mr. Gladstone is going to advise me to make?" said the Queen on the occasion of a Liberal Ministry coming into office.

"Oh," answered a lady, a member of the Court, "I suppose they will make several new peers."

"They?" replied the Queen, with emphasis.

If this story be true, the lady in question must have been a novice to Court life, for a more injudicious remark could scarcely be conceived, Queen Victoria having very rightly been extremely tenacious of privileges enjoyed by the Crown.

Towards the end of her life the Queen, who had for many years been little seen driving through the streets of London, made her appearance more frequently in the West End thoroughfares.

One afternoon in the 'nineties a considerable sensation was created by her Majesty driving down Bond Street, this being a feat which she had not performed for fully a quarter of a century; indeed, when the wealthy tradesmen of Bond Street heard the clatter of the outriders and equerries, and beheld the Sovereign driving down their somewhat narrow thoroughfare, they could scarcely believe their eyes.

About the same time the Queen also created a surprise amongst the riders in Rotten Row by driving down the ride—a privilege which the English Sove-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

reign shares with the Duchess of St. Albans, whose husband is hereditary Grand Falconer. These are the only two in the land who are permitted to enjoy this not very enviable prerogative; the Duchess, it is said, never exercises her right.

Of the new London which had grown up since her widowhood Queen Victoria naturally knew very little. A child, it is said, brought to her notice the existence of one of those vast emporiums now quite a feature of the metropolis. A certain lady who had been on a visit at Balmoral, engaged upon some work for her Majesty, was allowed to bring her daughter, a child, with her. The Queen, taking a fancy to the little girl, took her one day into her room. With all the simplicity of youth the latter entered presently into the following conversation :

She : " Where do you live when you are in town ? "

The Queen : " I live at Buckingham Palace, my dear. Where do you live ? "

She : " Oh ! *we* live in the Fulham Road " (short pause). " Where do you get your things from ? *We* always get ours from Harrod's Stores."

Towards the end of Queen Victoria's life all sorts of rumours were current as to her having fallen into a weak state of health. As in the case of most people of very great age, the world could with difficulty believe that she continued well and strong. Report often prematurely kills off old people.

Some years before her death the many friends of the venerable Lady de Ros were much shocked by an announcement which appeared in the morning papers

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

recording her death at Old Court, Strangford, Co. Down. The annoyance and pain caused to her family and friends by this untrue announcement was considerable, and her daughter, Mrs. Swinton, who lived with her mother, was absolutely overwhelmed with telegrams, letters, inquiries, and calls, which lasted for some three days. Lady de Ros, in alluding to "Copenhagen," the Iron Duke's celebrated horse, which she had often had the privilege of riding, always asserted that it was more showy than pleasant—being, indeed, a very uncomfortable horse to ride.

"Copenhagen," before entering upon a military career, had been a racehorse ; his colour was chestnut.

Oddly enough, the old Emperor William also rode a racehorse, or rather a steeplechaser, in the war of 1870. This was called the "Colonel," and had run well before becoming a charger.

The mention of Lady de Ros, who died at a very advanced age, recalls the following curious instances of long life.

An especially interesting instance of longevity was the late Mr. J. L. Elliot, who died only ten years ago, and had known all the politicians, wits, dandies, and beauties of his day. He had carried Queen Victoria in his arms at a time when she was but a child of four, had run messages for Queen Caroline ; he had walked beside Sir Joseph Banks's chair, and met Shelley. His reminiscences of long-past events included a walk across the Thames when it was frozen in 1814, and crossings of the Channel in sailing packets which occasionally took three days to perform their

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

voyage. He remembered the Guards with pigtails, and the Cossack escort of the Hetman Platoff when that leader came to England after the peace.

These are but a few of the links with bygone days which have only recently passed away.

Mr. Crackanthorpe, who died in 1888, had had an interview with the Emperor Napoleon at Elba in 1815 the morning before the latter escaped to France. Mr. J. H. Christie, who died in 1876, had fought a duel with Mr. John Scott at Chalk Farm in 1821 and killed him. Mr. John Carrick Moore, F.R.S., who died in 1898, was the nephew of Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna. Baron Heath, who lived till 1879, had been Byron's fag at Harrow, whilst Sir Moses Montefiore, whose death occurred in 1885, had dined with Nelson on board ship, and well remembered Lady Hamilton. An officer who had been on duty at Nelson's funeral, Captain T. G. Green, survived till 1882.

The father of the late Lord Bristol, who died but a short time ago, knew Lady Hester Stanhope, who knew a lady who knew another lady who knew Lady Desmond, who danced with Richard III when he was Duke of Gloucester. A traditionary rhyme refers to the last lady :—

Lady Desmond who lived to the age of a hundred and ten,  
And died from a fall from a cherry-tree then.

## II

THE London Society of the past was often severely censured for its devotion to frivolity and pleasure, which were said to monopolize its interests to the exclusion of everything else.

Business before pleasure is its watchword to-day, when the chief concern of the majority is to extend an eager welcome to any wealthy nobody who may seem likely to be of use.

Woman it is rather than man who has brought this state of affairs about—women, as Napoleon said, caring at heart nothing about social differences; to many of them, one man is as good as another, and better—if he is rich. So has it come about that wealth, even when vulgar and unattractive, more or less dominates the modern equivalent for Society.

One of the marked features of the present epoch is the complete disappearance of the great hostesses who in former days played such an important part in Society. Hostesses, it is true, still exist in abundance, but there is hardly one of them to-day who wields anything like the social power enjoyed by the great ladies of the past, such as the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, who held a prominent position during a certain portion of the Victorian era. The eldest



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

daughter of the thirteenth Lord Dillon, the late Lady Stanley was a real "grande dame," not merely by birth, but by disposition. Lady Stanley of Alderley exercised material influence over a number of distinguished men and women whose names are blazoned on England's roll of fame. Amongst them was Carlyle. A strong character, a strong intelligence, a strong constitution, allied with strong sympathies, made up a combination of attributes which, added to considerable social consideration, necessarily forced her to the front amongst the English women of her time. Her house in Dover Street—now the Arts Club—was for long a centre from which radiated an amount of charitable assistance which was practically unbounded. Industry, intelligence, influence, and sympathy were the dominant notes in the life of this great gentlewoman, who, tireless even in the retirement to which she betook herself towards the end of her life, is still remembered by those privileged to have known her.

Of an altogether different type was Lady Combermere, an old-fashioned lady, who in some ways betrayed a good deal of eccentricity. Her love for colour, for instance, was palpable from the moment one entered her doors. To railways, also, she had a deep-rooted dislike; only once in her life is she said to have availed herself of this modern mode of transit. It was her habit to spend part of the year at St. Leonards, where she had a house in Warrior Square, and her journey both there and back was invariably made in the ponderous red-wheeled coach which was

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

for years so familiar to dwellers in the West End. She was a perfect encyclopædia of social reminiscences, and could tell people all about their grandfather as readily as detail the latest report current in town.

At the death of Lady Holland, nineteen years ago, disappeared the last of the "Salons," as they were formerly understood. Lady Holland passed away in a very resigned manner. On realizing that her end was near a message was, at her own request, sent to the neighbouring Carmelite Convent. A priest having administered the last rites of the Church, she calmly awaited a death which crept peacefully upon her. Almost up to the very end she was quite conscious, and on a sympathetic message from the Prince of Wales being communicated to her, replied, "Give him my love." Lady Holland was a great lady of the old school—clever, full of information and anecdote, good-natured, and most charitable. With her snapped another old-world link. Before marriage Miss Augusta Coventry, only daughter of George William, eighth Earl of Coventry, she was born on 11 May, 1812, being married to Lord Holland in 1833. The title having become extinct, Holland House passed into the hands of Lord Ilchester.

The mention of Lady Holland recalls the memory of the beautiful, talented, and ill-fated Marie Fox, whose youth and personal charms were at one time so great an attraction at Holland House, and about whose birth such a mystery prevailed.

The late Lord Bute, soon after he came of age, when he was the most-talked-about man in England,

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

was declared to have been engaged to her, but as Lady Holland refused to disclose her parentage the match was broken off. Eventually Marie Fox married a German Prince; but only survived her marriage a very short while. All that was known definitely about this lady was that she was the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Holland, but as to who she was, although all kinds of wild guesses were made, nothing definite could then be learned—Lady Holland never having given any information calculated to set the matter at rest.

The Dowager Duchess of Devonshire is about the last great lady whose knowledge of men and affairs gives her a unique social position of a quite different nature to that enjoyed by the ordinary hostess of the present day, who in many cases is little more than a mere caterer for flocks of guests, many of whom she does not know.

The late Duke, whose recent death has robbed this country of one of the few remaining politicians whose motives were ever above all suspicion, and whose views were ever actuated by unswerving honesty of purpose, is said to have placed considerable reliance upon his wife's discrimination in political matters.

A man of singularly sound judgment, all England instinctively respected the Duke, who, beneath a certain appearance of nonchalance, concealed a number of sterling qualities of the highest order; his strength of principle and unswerving adherence to any course of action which he deemed to be right earning him unusual respect.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The Duke, though not renowned as a wit, would occasionally make very happy remarks.

Whilst the Irish question was the subject of heated debates in the House, the wife of a prominent supporter of Home Rule happened to be sitting next to Lord Hartington, as the Duke of Devonshire then was, at dinner. Turning towards her neighbour, the lady said, "I am sure, Lord Hartington, you would like to hang my husband."

"No," he replied; "indeed, I should only like to see him suspended."

As a rule, however, the late Duke was not by any means distinguished as a brilliant conversationalist; on the contrary, he was a peculiarly simple and quiet English gentleman. Indeed, so great was the contrast between him and his speeches, that people who did not know him well could scarcely believe they had before them the man whose political orations were masterpieces of lucid, well-connected common sense. As he had refused to accept Home Rule from Mr. Gladstone, so did he decline to fall in with the Protectionist views of Mr. Chamberlain.

As is well known, the Duke was extremely partial to the game of bridge, in which respect he differed from the late Lord Salisbury, who knew nothing about cards at all. On one occasion the latter is said to have expressed regret at his own complete ignorance of the game in question. "But surely, Lord Salisbury," said one of his hearers, "there could be no possible reason for your learning to play now?" "I beg your pardon," was the reply, "there is a very good one;

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

for if I became a bridge player I might be able to see something of the Duke of Devonshire."

At the time when the late Duke decided to adhere to the cause of Free Trade, Mr. Balfour sent him a letter which occasioned some comment, considerable curiosity being manifested as to how the Duke would behave. An individual, even more curious than others, chancing to meet one of the Duke's relatives, inquired point-blank, "Well, how does his Grace take Balfour's letter?"

"I don't suppose," was the reply, "that as yet it has been taken out of the bottom of the pocket of his old shooting coat." And as this was very likely, the astute answer effectually disposed of any more embarrassing queries.

The Duke, indeed, was somewhat careless about his dress; contemptuous of buttons. As was once rather wittily said, he was fond of having all his doors and windows open.

The Duke of Devonshire was essentially an English aristocrat in the very best sense of the term, and as a politician, a marked and agreeable contrast to the modern school, some of whom seem prepared to barter all principle in order to keep or secure office.

Another Englishman, happily still alive, also known for his unswerving adherence to conviction and high-minded view of public affairs, is Lord Peel. At the time of his elevation to a peerage it was well known that the retiring Speaker entertained a very strong objection to assuming a title. The eccentricities of Parliamentary precedent did not, however, permit



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

him to have his way in this matter, the question resolving itself into the simple formula of no peerage, no pension. The latter, as a matter of fact, is no pension at all, but a grant expressly voted by Parliament to enable the ex-Speaker to maintain the dignity of a Viscount.

This particular peerage, moreover, is not conferred by the Sovereign upon the recommendation of the Premier, but in answer to the petition presented to the Throne by the House of Commons.

Curiously enough, at the time of Mr. Peel's speech in the House of Commons announcing his resignation of the chair, he would seem to have omitted all mention of his resignation. Beginning "I ask leave to make an announcement to the House. . . . Considerations of health which I cannot overlook have obliged me to come to a decision. . . ." the Speaker then proceeded to review in brief the history of his career in the chair, to compliment the officials of the House, and to offer a few words of useful advice—but of resignation no mention or word.

The omission in question was no doubt the result of the emotion inseparable from such an occasion.

Even well-seasoned politicians are sometimes affected; whilst instances of nervous collapse in the House of Commons have been by no means scarce. A well-known case occurred within quite recent years. The late Lord Sherbrooke—then Mr. Robert Lowe—completely broke down in the course of a speech in the debate upon the Royal Titles Bill. Happening to confuse his notes, he became bewildered and sat down

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

in the very middle of his speech. He never addressed the House again after this collapse. The celebrated Lord Strangford, when Mr. Smythe, on one occasion stumbled over the pronunciation of an intricate word, and, losing his nerve, was compelled to sit down. Sir George Grey, who was Home Secretary under Lord Palmerston, was a positive martyr to nervousness, and he never addressed the House, even upon the most unimportant occasions, without betraying evident signs of this affliction. Another instance is that of Mr. John Stuart Mill, who upon a famous occasion utterly collapsed.

After the resignation of the Speaker, Sir Julian Goldsmid's name was amongst those mentioned as a possible occupant of the chair. Almost every one of the six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons, indeed, were suggested for this post. For all practical purposes, however, the choice was soon narrowed down to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Sir Frank Lockwood, and Mr. Gully, Sir Matthew being for a time favourite. Since 1846 every Speaker had been a Liberal, and so there was little fear of Party jealousy playing any part with regard to the selection. Besides, Mr. Arthur Peel, by his strict impartiality, had raised the Speakership altogether beyond the influence of political bias. The election of Mr. Gully, as a matter of fact, was very popular with both parties, as was that of his successor, Mr. Lowther.

With the dawn of the twentieth century many changes have occurred in the composition of Society.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Gone, for instance, are the great doctors who once occupied a social position of a unique and undisputed kind.

The death of Sir William Gull, consequent on a stroke of paralysis, caused genuine grief throughout the West End. Sir William was the kindest of men, many were the people who benefited by his great experience. He had two idiosyncrasies—one a fixed determination never to pay a cabman over his fare, and the other a strange partiality for cold plum pudding. As regards the first, every West End cabman knew of it, and attempted to avoid being chartered by Sir William. In other respects the great doctor was the most generous of men, and often himself spent more over patients than he received in return. He made it a rule to allot a quarter of an hour to each visitor, and if the consultation proper was over before that period had elapsed it was his custom to employ the overtime in genial and pleasant conversation, which converted many a patient into a lifelong friend.

About the last of the medical giants of the later Victorian era was the late Sir Richard Quain. Just as no new giants seem to be growing up to replace those who have gone—in art, oratory, statesmanship, and literature—so no new ones seem to be prepared to rule over the medical world.

A generation ago the great names in the latter were Sir William Jenner, Sir William Gull, Sir Richard Quain, Sir Andrew Clark, Sir James Paget, Sir Oscar Clayton, Sir Spencer Wells, and one or two others.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Most of them were not only eminent in their profession, but had attained social popularity through their conversational powers. They were experienced men of the world, who exercised much influence behind the scenes, and had established for themselves household names. To-day the fashionable physician is little more than a skilled workman, known for his powers of repairing the mechanism of humanity.

The late Sir Richard Quain knew his world well ; he had been behind the scenes in many interesting events ; he told the best of good stories ; he possessed the best of good spirits, and his generosity knew absolutely no limits. Not only did he leave a number of disconsolate patients, but also many sorrowing friends.

The late Sir Henry Thompson, who died only a few years ago, was also a well-known figure in the world of London. He used to give dinners of eight, to which only men were invited ; these he called his "octaves." A man of great cultivation, he wrote several books, amongst them a couple of novels illustrated by himself. In addition to his literary gifts he was also a discerning collector of blue china.

Gone also is the man of pleasure and fashion, who, whilst not a politician, millionaire, or public character, was possessed of considerable social power in the West End of the past. Such a one was the late Mr. Alfred Montgomery. Very handsome, very witty, and very worldly-wise, a particularly distinguished-looking old

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

man, he possessed the courtly manners of a bygone generation, and remained throughout his life a favourite amongst those whose good opinion he thought to be the best worth having. He was a gentleman in the old sense of the word, with all the qualities, good and otherwise, which belong to the highly refined man of the world. The class of which he was almost the last representative has now passed away, being essentially the product of another age.

That school of cultured worldliness of which the late Lord Houghton was such a brilliant instance seems also extinct. With the memory of this erudite man of the world many great figures are insensibly associated, amongst them Disraeli, Gladstone, Palmerston and Lady Palmerston, Lord Lytton, Lord Dalling, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Molesworth, Abraham Hayward, Bernal Osborne, Baillie Cochrane—afterwards the first Lord Lamington—and a host of others, all of whom were exceptionally well known in their own day, and many of whom left reputations which will live.

Above all a man who took an intelligent interest in interesting things, the keynote of Lord Houghton's nature was polish. It was well for him that his life did not overlap into this generation; for the Society of to-day, largely dominated by financiers, would have sorely scandalized him. He strove to know all who were making the history of their own time, and this trait in his character caused much amusement to his contemporaries. In December, 1870, Lord Dalling, writing to the beautiful and charming Marie Fox



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the adopted daughter of Holland House, who afterwards became Princess Liechtenstein (she has been mentioned before), said : " An ex-French Ambassador, who has got his house and horses at Paris, comes to me, and sits hours at a time expressing his hopes that the capital will surrender before his stud is eaten and his furniture pillaged. The spirit of contradiction has urged me to promise him that the siege will last six months—but it is over. Is one to regret or rejoice ? Houghton must be already on the road to breakfast with Jules Favre and to dine with Bismarck ! " It might have been said of the late Lord Houghton, without exaggerating a hair's breadth, that he had known or knew all the interesting men and women in Europe of his time.

Occasionally trenchant in his remarks, he was especially so on one occasion, when a clever but somewhat pompous individual, about to take up the appointment of Governor of the Presidency of Madras, was being entertained by his many friends at a big complimentary banquet. In answer to the toast of the evening, the highly flattered guest made an eloquent speech, incidentally remarking that since his very earliest youth he had always striven to consort exclusively with men of higher attainments and greater ability than himself. " And you have signally succeeded," Lord Houghton was heard to remark loudly, to the great amusement of all those around him, but to the no slight discomfiture of the speaker himself.

Amongst the innumerable good stories fathered

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

upon him, the following is one of the best : A certain lady one day at dinner was contrasting the young men of the present with those of the past, and wound up by remarking : " When I was young, half the men in London were at my feet." " Really ? " inquired Lord Houghton. " Were they chiropodists ? " " *Se non é vero, é ben trovato.*" Again, on being asked his opinion on spiritualism, he replied : " Well, I have noticed that most people are interested in the subject, but do not believe. I *believe*, but am not interested."

Lord Houghton's " *Memoirs and Letters* " monopolized a great deal of interest in those social circles in which he had been so prominent a figure. They were, however, generally admitted to be somewhat disappointing, since everybody had expected to find considerably more interesting gossip in them than they actually contained. Lord Houghton, Mr. Abraham Hayward, and the late Mr. Bromley Davenport were the three great dinner and drawing-room wits of their day, and seem to have left no successors behind them.

The death of Mr. Christopher Sykes removed one of the best known figures in Society at the end of the Victorian era. A rich country squire and a member of a well-known family, the late Mr. Sykes had access to all the most prominent houses from the start of his career, but neither his wealth nor his birth contributed much to enable him to become the intimate companion of almost every member of the Royal Family. At the commencement of his social

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

life the late Lord Houghton, the late Mr. Abraham Hayward, and the late Mr. Bromley Davenport were the popular conversationalists of the day, and their wit needed a butt. Mr. Sykes and Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury were the two butts who were generally invited to dinners at which these were singly or together present. His invariable good humour, his old-world courtesy, and his gentle temperament soon won for him the friendship of all with whom he came in contact, and being thrown continually into the company of various members of the Royal Family, he soon became intimately acquainted with most of them. A Royal personage now has to be very careful in the selection of his friends, for an ambitious, scheming friend may become a favourite, and favourites are out of place in the modern Court of Great Britain. The late Mr. Christopher Sykes wanted nothing for himself or for anybody else; was singularly discreet, and could be treated with considerable familiarity without ever attempting to be familiar in return. Besides, Royal personages seldom see others except in full dress; that is, in other words, the latter, when in the presence of Royalty, almost invariably exert themselves to their utmost—a circumstance which must continually be tedious. With Mr. Christopher Sykes long flashes of silence could be enjoyed without the fear of appearing discourteous, and all who have experience of intimate companionship know how congenial such flashes frequently are.

Another well-known figure towards the end of the last century was Sir Henry Calcraft—man of the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

world, wit, and public servant. He had entered the Home Office when seventeen years of age, and as a consequence had reached a high position in the office when still comparatively young. He was the son of the Mr. Calcraft who, earlier in the century, was also well known in Society in London.

To-day men of pleasure, in the old sense of the term, have practically ceased to exist. A well-known type of this kind was Captain Charles Marcand, who was called by his intimates "the Admiral." A natural son of King William IV, Captain Marcand had, as a young man, been despatched by his Royal father on one of the many somewhat fruitless Arctic expeditions in which adventurous souls delight. He was a great supporter of the old "Lotus" Club in Regent Street, and a kind of secular Father Confessor to all the actresses of town. The death of his son, which occurred some fifteen months earlier, and the demise of his most intimate ally, Mrs. Fitz George, the wife of the late Duke of Cambridge, were terrible blows to this survivor of another age, being no doubt, in a great measure, responsible for his death, which occurred at his rooms in Bolton Street.

Another man of pleasure whose familiar figure disappeared about the same time was Mr. Frederick Cooper, a wealthy viveur, who was one of the kindest and most generous of men. In innumerable instances he performed acts of generosity which to colder natures seemed almost Quixotic. He left a curious will, by the terms of which his remains were cremated, a clause expressly providing that a sum of £10,000

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

should be given to his nephew upon condition that the ashes should be scattered to the four winds upon the completion of this funeral rite. Mr. Cooper further bequeathed a sum of £5000 to his valet.

The expression "a man of the world," as such a term was formerly understood, meant something more than being sharp enough to accumulate wealth by extraordinary knowledge of business or speculation.

The man is the raw material, the gentleman and the gentlewoman are the material polished; or, in other words, the man is the rough stone, and the gentleman is the gem after it has been cut. Unfortunately our generation only sets store by the setting. It judges by the expensive dressing, the expensive living, the fine houses, the conspicuous equipages, the servants, the display, and the obtrusiveness of manner. Contrast this attitude with that of our grandfathers, who required of gentlemen and ladies that they should be unobtrusive in their behaviour, considerate towards others, quiet, dignified, and gentle in manner.

A quarter of a century ago the West End associated itself with the City, and it is no injustice to either to say that since then the West End has acquired the worst failings of the City without adopting its good qualities. The City, on the other hand, has imitated that which is worst in the West End without acquiring that which is best. In the City, in consequence of the continual and eager struggle for existence which grows keener and keener every year, it has become almost necessary to be, to some extent, truculent and selfish—to push, to bluster, and ever to attempt to



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

obtain the best of a bargain. Those members of the West End who have associated with city men have adopted these not altogether amiable customs, whilst seldom assimilating the generous instincts which so many city men have. On the other hand, the city men have developed a love for title and position, many of them exaggerating certain silly affectations so common in the West End of the town. All these circumstances have done much to destroy the good manners of our generation, for it must not be overlooked that the West End is, and always has been, the guide in the matter of manners.

With the rise of democracy and the keener struggle for existence engendered by the increase of population, the conditions of life have become far more unfavourable to the aristocracy and their connections, for whom in former days fairly lucrative posts were easily to be found. Many persons of good family are now in immediate danger of becoming paupers. In former days, when the community was regarded as the natural inheritance of every member of the upper classes, the peers drew freely from the public funds, and not unusually provided for their children by obtaining sinecures for them in the service of the State. The public, however, has now secured control over the funds of the community, and practically all employment under Government is open to competition. Under these disquieting circumstances certain peers turned their attention to finance, and, trading upon the love of all Englishmen for titles, sold their names to company promoters. Such a short-sighted

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

policy, however, proved, in the majority of instances, anything but profitable. In return for a few hundreds of pounds, they merely enabled the latter to extract thousands from the pockets of their friends and relatives, besides ruining a number of small speculators and investors. The British public was induced by the presence of well-known names on the prospectuses to contribute money readily, for the average investor imagined that no man who occupied a high social position and had noble traditions to maintain would stand as sponsor to any venture without being assured that it was genuine. The idea prevailed that these peers were men whose reputations were above suspicion. No doubt they had little experience of financial business, or of the gold-mining industry, or of the intricate transactions of any purely trading concern; but, as they permitted their names to appear as trustees for the shareholders, this was thought to be a sufficient guarantee that the enterprises they sanctioned were not of a fraudulent character. The peers, for their part, imagined that no company promoter would be so reckless as to use their names to float a fraudulent concern, and as the directors' fees added to their diminished incomes, they accepted the appointment without reluctance.

So it comes about that the old aristocracy is busy toiling on 'Change; whilst the astute financier takes his ease in the West End.

Without in the slightest exaggerating affairs, not a few of the fine ancestral houses in England have passed into their hands; whilst in London the *nouveaux*

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

*riches* hold the reins of power and lead the tone of fashion of the day. People who would formerly have been ignored or patronized, ignore or patronize in their turn. Society has an important function to play in directing the public opinion and tone of its own time. It is therefore desirable that this body should be composed of individuals whose honour is above suspicion, whose personal and family antecedents are guarantees for their reliability, and whose education and instincts fit them for the leading part they have to play. If, however, their duties are carelessly made over to the latest adventurer who has achieved a temporary fortune, of whose past there is no record, of whose character little or nothing is known, no good can result. Scandal follows scandal, catastrophe catastrophe. The old rigid, artificial code of honour has been sacrificed to present emergency, and in its stead has been substituted one based on the infallible virtue of pounds, shillings, and pence.

A large proportion of the real aristocracy of England still looks askance at all this sort of thing, whilst affecting to ignore the increasing social power of foreign financiers. Nevertheless, facts must be recognized, and there is no doubt but that the West End of London to-day is to a great extent dominated by people, most of whose immediate forbears would not have been allowed to black the boots of the old English aristocracy of the past. A great many, indeed, were not English at all, but plied some humble and unsavoury calling in the back slums of those ancient little German towns, the names of which are now so

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

familiar to West End ears. At the same time many of these people are possessed of good qualities, the majority being hospitable and on occasion generous—against not a few of them, indeed, nothing can be said; nevertheless, they do not and never will take the place of the true aristocracy of England which, with all its follies, preserved a sense of dignity and tradition.

As a matter of fact, what passes for Society to-day is perfectly open to anyone who has a few pounds in his or her pocket; they have but to book a table at one of the smart restaurants on a Sunday night, and they are, for the moment, just as much in it as Mrs. Schwindleheimer (from Grosvenor Square), whose dinner-party, consisting of four other Schwindleheimers (Arundel, Isidore, Donald, and Hyam) and seven impecunious hangers-on, will be chronicled in the papers next morning.

Mrs. Schwindleheimer and her like, indeed, are the great hostesses of to-day, and the impoverished descendants of many a companion of the Conqueror are glad to eat her quails and listen to the polyglot stories which, when “pizness is goot,” Schwindleheimer sometimes deigns to tell. Not seldom also Schwindleheimer attempts to give himself airs. Said one of this tribe in Paris, speaking of a certain individual, “Who on earth is he? You will not find his name in the Almanack de Gotha.” “Nor in the Almanack de Golgotha, either,” retorted one of his listeners, an answer which quite silenced the crest-fallen exclusive.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Now and then the social magnate in question has some racehorses in training at (shade of Admiral Rous) "Newmargate," for, as he is well aware, judicious sporting tastes are not unessential to getting in with the "very pest set." Sometimes, also, he goes in for "Bolitics," and it is pleasant to be able to state that no matter whether standing as a Radical or "Gon-servative," he is ever an unswerving advocate of "Pritain for the Prithish."

Occasionally certain sons of millionaires, enriched by successful speculation, return, as if by atavism, to the simple habits of the race from which they have sprung. One of these, an amiable and unobtrusive youth, being sent to the University furnished with a blank cheque-book, and instructed to draw upon his father for any amount with a view to making a splash, led the quietest existence possible, a circumstance which soon reached his parent's ears. The latter, becoming anxious, determined to inquire into the matter personally. Proceeding to the abode of learning, he went straight to his son's rooms, the door of which, after an interval, was opened by his offspring in person, who, to the horror of his sire, was attired in a servant's apron, having apparently been engaged in cleaning the lamps. Shocked beyond measure at this, the millionaire pointed out the extreme folly of indulging what he termed a most injudicious whim. His furious remonstrances, however, made no impression upon the youth, who merely explained that he and two other lads had clubbed together in taking the house, and as they each took



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

their part in the household duties it would ill become him to do otherwise.

A curious thing about these social conquerors is that sometimes part of one of their families is in Society, part of it out—some being British and others foreign. The following will illustrate this. A rich anglicized financier, having purchased a country estate, some neighbours who came to pay a rather dilatory call found in place of the new squire, his brother, (a man endowed with a considerable sense of humour). Being naturally unaware that their host was not the owner of the house, they at once began to apologize for not having called before. “Pray don’t apologize,” was the reply. “I see you are taking me for my brother, the Englishman. As a matter of fact, I am only the d——d German !”

As a rule, it may be remarked, few anglicized foreigners acquire much land with the country houses which they may choose to buy—they are too shrewd for that, well realizing the uselessness of sinking large sums of money in property which is an ever present target for the oratorical shafts of the Socialistic agitator and designing politician. On the other hand, they often hire a large amount of shooting near by, and do not stint money in securing a good supply of birds. One of these financiers on one occasion was the involuntary cause of a somewhat amusing repartee. Remarking after a disappointing day’s shooting that at a previous shoot good sport had been enjoyed, and he had sent away over four hundred “braces,” one of his guests promptly rejoined, “In that case, my dear

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

fellow, you can hardly expect to keep up your bags."

The opinion of the local people living in the vicinity of these new squires is sometimes rather amusing to hear, though very frequently the intruder from the Stock Exchange is not generally unpopular. His dinners, as a rule, are excellent; whilst there hovers around him an atmosphere of astounding prosperity which somehow suggests that anyone privileged to be in touch with him is already well on the way to wealth. "Besides," think the country gentry, "look what he might do for our sons!" As a matter of fact, more often than not he "*does*" for the fathers by putting them into speculations which entirely falsify the bright forecast so attractively portrayed in moments of expansive benevolence.

Country life, however, is a mere incident in the existence of the modern speculator, and the financial disasters of people foolish enough to live away from towns—the only places where money is really to be made—cannot be expected to particularly interest one who views the vicissitudes of individuals with a good deal of the serenity of a Monte Carlo croupier.

It may here be observed that a large majority of those who have attained success in what is known as business, especially that branch of it concerned with financial operations on a large scale, appear to think it but perfectly right and natural that people untrained for a commercial or City career should have but a small amount of money; in fact, it would seem probable that they look on those who have no know-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ledge of the intricacies of manipulating large sums belonging to the general public as a lower species of man altogether, which has no right to more than a moderate subsistence.

There is, indeed, something very delightful about the way a financier will congratulate one of this humbler tribe should he hear of his making some small sum—say £100. Frequently a positive astonishment is conveyed in his tone, indicating a profound conviction that money is for himself and his like alone.

Every year two or three hundred younger sons of peers are thrown upon the world sufficiently educated to live as millionaires should live if they knew how, but insufficiently educated to compete successfully for Government employment or to obtain occupations in financial houses. Year after year the number of these unfortunate young men increases, and the problem is how to enable them to earn their livelihood. This is really the secret of the strong hold which Mr. Rhodes had upon the sympathy of Mayfair, which had an idea that he was prepared to find employment in South Africa for the waifs and strays of Society ; this, alas ! also proved but a fallacious dream.

It was in the early 'seventies that certain enterprising social lambs, having strayed from the Mayfair fold, first began to reconnoitre those financial fields which lie to the east of Temple Bar. The introduction of competitive examinations was largely responsible for this. At the period in question business chanced to be unusually sluggish, so not a few City bigwigs found time to enliven their leisure by making

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

much of the new and timorous intruders. Soon, however, it occurred to certain astute financiers how very nutritious social lamb might be—especially when “roasted” and served up with a suitable accompaniment of “mint” sauce.

“Young men,” said they, “you have, we know, been taught that City folk are vulgar, sordid, and unsentimental, besides being in other ways socially unattractive. Nothing could be more untrue. Most of us are positively benevolent, and even imbued with a touch of romantic chivalry; moreover, we are particularly partial to young men of good family, whose estimable parents we simply idolize. Come, then, little ones, and abide with us within the propitious shadow of the Stock Exchange, where you will be provided with congenial and lucrative employment. Bring to us also the patronage of your friends and relatives, leaders and patriarchs of your race. They shall make money through our advice, and we, in return, will give you a ‘half commission’ upon whatever business you may introduce. In this way large fortunes await you.”

Stripped of its meretricious embroidery and translated into plain, unembellished English, this practically amounted to nothing but “Join us in fleecing your parents, relations, connections, and friends, in return for which you shall be awarded an infinitesimal percentage as your share of the plunder.”

Very shortly the inexperienced social lambs were beguiled by the subtle blandishments of these astute financiers. They forthwith established themselves in

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the City, and duly brought with them their families, their relations, their connections, and their friends. More lambs in due course imitated their example, and presently almost the whole flock followed in their wake.

To-day, when the balance of wealth has shifted, and the democratic policy of levelling down and levelling up is practically paramount, the young men of "Society" enter quite seriously into the struggle for existence. Formerly those who from necessity took to business and trade had received no practical training likely to be of use in such a career. The younger generation, however, is better prepared, and now competes with the youth of the middle-class on somewhat better terms. There is no reason, indeed, why eventually they should not attain the same success, for they still possess certain advantages denied to those whose families live in social obscurity. In the near future many a successful career will undoubtedly be achieved by younger men of the "classes" endowed with judgment, energy, and grit.

A new social development which followed in the train of the mania for city speculation was the entry of West End men into trade. To-day most people deal in something. Some do this frankly enough, opening regular shops, at which as good value is to be obtained for one's money as from ordinary tradesmen. A less reputable form of commerce, however, is sometimes indulged in by others, who, becoming secret agents for the sale of cigars, wine, horses, motors, estates, pictures, works of art, and touts for insurance



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

offices, make life unbearable to those they meet. Others, again, whilst deriving no positive pecuniary advantage from beating up clients to purchase the various wares which they push, nevertheless pursue much the same sort of tactics, with the idea of having discovered a new way to pay off old debts. In debt to their tradesmen, and unable to satisfy these claims themselves, they attempt to work off the amount of their indebtedness by introducing their friends.

About twenty years ago a large number of people well known in Society began to go in for trade, as a list compiled at the time will show.

Madame Isabelle, 90 New Bond Street, was Mrs. Cooper Oakley; Madame Lili, of Grafton Street, Mrs. Pocklington; Madame de Courcy, of Sloane Street, Lady Mackenzie; Madame Lierre, of Park Street, Lady Granville Gordon; Madame Marion, of South Audley Street, Mrs. Stuart Menzies; Madame Verd, Mrs. Franklin; and Madame Ada, Mrs. Burchell. Lords Londonderry and Shrewsbury were retail coal-merchants; whilst the latter also kept cabs, as did at one time the Duke of Manchester. Other peers manufactured cigarettes, kept milk shops, and ran London theatres; whilst the son of one was a market-gardener.

Amongst men of rank who, fully recognizing the changed nature of the time, embarked in commercial enterprise of a thoroughly legitimate nature, the late Lord Winchilsea must not be forgotten. A highly cultivated, high-spirited man, possessed of as good a brain as he had a heart, and as good a heart as he had

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

a brain, he may be said to have been killed by John Bull.

The latter is always represented as a preposterously prosperous farmer, though, as a matter of fact, he is very much the reverse, a state of affairs produced, to a great extent, by his own shortcomings. The agricultural interest opposed the development of the railway system at its inception during the nineteenth century, though the railway was destined to increase the national wealth a thousandfold. John Bull, in his capacity as farmer, has ever flouted his best friends, and Lord Winchilsea, in a great measure, owed his death to the stupidity and shortsighted shrewdness of the agricultural classes, whose interests he laboured ceaselessly to promote. The dream of his life was to bring to the town from the country the produce of the latter at the cheapest prices, so as to eject, so far as it was possible to do so, the foreigner from the British market. John Bull, however, declined to send his best to the Association which was desirous of selling it at the cheapest rate, and the unsuccessful issue of his scheme fretted Lord Winchilsea into his grave.

Lord Winchilsea's brother, the late Mr. Harold Finch-Hatton, was well known in the West End of London, where his many attractive qualities and original disposition were thoroughly appreciated by a large circle of friends who bitterly deplored his untimely death. A great believer in that modern fetish "exercise," he died a few minutes after having completed the last of his morning runs round the Park,

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

being seized upon his doorstep with an attack of heart failure. He was a cultivated and versatile man.

With the increase of competition in modern life has arisen a greater respect for foreign languages, a knowledge of which is now very rightly considered to be a commercial asset of the most useful kind.

Even twenty years ago scarcely ten educated Englishmen in a thousand could speak French, whereas almost all such do now. Modern French literature was practically a closed book to the generation before this ; now the majority of educated young men are as familiar with the important works of the day in that language as they are with those in their own.

Thirty or forty years ago there existed in certain influential circles in Great Britain a very strong prejudice against French modes of thought, French "frivolity," French customs, and even against French cooking. This attitude of prejudice is almost entirely abandoned, and to-day Paris is to many almost as familiar a city as their own London.

The late Duke of Sutherland, for instance, though throughout his life a persistent traveller, is said never to have known sufficient French to make himself understood even in the ordinary commerce of everyday life. Few Englishmen in the present generation realize how utterly ignorant of foreign languages even the best educated amongst us were half a century ago ; and the fact that the late Duke of Sutherland could not speak a syllable of French may, perhaps, impress this singular circumstance upon them. Not nearly so much importance was formerly attached to the knowledge of languages as to-day.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

When Prince Bismarck was in Paris, before the war, a certain American official was perpetually pressing to obtain an introduction to the Chancellor. At length Bismarck consented to grant an interview. When the moment arrived for this he was, however, surprised to find that the American had, of his own initiative, come accompanied by his son, a youth in his teens. In due course the visitor introduced the son, and in order to recommend him to Prince Bismarck he mentioned that he was “un garçon très remarquable ; il parle sept langues.”

“Quel excellent garçon de café ça ferait,” replied Bismarck, who, amongst his other idiosyncrasies, placed little or no value upon the talent for languages.

The early attempts of Society to go into trade were not, as a rule, successful. Numerous flower shops started by well-known people proved sad failures from a financial point of view ; whilst other enterprises connected with the sale of superfluities and luxuries, appealing only to the rich, suffered a like fate.

The following is a curious incident connected with this subject.

A lady more or less well known in fashionable circles, having opened an old curiosity shop, a friend went to inspect her wares, and when leaving, accidentally left his silver-mounted umbrella behind. A few days later he returned to claim the missing article, but great was his admiration of the enterprise of the “Lady Shopkeeper” when he found his umbrella exposed in the window labelled “exquisite antique Venetian silver umbrella mount, price £10 10s.”

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Briggs, in St. James's Street, had originally been contented with the more modest sum of fifty shillings!

With the new order of things arose Society journalism, the origin and early development of which is curious. In its early days the Society chronicler did his work as secretly and anonymously as he could, generally writing rather for the purposes of giving expression to private spite or to ventilate private grievances rather than for monetary profit. That period is now happily passed, but with it has been left behind the clever and caustic paragraphs that, first in the parent bird "The Owl," and afterwards in the earlier stages of "Vanity Fair," conferred upon those papers the brilliant reputations for which they were once famous.

"Vanity Fair" was started by Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, with some financial and literary assistance from the late Colonel Fred Burnaby. Both of these gentlemen, it is said, devoted their energies to the new weekly more with the desire of gratifying a passing whim than any distinct expectation of establishing a valuable and remunerative property. An enumeration of the various distinguished men who at that early period contributed to "Vanity Fair" would form a very lengthy list.

Amongst the first of these were the late Mr. Fred Clay, the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, who did the occasional musical criticisms; the late Duke of Marlborough, then Lord Blandford; Sir Hubert (then Mr.) Jerningham, who, as an attaché at the British Embassy



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

in Paris, contributed the weekly "Paris Letter"; and Mr. Labouchere, who at intervals wrote vigorous and startling notices on City and financial subjects. He it was who originated that now popular form of criticism on mercantile speculations. Shortly after the first appearance of "Vanity Fair" the late Carlo Pellegrini commenced his long series of inimitable caricatures in that paper. In its early days he was well contented with a most modest remuneration, but his demands greatly developed in the course of time, and at length a £50 note for each drawing was the least sum he would accept.

Pellegrini was once extremely anxious to take a sketch of the O'Gorman for "Vanity Fair," and haunted the lobby of the House of Commons for several days in the hopes of accomplishing his purpose. Somehow or other the O'Gorman Mahon got wind of the attempt, and striding up to Pellegrini, assured him that did any such caricature appear in the paper he would not lose an instant in seeking out the artist and thrashing him within an ace of his life. As a result of this no caricature of the O'Gorman has ever appeared in "Vanity Fair."

On account of the expense connected with its weekly colour cartoon, the paper was necessarily published at a shilling. The phenomenal success which it attained, notwithstanding its high price, soon suggested the idea of the sixpenny Society paper, and caused Mr. Edmund Yates, in connection with the late talented but erratic Mr. Grenville Murray, to produce "The World." In this, for the first time,

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the journalist proper took a prominent part in the actual writing of Society journalism. Up till then contributions for such publications had been mainly, if not entirely, drawn from the ranks of Society itself. In time, for the sum of £3000, Mr. Yates bought out his original partner, Mr. Murray, and became himself the sole proprietor. A difference between Mr. Yates and Mr. Labouchere subsequently prompted the latter to produce "Truth," after which Society journalism gradually assumed the form in which it still lingers to-day.

The late Lord Desart, early in the career of "Vanity Fair," associated himself with that paper, and his contributions could easily be recognized by the cynical style of his writing, which was generally bright and occasionally brilliant. From a literary standpoint he might be described as a flippant Society imitator of Lawrence Oliphant, who was always in deadly earnest. By his death "Vanity Fair" lost another of the original band of polished writers, which included Colonel Burnaby, Captain Cockburn, Mr. Willatts, and Mr. Bowles himself.

At the time when Society commenced to take a frenzied interest in City concerns the conversation in the West End clubs soon began to deal with nothing but stocks, shares, and "swindlers." Some gathered in groups and discussed the future of African mines; others, with loud voices, disputed about brewery companies, soap companies, railway companies, and numberless other enterprises, most of them doomed to disaster. Many a West End club, indeed, became, for

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the time, little better than a Belgravian stock exchange.

Oddly enough, however, legitimate business did not increase ; on the contrary, it withered whilst preposterous speculations began to abound. Thousands upon thousands of worthless undertakings, representing millions of sound money, were launched upon the market, indirectly guaranteed by the presence of names on the different directorates hitherto held in high honour, as being absolutely above suspicion.

This all happened years ago, and since then iniquitous speculation has brought much of what was best in Society almost to the very verge of bankruptcy. On the other hand, legitimate business is not what it was. As for the confiding social lambs who had hoped to frisk in the rich commercial pastures around the Mansion House, they have been constrained to labour and toil painfully to maintain a precarious livelihood. Meteoric speculators have bought up their family residences in the West End, their historical homes in the country, together with their family pictures, ancestral relics, and family jewels. In addition to this, the smug sons of shady financiers have, in many cases, married their sisters ; whilst many a name memorable in history has been bartered for the wealthy daughter of some exotic moneybag.

Vanished is the day when gilded youth was wont, on a sunny morning, to disport itself gaily in Hyde Park, untroubled by rise and fall and with little interest in stocks, shares, or scrip. The wheel of fortune has turned. To-day it is the astute financial

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

gentleman who peacocks in the park at a time when the deluded lambs are toiling in dim offices, or hurrying with careworn faces along the arid thoroughfares hard by Threadneedle Street.

The astute financial gentleman himself, however, is not always a permanent visitor to the park. For a time he may be very arrogant, very insolent, very purseproud, welcomed on all sides by reason of the gorgeous entertainments to which Society flocks ; but he too not infrequently meets with a reverse, and the wealth accumulated by a successful *coup* having suddenly melted away, the pampered one disappears, leaving no trace whatever of his brief passage except an exploded reputation.

As a matter of fact, since the West End went into the City it is the country cousin who forms the main support of the season. He it is who hires the houses, gives the entertainments, patronizes the theatres, buys the finery, and causes money to circulate. The people who formerly had the means to keep the traditions of their families unbroken can no longer afford to do so. During the late 'seventies the West End thoroughfares were crowded with young men driving in phaetons, broughams, or private hansoms ; whereas in these days it is comparatively rare to see a young bachelor with a carriage of his own. Formerly every young man strolled in the Row ; now he is bustling around the Stock Exchange, busied with much business or other speculation. In the daytime now the West End is in the City ; at night the City is in the West End, which in a great measure belongs to it.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Of late years family residences, family pictures, family relics, and family jewels have been changing hands with bewildering rapidity. In some cases, indeed, it becomes almost impossible to discover their latest owners.

Much besides has gone into the melting-pot. Old principles, which drew their vitality from racial stability, responsibility to tradition, the sequence of education (not mere knowledge), the comprehension of a debt due to those who came before—the prejudices of antecedents—these, if they have not been utterly swept away, have become so entangled that they can never again be set up in their former continuity.

Social entertainments, and especially dinner giving, sometimes play a great part in the strategy of company promoters and financiers of a certain class, the advantages of engaging in attractive—if somewhat adventurous—enterprises being far more easily demonstrated after a carefully ordered banquet. Many, indeed, who would take alarm in a City office are quite easily led after the soothing influence of first-rate food, wine, and cigars. Though, in the first place, these entertainments may be somewhat costly to the hosts, they generally end by being far more expensive to some of their delighted guests.

Not very long ago a dinner was given in a private room of a well-known restaurant in order to further the promotion of certain speculative schemes in a remote part of Russia. This entertainment was carried out in the most lavish way, a feature of the accessories



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

being a well-modelled bear, cleverly moulded in ice, with electric lights as eyes. Both hosts and guests were highly delighted, the latter afterwards eagerly taking up a large quantity of shares, which, as an additional act of hospitality, the liberality of the hosts placed at their disposal. Alas, for the uncertainty of human anticipation ! In the course of a few months the securities in question fell to nothing at all, and loud and fervent were the curses which the memories of this dinner evoked. One of the guests, chancing to meet another whom he deemed a companion in misfortune, ruefully remarked : “ Oh, that disastrous dinner ! I shall never forget it or the bad tip which was given us.” “ Bad tip,” was the reply ; “ we had the best in the world. Did you not notice ‘ the bear ’ ? Nothing could have been more appropriate. I took care to sell a heavy one the very next morning.”

Often, no doubt, financiers are genuinely desirous of putting people into good things, and actually do give information which might be of great value to those thoroughly understanding the intricacies of City methods. The West End speculator, however, is not, as a rule, skilled in complicated financial manœuvres and tricks, consequently he takes the tip, and thinks that having done so nothing more will be required except to draw his profits.

The speculators of to-day, it must in justice be admitted, are quite of a different sort to the *nouveaux riches* of the past, who were always making ridiculous mistakes. Hudson, the railway king, on the occasion of a great dinner-party given by his wife, committed

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

a ridiculous blunder. The guest of the evening was Lord Lonsdale. He was very late, and Mr. Hudson is stated to have exclaimed naively: "Our *prima donna* keeps us waiting to-night."

Individuals like those giants of the past who enjoyed a well-earned reputation as great princes of finance—not as mere speculators—seem scarcely any longer to exist. A number of these were very witty and cultivated men, a conspicuous instance having been the late Baron James de Rothschild, of Paris, of whom many stories are told. A repartee made to Mirès—at that time a celebrated, and subsequently a notorious man—is one of the best. The latter came one day to interview Baron James about some business matter respecting which he desired his support. The Baron, however, chanced to be somewhat huffy, and declined to discuss the affair.

"Mais enfin," said Mirès, "j'espère, Monsieur le Baron, que vous ne me mangerez pas!"

"Monsieur," was the reply, "ma religion me le défend."

When in the full flush of his prosperity Mirès was appointed a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. A friend of his in conversation with the Baron referred to this circumstance.

"L'industrie a ses Chevaliers Monsieur," he answered, "la Finance ses Princes."

On another occasion a would-be smart young French traveller was calling upon Baron James after an adventurous journey in foreign climes, including, amongst others, Tahiti. The Baron, always anxious for in-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

formation, inquired if anything remarkable had struck him in that island. "Nothing particular," said the Frenchman, "except that the women are very pretty and friendly, besides which I noticed a total absence of pigs and Jews."

"Let us both go there at once, my dear fellow," promptly replied the Baron; "we shall make our fortunes."

Baron James, however, once met his match in the person of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg. Meeting the latter at a party, he called out: "Bonjour, Paul."

"Bonjour, M. le Baron," replied the Prince. "Je suis fâché de ne pas pouvoir vous appeler aussi par votre nom de baptême."

As a rule, however, the Baron could hold his own, as a certain Comte de Z—— discovered, when, having been shown into the counting-house, he found the Baron preoccupied and busy, his only greeting a curt invitation to take a chair.

After a few moments the astonished visitor remarked: "You probably do not realize who I am; they must have forgotten to announce me. I am the Comte de Z——."

Without interrupting his writing, Baron James simply remarked: "Forgive me, M. le Comte, and take *two* chairs!"

The financiers of to-day are little given to saying witty things, their whole existence being in reality concentrated upon their work, which more often than not is largely of a speculative nature. Some of them indeed, become absolutely absorbed in stocks and

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

shares to the exclusion of everything, like the French financier who, in answer to an inquiry as to his wife's health, answered : " Molle, molle. Plûtôt offerte que demandé." Besides this, people in the City have quite as much as they can do in holding their own amidst an ever-increasing competition.

An essentially modern product is the company promoter, an individual who was particularly *en evidence* in the early days when the West End first began to rush into speculation. Some of those gentry once received a considerable rebuff from the late Mr. Raphael, whom they had approached with a view to opening up a new mine. They described the qualities of the property in the most glowing colours, assuring him that the mine contained gold, silver, diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. Mr. Raphael, however, merely leaned back in his chair, and with closed eyes appeared to reflect, after which he gently remarked : " There are truffles in it also, I suppose ? "

Small chance, indeed, has the general public of making money by speculation ; in all probability it is about ninety-nine to one against success ever crowning its efforts to accumulate wealth in such a manner !

A great deal of abuse is being perpetually hurled at the Turf on account of its demoralizing tendencies in causing people to gamble ; whereas the proportion of those ruined by horse-racing as compared with the Stock Exchange is, in all probability, at least not one to twenty. Gambling on the Turf, indeed, is a very primitive form of speculation as compared with stocks and shares, besides which it entails an almost certain

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

publicity. Speculation, on the other hand, even of the most colossal nature, may be carried on with perfect and absolute secrecy. How many serious and revered fathers of families open their paper every morning with all the excitement of the baccarat player feverishly watching the turn of a card!

Nothing, indeed, more suited to the English love of making concessions to respectability could ever have been devised than this easy and discreet method of toying with the goddess of chance.

The delightful thing about all this is that many who are really nothing but confirmed and habitual gamblers are genuinely ignorant of their infirmity, and though themselves speculating in the most regular manner, have the audacity to denounce others who have a taste for racecourse or card-table—both no doubt financially disastrous, but yet not tainted with much humbug or hypocrisy.

Gambling will always exist—life itself is a gamble. Chance regulates our entry into, and also our exit from, this vale of tears—much seems ruled by Chance.

All legislative attempts to stamp out speculations of no matter whatever sort are doomed to complete, to absolute, failure. Legislators may pass ridiculous laws; ecclesiastics may fulminate; philosophers may deplore; but the instinct of speculation is ineradicably implanted in the human heart, from which not even the most drastic measures will ever extirpate it.

What remedy there is lies in sensible regulation and well-conceived enactments to ensure undeviating and strict probity in all financial dealings, whether in



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

speculation or investment ; the public should be given a fair chance, and all doubtful transactions ruthlessly branded and exposed.

The mania for speculation reached a climax in the year 1895, when what is known as the South African boom took place. Many large fortunes were made then, and people went mad about the colossal possibilities of an apparently unlimited rise in the price of shares. The British public were, of course, not behind-hand in joining in this financial revel, eventually burning its fingers, as usual. Out of its pocket, indeed, came more gold than from the mines of the African veldt, which have anything but realized the brilliant forecasts once so generally believed.

As the promoters of many a new company well knew, the gold in the pockets of the British public was more easily to be extracted than the ore hidden deep down in the bowels of the earth, and from England itself rather than from the new Golconda beyond the seas came most of the wealth which produced quite a new brand of millionaire. Those were glorious days for the City, or rather that part of it which was speculatively inclined. Many, however, entirely failed to keep their wealth, hoping against hope as the signs of depression began to appear. With the Jameson Raid the era of prosperity waned. From this blow the South African market never recovered. Its real inner history even to-day remains to be written ; it is, however, almost certain that those in authority at the Colonial Office had no idea that such an insane enterprise was in contemplation.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The late Mr. Edward Fairfield, Assistant Under-Secretary at this office, meeting a friend a few days after the Raid, said : " People now declare that everybody in Society knew that this Raid was about to be made, and therefore the Colonial Office knew of it too."

" Yes," was the reply. " I, amongst many others, was told of the Johannesburg letter long before the Raid."

" Why, then," interpolated Mr. Fairfield, " did you not tell me ? "

" Because it never entered my head to tell an official news which might or might not be true ; besides, I supposed you at the office would naturally know more than we did."

" That's just it," was his reply ; " everyone except ourselves knew, and no one took the trouble to tell us."

Mr. Fairfield was, it may be added, a very shrewd judge of humanity, and one having no illusions as to its failings. Asked one day by a friend who had come to see him at the Colonial Office by what means a certain individual had received a K.C.M.G., Mr. Fairfield bent over the desk at which he was sitting, and, pointing to a hole in the carpet in front, said : " My friend, do you see that ? X—— wore that hole when representing to me his claims to be knighted. Matters eventually reached such a pitch that we saw that we must either give him the K.C.M.G. or buy a new carpet. We gave him the K.C.M.G. !

A short time after the Jameson Raid Mr. Fairfield

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

had his first apoplectic fit. There is little doubt but that as Chief of the South African Department he felt very severely the effects of the nefarious proceedings in the Transvaal. This valuable public servant (who at that time was exposed to many scurrilous insinuations, made by those completely ignorant of the real facts and unacquainted with the man) died at St. Remo in 1897. He, like many others, was undoubtedly a victim of the Raid into the Rand.

### III

OF all the changes which have taken place in the West End of London during the last quarter of a century none is more remarkable than the rise of the restaurant, which in the last ten years has practically become recognized as a regular social institution.

Twenty-five years ago the number of first-class restaurants in London could comfortably be counted on the fingers of one hand : of these the " Bristol " and the " Café Royal " were the most important. At the former ladies were sometimes taken to dine ; the latter being frequented by a more bohemian society. Dining at the " Bristol," where, it must be added, the food was good, was perhaps not a very exciting affair—the room was somewhat gloomy, and the number of diners was of necessity limited—nevertheless, ladies considered it something of an adventure, and when followed by a visit to a music-hall quite a piece of wild dissipation.

In those days no one dreamt of gorgeous foyers or string bands to beguile the passing hour. The room in which people assembled before dinner at the " Bristol " was small—too small, indeed, for a cloak-room in these more luxurious days. A set dinner at a fixed price was served, the table decorations

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

being unpretentious and the accessories far from elaborate.

Notwithstanding this, the place was popular with men about town, and certain well-known figures in the world of sport were constant frequenters. Sam Lewis, whose bow window overlooked the place, was constantly to be seen at lunch; whilst the Jubilee Juggins, a young man who, in spite of many faults, should be rather leniently judged, came there for dinner after many a bad day's racing, when he would be observed in earnest conclave with some adviser, the table piled high with an enormous number of cigar boxes.

Many a cheery little dinner was given in this restaurant, at that time papered with a design of imitation tapestry, and many a man, now sobered by years, who came there night after night with some fair companion, must still occasionally think of those days with a feeling of tenderness and regret. Something of the old rollicking English spirit still lingered amongst the youth of that day, and the West End was not quite so smug and sedate as it has since become.

The arbitrary Licensing Law, certain absurd provisions of which excite the merriment of civilized Europe, was, it is true, already in force; but clubs of a very hospitable nature existed, notably the "Corinthian" and "Gardenia," where music and dancing were kept up till the small hours of the morning. These have now been suppressed, legal compulsion having made London—externally at least—the most staid city in Europe.

Whilst, year by year, new laws are being passed for



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the regulation, or rather reformation, of everybody in general, liberty—that is to say, personal liberty—in England, once accounted a thing of some importance, is being gradually if imperceptibly curtailed.

There would appear to exist a large section of the public, probably stronger in voice than in voting power, which is always urging politicians to further lengths in the direction of enforced restrictions.

This is not the place to deal with the various so-called “temperance measures,” which no one who is not a fanatic or in search of Puritan votes can believe to promote anything but totally unnecessary inconvenience. Temperance societies, if they are to continue to exist, must make their influence felt and their various secretaries must be expected to show some activity in return for the salaries they receive. It may be remarked, however, that no law,\* the effects of which would improve the social status of the public-house and thus diminish drunkenness, is ever even proposed. As a matter of fact, the public convenience is not a subject which most of our legislators deem worthy of attention.

The closing of restaurants at an hour when many a theatre-goer has not had time for a comfortable supper cannot be defended on any serious grounds.

The difference between a public-house, which exists almost entirely for the sale of liquid refreshment, and a first-class restaurant like the “Carlton” or the “Savoy,” is so enormous that the fact of the same closing hour being prescribed for both is a glaring and indefensible absurdity.

\* Since this was written a law of this kind has been drafted.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

An edifying sight for foreigners, this enforced expulsion of visitors from the supper table, and one which never fails to arouse their astonishment !

It is said that a later closing than twelve-thirty would be a hardship for the waiters. Are the people who put forward this plea aware that most of these same waiters are quite accustomed to late hours, it being their invariable habit to spend a certain time abroad in restaurants which never close before two or three in the morning ? The work of these men does not as a rule entail early rising, and the hour or two of sleep curtailed at night can be easily replaced in the day.

A possible compromise, which, whilst inadequate, would be a slight step in the direction of ordinary convenience, would be to allow people taking supper to sit in a restaurant till one o'clock, no alcoholic refreshment, however, to be served after the usual closing hour. This, at least, would prevent the uncomfortable hustle and puerile turning down of lights which are now inseparable features of an evening's amusement in London.

The ridiculous restrictions as to the closing of restaurants might well undergo some revision. When the present Licensing Law was first put in force at the beginning of the 'seventies there was some slight excuse for its general application, its aim being the suppression of night houses and drinking places, which at that time had become an intolerable nuisance. The first-class restaurant, as we see it to-day, was as yet undreamt of, and theatre-going did not, as a general

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

public amusement, occupy the place it does now. In consequence of this there was then no very great outcry for any special clause dealing with properly conducted places of refreshment—that is to say, first-class restaurants of thoroughly good repute. At present, however, the conditions are widely different, and some alteration to suit the public convenience ought most certainly to be made.

Restaurants and eating-houses, for instance, where suppers, that is to say, genuine meals, are habitually served, and against which the police have no complaints to make, might be allowed to remain open till one or even one-thirty. As a salve to the British conscience (which makes no objection to the eating of meals on Sunday, though thinking it wicked to eat after twelve on Saturday night), the new arrangement need not apply to the last day of the week, the closing hour for which could remain as at present.

A favourite argument in favour of things as they are is the contention that there cannot be one law for the rich and another for the poor.

If the people really do object to late suppers at restaurants, which the working classes have neither the time, money, nor inclination to frequent, they must be sunk in such a state of narrow-minded selfishness as bodes ill for the future of the race. What can it matter to an inhabitant of Bethnal Green, Hoxton, or Shoreditch if some of the dwellers in the West End want to eat a late supper after the play, and how does the fact of these would-be supper lingerers being compulsorily stopped from doing so benefit him?

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

In reality the working classes, except when stirred up by agitators with a living to make, and politicians with their own axes to grind, care nothing whatever about these things.

As has been said, the restaurant as we know it to-day is of purely modern growth ; it being Mr. Ritz who, in the 'eighties, dealt the first of several successive blows which have practically annihilated the horrible old English coffee-room, with its wretched service, cookery, and appointments. He it was who effected the veritable revolution in hotel management which has since spread all over the world. One of the principal causes of the success of this Napoleon amongst hotel keepers was a maxim which may be said to have largely influenced his policy in running restaurants and hotels. This maxim was "*Le client n'a jamais tort*," no complaint, however frivolous, ill-grounded, or absurd, meeting with anything but civility and attention from his staff. Visitors to restaurants when in a bad temper sometimes find fault without any justification whatever, but the most inveterate grumblers soon become ashamed of complaining when treated with unwavering civility. Under such conditions they are soon mollified, leaving with blessings upon their lips.

The old policy of arguing with clients when they disliked a particular dish was commercially unsound : the dish, no doubt, was paid for, but the discontented visitor took care that the restaurant should receive anything but a good advertisement amongst his friends.

A client, to begin with, dislikes argument, and, in

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the second place, is extremely unlikely to be convinced by it. On the other hand, complete agreement never fails to have a soothing effect, and the grumbler, secretly ashamed of himself, is almost certain to make reparation by speaking well of the restaurant to his friends, the trifling loss entailed by changing a perfectly satisfactory dish being more than covered by the increase of custom which indirectly results.

Mr. Ritz also first introduced the principle of artistic decoration, even down to the smallest details, now a conspicuous feature in good modern hotels. He it was who first realized that there was a public ready to appreciate the attractions of well-designed and spotlessly clean surroundings, together with accessories of the table, such as linen, china, glass, and plate, fully equal to those customary in a well-appointed private house.

It was with the opening of the Savoy Hotel in 1887 that the new era began, which introduced what may be called the restaurant life to a large section of the British public, many of whom now regularly resort to certain restaurants for their meals, some even making the luxurious foyers serve the purpose of a club lounge.

Since then many other excellently appointed hosteleries have been built, and it is evident that the palatial hotel has come to stay.

In connection with the inauguration of one of these conspicuous features of London life the following story is curious.

The hotel in question was built upon ground which



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

had formerly formed part of the lands of a monastic order dissolved at the Reformation, the property of which had been confiscated.

From the very commencement of building misfortune was the order of the day. Accidents happened to the workmen, and unexpected flaws in the fabric necessitated an expense not contemplated in the estimates. The hotel, when finally completed, did not pay as had been expected, a series of minor disasters and unfavourable happenings seeming to be constantly liable to occur.

Under these depressing circumstances, one of the principal directors, rather inclined to believe in occult influence, began to try and discover whether the site had in the past been connected with any circumstances likely to bring bad luck. Looking through old records, he eventually discovered that at the time of the confiscation of the property the Abbot of the Order which had been expelled had solemnly cursed the ground, declaring that any enterprise connected with it should never prosper.

The director in question, a man of original character, in due course proceeded to make known this discovery to his colleagues, who at first, as might be expected, were inclined to smile at such an announcement. In no way abashed by their attitude, however, he boldly declared that he was in favour of expending a certain sum of money in order to get the curse removed, and eventually, by means of a good deal of clever cajolery, induced his board to give their sanction to such a scheme.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Discovering that a monastery of monks belonging to the expelled Order was established in the wilds of Devonshire, he proceeded to set out for that spot, where, in due course, he contrived to obtain an interview with the Abbot, who, needless to say, was considerably puzzled at the advent of such a visitor.

"I have come," said the director, "to beg your kindly services in getting a curse, passed by a predecessor of yours, removed. Convinced that till this is done a commercial enterprise in which I and others are largely interested will fail to prosper, I feel sure that your Order, renowned for its good works, would not wish innocent people of to-day to suffer for the rapacity of a long past generation."

The Abbot was at first little disposed to take any interest in the matter, but courteously yielding to the importunities of the applicant, who urged his suit with rare diplomacy, finally consented to go through a form of removing the curse, which ceremonial having been completed, the director at once returned to town, a written form of the undoing of the curse in his bag, whilst a liberal contribution was left in the coffers of the monastery.

At the next board meeting the director announced the complete success of his negotiations, reading out the document which the Abbot had signed. Notwithstanding the scepticism of the majority of his colleagues, who regarded the whole affair as an eccentric freak, from that very moment the prosperity of the hotel was assured. No more misfortunes happened, and, entering upon a career of steady pros-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

perity, the dividends rose higher and higher, till the concern became known as one of the most prosperous enterprises ever started in the West End of London.

The public which habitually uses restaurants is exceedingly capricious and easily driven away. This, however, is even more the case in Paris than in London. In the former city, indeed, a restaurant is sometimes the rage for a year or two, and then suddenly loses its patrons, who entirely desert it for no reason except that the tide of fashion has set in some other direction.

A good name has much to do with the success of these places—the “Carlton,” “Savoy,” and the “Ritz” are all excellent, short and expressive, somehow conveying an idea of comfortable luxury.

Perhaps the most appropriate name ever proposed for any restaurant was the one suggested during the arrangement of the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea. All the various sections in this were called after different admirals, and the restaurant department being under discussion, a member of the committee strongly urged that “Hunt Grubbe” (there was a well-known admiral who bore this name) should be inscribed above the entrance to the section devoted to public refreshment.

The question of music during lunch and dinner is a somewhat curious one. A number of people declare that they abominate eating to the sound of a band. Nevertheless, all the most flourishing restaurants have found it good policy to engage musicians who, in some cases, are exceedingly talented artistes. As a matter of fact, the public seems to prefer a musical accom-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

paniment to its meals, for restaurants with bands do better business than the ones who have remained faithful to more old-fashioned traditions.

The prices charged at first-rate restaurants are undoubtedly high, but it must be remembered that they constitute a barrier against an embarrassing crowd of a rather doubtful nature which might invade these luxurious haunts.

A famous Parisian *restaurateur* used to point this out to his clients when they complained, saying that his prices were adjusted in their best interest. To a guest who declared that his dinner was more expensive than an exactly identical one eaten two days before he remarked, after a visit to his desk, "You were charged too little, I find. However, I shall not claim restitution."

"Fifteen francs for a peach!" once complained a Russian Grand Duke. "They must be very scarce."

"Not so scarce as Grand Dukes," was the reply. "That's what makes them so expensive."

A visitor from the provinces dining at this restaurant in April was considerably staggered at being charged thirty francs for a melon, and objected, declaring it must be a joke. He was, however, appeased by being told that if he could find a dozen anywhere else "at the same price" the proprietor would willingly purchase them!

The *maître d'hôtel* here, when approached by a stranger as to the cost of a good dinner, used to solemnly recite, "Twenty francs for an ordinary dinner, forty for a very nice one, and a hundred for

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the best in the world ! ” his voice rising as the price advanced.

This same *maitre d'hôtel*, on hearing of the death of a constant client, sadly remarked, “ Ah, poor man, he won't get our cooking in his new quarters ! ”

The Prince de Soubise, who employed a particularly extravagant though highly gifted chef, was on one occasion considerably staggered by seeing that fifty hams were included in the menu of a comparatively small supper. On inquiry, the cook explained that only one would appear upon the table, the rest being necessary for subordinate purposes. “ You are a robber ! ” said the Prince. “ Monseigneur,” was the reply, “ you do not realize my talents. Say the word, and all fifty of these hams shall be put into a little bottle no bigger than your thumb ! ”

In former days Long's Hotel, in Bond Street (still in existence, but rebuilt and much smaller), was a regular meeting-place for many interested in amusement and sport. As late as the 'eighties the large smoking-room on the right of the entrance hall was every evening the constant resort of several jovial souls, many sporting men making Long's their head-quarters whenever they came up to town. A great feature of old Long's was the head waiter, William, the very perfection of what is now an extinct type—civil, obliging, and urbane under the most trying circumstances. William, as was only natural in a head waiter of the old school, took a great interest in the Turf ; on occasions even he would respectfully lay stress upon the excellent chance possessed by some



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

animal or other, whose merits he had heard discussed. His fondness for sport in all probability did his pocket but little good, for the poor man died a few years ago in anything but prosperous circumstances.

The cooking at old Long's, though not, of course, anything like the sumptuous fare of the modern palatial restaurant, was not for that reason to be despised. There were one or two dishes, indeed, such as devilled soles, which were nowhere else to be equalled. Another feature was the peculiar blend of whisky and soda concocted by William, who had a way of mixing this drink which old frequenters will still remember; it may perhaps have been some special whisky or some particular kind of soda, but Long's whiskies and sodas were, without doubt, the very best in the world.

Long's, of course, at that time was solely a man's hotel; only later did the feminine element make its appearance. The rebuilding no doubt changed the character of the place, which, as a resort for sporting bachelors, exists only in tradition. The same thing happened at Hatchett's, where, before the old house was pulled down, country squires, from generation to generation, were wont to put up. The erection of the new edifice, however, scattered the old clientèle whilst, apparently, not attracting a new one, for Hatchett's as an hotel is now but a memory of the past, though an excellent and comfortable little restaurant still does very good business upon the same site.

The last of the old-fashioned hostelries in this part

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of the West End was the "Bath Hotel," which was pulled down but a short time ago to make way for the palatial Ritz Hotel, which now spreads over the site of the rambling old building.

As a matter of fact, the disappearance of the old English hotel calls for but few regrets; dingy and in reality none too comfortable, its advantages, compared with modern resorts of the same nature, were nil. An old-world air of quaintness certainly hung about the place, but this was but poor compensation for the dinginess and dirt which were its occasional concomitants. The old-world English waiter, though a character, was, as a rule, not a temperate one; whilst the rest of the staff was usually of a somewhat happy-go-lucky disposition, more or less addicted to a tolerated inebriety.

Bathrooms, such as abound in modern hotels, were, for the most part, non-existent, and where one did exist it was usually of a none too efficient kind, besides which, often the receptacle for brooms, mops, and other articles of domestic necessity.

The whole place, as a rule, was unattractive and stuffy, conveying a peculiar impression of latent microbes and dirt. Occasionally, however, these old hotels contained some fine old pieces of English furniture and decorations, which, as a rule, were not held in any particular estimation by the frequenters, who were quite free from the collecting manias so prevalent to-day.

A feature of West End social life during the 'eighties was the inauguration of two restaurant clubs. The first of these was the "Amphitryon," over

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

whose early destinies presided an exceptionally strong and capable committee, including such well-known members of society as Lords Dudley, De Grey, Durham, Chesterfield, and Ashburton; Count Kinski, Colonel Oliver Montagu, and M. L. de Soveral. Its premises were at 41, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, and the presiding *maître d'hôtel* M. Emile Aoust, who once ruled Bignon's, in Paris. The object of the club was to provide a first-rate French restaurant, which at the same time should be absolutely exclusive. The annual subscription was three guineas, no entrance fee being paid by the first two hundred members.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught both joined the "Amphitryon," which thus opened its doors under magnificent auspices.

For a time everything went well. The rooms were most tastefully and appropriately decorated, and the cuisine left little to grumble at. About seven hundred members were enrolled, and candidates kept flocking in with commendable alacrity. The only fear, indeed, was that the premises might prove too small, and a restriction was therefore made, by which members were only allowed to introduce three guests at a time.

Considerable stir was made by an inauguration dinner given to the present King, then Prince of Wales, at this club, to attend which His Royal Highness travelled to town from Castle Rising. The party, numbering fourteen in all, included, amongst others, the Austrian Ambassador, Lord Dudley, Lord Chesterfield, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and M. de Soveral, already known as the witty and popular First Secretary

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of the Portuguese Legation in London. The bill on this occasion is said to have reached the respectable total of £120. "Kirsch glacé," which figured in the menu, occasioned some amusement, the K being said to be a misprint for H, the first letter of the name of a prominent foreign financier then in high favour in certain exalted quarters.

As time went on, however, complaints began to be made that the "Amphitryon" was not altogether an ideal dining place. The chief faults found were the expense and the limited accommodation. A first-class dinner, also, was very expensive, costing close upon £10 a head—an absurd figure. In addition to this the little tables were, on account of the smallness of the premises, so closely packed that confidential conversation was next to impossible. Upstairs, of course, were private rooms to be reserved for large dinner parties.

A fire at the Grosvenor Gallery depot throwing the electric light out of gear, gas had to be used instead, with the result that the small room became something like the Black Hole of Calcutta, so far as heat and want of fresh air were concerned.

It was soon evident that the "Amphitryon" would not last, and after a short existence it eventually closed its doors, leaving behind it but the memory of some excellent dinners and extraordinary bills.

On its ashes rose a little Whist club called the "Arlington," but this also had a brief existence, and the premises were turned into a shop.

A second club something of the same nature as the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

“*Amphitryon*” was started about a year later. This was called the *Maison Dorée* Club, the address of which was 38, Dover Street. The general committee comprised, amongst others, the names of the Dukes of St. Albans and Wellington, Lord Breadalbane, Lord Dungarvan, Lord Castletown, Lord Camoys, Lord Lurgan, Prince Henry of Pless, Lord Suffield, and Lord Craven. The entrance fee was two guineas, the annual subscription being covered by a similar sum. The cuisine was under the management of the *Maison Dorée*, which was then still in existence in Paris.

The *Maison Dorée* Club, it must be added, was elaborately decorated, the gilding perhaps being too profuse. Gold, indeed, overflowed even to the area railings, and the iron lock of the area door itself was decorated with heavy dull gold! People used even to say that the pantry-maid was to be entrusted with a solid gold key to open and shut the latter for the convenience of the passing policeman! Altogether, both inside and outside, this club presented a most imposing, if rather gaudy, appearance. The decorations of the dining-room consisted principally of pastoral scenes painted on tapestry panels by a Parisian firm; whilst a large glass tea-house overhung the garden, which was put forward as a principal attraction of the place.

The *Maison Dorée* Club, however, eventually did no better than the “*Amphitryon*”; indeed, it did a great deal worse, the latter for a time, at least, having been a success, which the *Maison Dorée* never was. It lingered on in a moribund state and then



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

flickered out, its disappearance being followed some time later by that of the parent restaurant in Paris, which closed its doors, after a long and honourable career, noted for its culinary excellence.

The rise of the restaurant has indirectly popularized many things which in a former era were merely the appanage of a certain limited class. Liqueurs, and especially liqueur brandy, of the finest quality were formerly not very much drunk in England, but the popularity of this latter luxury at the present day may be accurately gauged from the price some 1793 brandy, the property of Mr. Henry Chaplin, fetched at auction six years ago. Every bottle of this realized £3 12s. Only two years ago, however, three bottles of cognac, certified to be of the year 1789, realized £5 12s. a bottle at the Hotel Drouot in Paris. In 1898, when the cellar of Mr. Arbuthnot Guthrie, of Duart Castle, was put up for sale, liqueur brandy sixty-eight years old was sold at something over two guineas a bottle.

The Café Anglais, in Paris, has some brandy which is supposed to be quite marvellous of its kind ; its cost is about 100 francs a bottle. Much of the old brandy sold in Paris is said to be manufactured by a special process in the suburbs of that city, where it is carefully poured down, drop by drop, from a great height in a specially erected building like a shot tower. The action of the air on each separate drop during its passage to the receptacle at the bottom is said to impart much of the delicacy and flavour which are such features of old liqueur brandy of

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ancient date. The addition of vanilla is very common in many so-called old brandies, which are in reality nothing more than carefully-concocted chemical compounds.

At most of the best restaurants a particular feature is the excellence of the material supplied. In this, as much as in good cooking, lies the difference between a really first-class cuisine and an indifferent one. The cooking in London generally has, without doubt, improved. Especially is this the case in Society, a proof of which is that little is now heard of any particular host or hostess being especially celebrated for the excellence of their cook. The establishment of the first-class restaurant in London has greatly raised the general standard of culinary excellence, and at most of the houses where dinners are given everything is of the best. In former days things were very different, and only a few hosts understood the art of providing really *recherchés* dinners. To those who remember the late Mr. Henry Petre, No. 12 Berkeley Square is still redolent of the fumes of good cooking. Here for many years that prince of English gastronomes gave charming little feasts which were graced sometimes by Royalty and always by the very fine fleur of English Society.

Some thirty years ago the average dinner to be obtained at the best of the houses in London was a pretentious atrocity concocted of solid meat, suet, dripping, and other accompaniments almost as appalling to dwell upon, relieved by desserts where crackers, sugared apricots, and dried raisins played an im-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

portant and monotonous part. Such atrocities are now, happily, relegated to the past. With a few exceptions, the average dinner-party of those days was a pretentious and overwhelming mockery. Lord Granville, as has been said, possessed an excellent chef, so did Lady Cowper and Mrs. Bischoffsheim, Sir Henry Edwards, Mrs. James Stern, Mr. Henry Petre, and Lady Molesworth. The dinners of the latter in Eaton Place were perfection, though this lady had no chef but that rarest of paragons, a first-class English woman cook.

As a judge of good cooking Lord Granville was quite unrivalled, his own excellent cuisine at Carlton House Terrace being above all criticism.

Lord Granville, Lord Cowper, and Mr. Bischoffsheim were in those days considered to possess the three best cooks in London. One was famous for his pastries, the other for the decorative appearance of his dishes, and the other for the high average of the few contemporary Englishmen who really understood good cooking. A first-class cuisine is, as a rule, only to be found in the houses of people who realize its merit. The best chef possible will soon deteriorate unless his master is himself a past master in the art, not of cooking, but of appreciating and comprehending the delicacies of a good cuisine. . . .

At the beginning of the 'eighties Evans's (now the National Sporting Club) ceased to exist. For some years it had been on the wane, and its disappearance as a supper resort took no one by surprise. In old days the supper there was good of its kind ; whilst the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

harmonic glees, such as "The Chough and the Crow," "My Gabrielle," and "The Hardy Norseman," sung by a choir of men and boys, were rendered with very pleasing effect. Skinner, the head waiter, and the steaming potatoes in their jackets, with which he was so closely associated, were two features of the place not soon forgotten by old habitués. The admission of women to this resort was said to have caused its end, Eve proving the ruin of Evans.

The building then gave shelter to the members of the "Falstaff," afterwards becoming the New Club, in which fashionable dances were given which attracted all the smart society of the 'eighties, and when this ceased to exist Evans's Supper Club was formed, the premises being given up to bohemian and theatrical society, which indulged in informal dances. The supper club in question, however, did not last very long, and, after further vicissitudes, the place passed into the hands of the National Sporting Club, which is now made the head-quarters of boxing in England.

In the palmy days of Evans's London was a far later city than it is to-day, when every one, metaphorically speaking, is slapped and put to bed at twelve-thirty, except on Saturdays, when twelve is the hour, fixed as a concession to Sabbatarian prejudices. The old song, "We won't go home till morning," would have no meaning to-day, when restrictions undreamt of by Londoners of the past prescribe the exact hour at which places of refreshment shall close. According to the Puritan creed, going to bed late is something of a sin, so, hungry or thirsty, no one

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

must be permitted to linger over their supper after the closing hour has struck.

In laxer times, no doubt, the facilities for making a night of it were somewhat abused by revellers who did not retire to rest till morning dawned. Nevertheless, some of the number who, in time, became serious men, obtained a wider knowledge of life—its pitfalls, weaknesses, and vicissitudes—than is possessed by modern English legislators in general, the majority of whom are profoundly ignorant of human nature, to them a thing of little account.

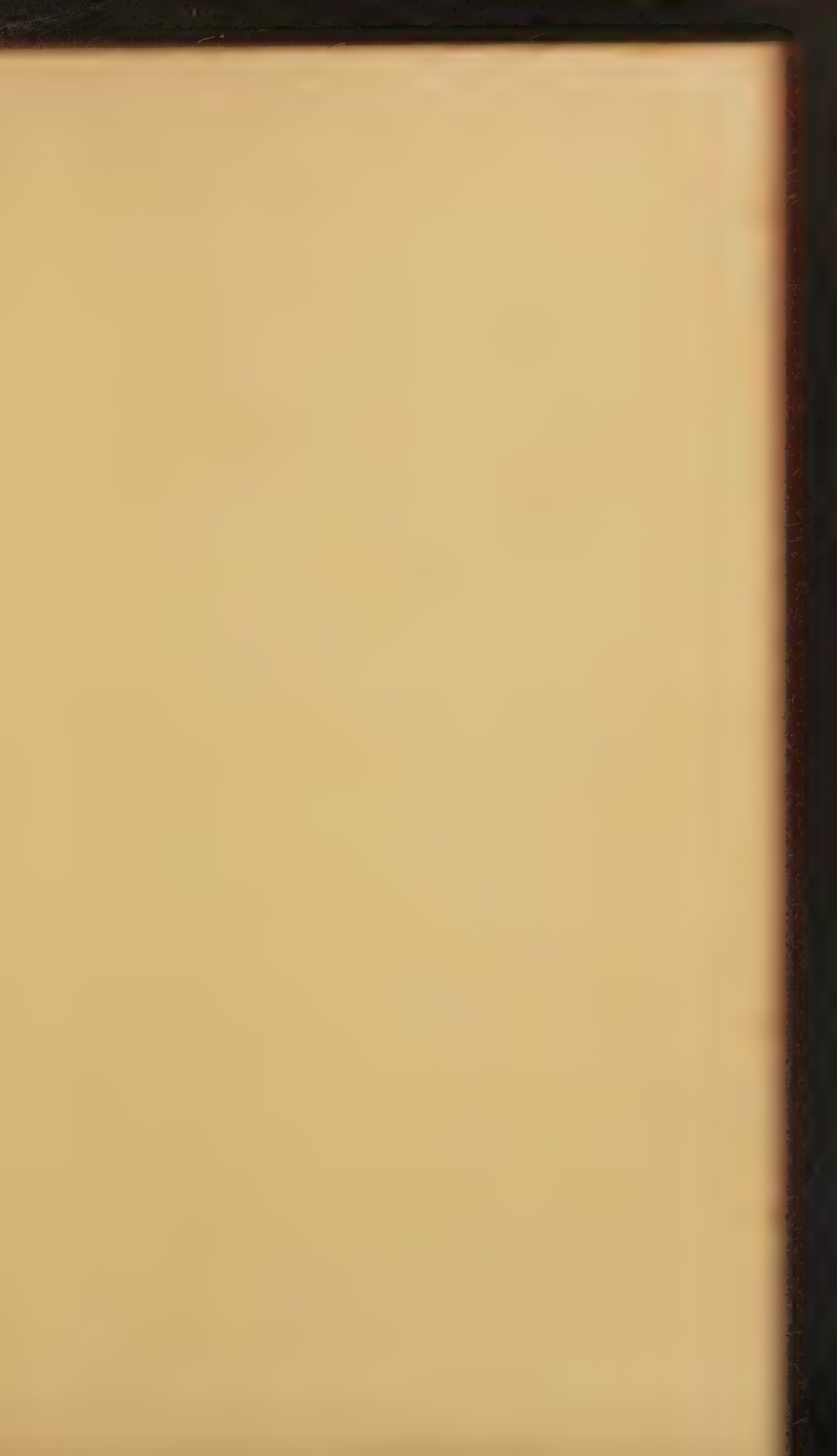
Many of the statesmen of other days were not ashamed to recall a somewhat riotous youth. They were merely human, and did not seek to deny it, unlike the majority of those who claim to govern us to-day.

Certain of these Solons convey the impression that they are absolutely exempt from most of the failings which have been inseparably connected with humanity throughout all time, their only care to elevate the rest of their countrymen to the same angelic condition, whilst, incidentally, obtaining a few votes for the party to which they may happen to belong.

At the willing of our lawgivers the old days of fun and frolic have passed away, and Tom and Jerry, were they once more to revisit the metropolis, would find a totally different city to the one of which Pierce Egan so quaintly wrote.

Whilst luxury has undoubtedly increased, jovial amusements are at a considerable discount. London of to-day abhors the rough revelry so popular in the past.







## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The old dancing-halls went long ago, and the music-hall has within the last two decades been improved out of all resemblance to its original self—the gorgeous modern Palace of Varieties, at which comic songs are barely tolerated, being in reality a far less original and amusing place than the quite unpretentious music-hall of the past, the principal attraction at which was the Lion Comique, of the type represented by the individual who achieved widespread notoriety under the name of the “great Vance.”

In the 'eighties began the development of the music-hall as it exists to-day, the Empire, which inaugurated an altogether more luxurious standard of comfort, having been opened about twenty years ago. Previous to this the London Pavilion was practically the only resort to which the *jeunesse dorée* habitually went. In the old Pavilion there was only one row of boxes, and marble tables flanked by seats occupied the place where are ranged the numbered stalls of to-day. The place was not originally built for a music-hall, having at one time been an anatomical museum. With the rebuilding of this part of London the new Pavilion arose, which gorgeous erection is, of course, totally different to its predecessor. With the change in decoration and comfort came also an alteration in the character of the entertainment.

Coarse, crude, and unrefined as the old music-hall often was, to students of human nature there was something not uninteresting about it. In a way it was certainly the expression of a certain side—not by any means the best—of London life.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

There was a peculiar hum of rough enjoyment about these places which is non-existent in the more luxurious Palace of Varieties. A certain section of the audience undoubtedly came there "out upon a spree," a term which has no meaning for a more decorous generation. The songs, whilst frequently vulgar, were sometimes imbued with a spirit of rollicking vitality which, in its peculiar way, was not unenlivening. A few really reflected life, differing entirely from modern ditties of the same sort, which, as a rule, reflect nothing at all. The modern music-hall, indeed, is the expression of nothing, being in many cases almost entirely composed of quite colourless "turns"; whilst the singing, as has already been said, is rather a minor attraction. On the other hand, the old music-halls were not very comfortable, nor was any large sum of money spent upon decoration. In spite of this, however, most people of any intelligence and general artistic appreciation who remember some of the clever favourites of more primitive days, such as Bessie Bellwood, would cheerfully dispense with all the music-hall decorations in London in order once more to hear her lively ditties.

The chairman, who up to the 'eighties was a great feature in the "Halls," has long disappeared. He, of course, was a relic of the time when a music-hall was merely an assemblage of individuals liable to be called upon to sing. There was something very English about this institution, and a seat at his table was greatly coveted by undergraduates and others desirous of seeing life. The present system of indicating the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

“turns” by numbers (as hymns are put up in a church), whilst undoubtedly more civilized and convenient, nevertheless does not produce any of that flutter of excitement which attended the raps of the chairman’s hammer when about to announce some popular favourite.

The Lion Comique, with his coloured hat-lining and handkerchief of brilliant hue, has long since disappeared. The “great Macdermott,” as he was called, was practically the last. He it was who, by his song, “We don’t want to fight, but by Jingo, if we do,” caused the word Jingo to take its place as a regular English expression applied to ultra-patriots prone to bellicose demonstration. His voice was wonderful, its volume being such as to penetrate into the most remote corner of any music-hall; whilst no one better than he knew how to make the most of the songs popular in his day. Some of these were said, from a political point of view, to have been of value to the Conservative party, in praise of which this singer’s stentorian tones were frequently raised. The exact amount of value, however, to be attached to the music-hall audience as a voting power is somewhat difficult to determine, the majority, in all probability, whilst ready to applaud any Tory sentiment, not troubling about politics at all. Besides this, entertainments of this sort appeal in a lesser degree to people of serious political convictions, who seem always to have regarded the music-hall with a certain measure of distrust.

Music-hall lounges and facilities for drinking in the



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

auditorium have, from time to time, lashed social reformers into frenzy. As a matter of fact, there is no real reason why, if people wish to imbibe liquid refreshment whilst sitting in their seats, they should not do so, the said seats being about the very last places to be chosen by those desirous of getting drunk. In old days, when facilities of this sort were unrestricted, there was no more drunkenness in the auditorium than now. Like most of the futile measures of restriction dear to faddists and cranks, such a prohibition seems useless, meddlesome, and absurd.

The refusal to license lounges, except in instances where they already exist, is another gross piece of interference with public liberty, absolutely indefensible from any fair point of view. Are the people of London so vicious, uncivilized, and prone to debauchery that they cannot be allowed to walk freely about in a place of entertainment, of which a lounge should naturally be one of the attractions? Provided order is enforced, every music-hall, where a licence for a lounge is desired, should have one, such licence to be revoked if scandal or disorder results. Distinctions such as prevail at present are un-English, besides being contrary to the convenience of the public. To contemplate the ridiculous restrictions in these sort of matters to which the people of London are exposed, one would be led to believe that the entire music-hall public consists of drunkards, debauchees, and prostitutes requiring to be controlled with an iron hand lest orgies should result.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

As a matter of fact, the very contrary is the case, for the public in question is in reality orderly in the extreme.

The death of the "great Macdermott," which occurred nine years ago, as has been said, removed the last of the old school of music-hall singers, which to-day is extinct. Not a song now exists which could catch the popular ear as did "In the Strand," "Slap Bang," "The Perfect Cure," "Pretty Polly Perkins," "Ka-Foozle-Um," "Champagne Charlie," "Not for Joseph," "Up in a Balloon," "Walking in the Zoo," "Have you seen the Shah?" "Paddle your own Canoe," "Clicquot," "After the Opera," "The Dutchman's Leetle Wee Dog," "Ten Little Niggers," and "Over the Garden Wall." These are all songs which were the rage between the early 'sixties and the late 'eighties. In those days every important incident or event gave birth to a popular comic song. "Angelina was always fond of Soldiers" commemorated the visit of the Belgian Volunteers to London in 1868. "Champagne Charlie," "Möet and Chandon," and "Clicquot" marked the commencement of the popularity of champagne in this country. "The Galloping Snob" perpetuated the overthrow of Sir Richard Mayne—then Commissioner of Police—in Hyde Park in 1867. "Immensikoff" marked the introduction of fur coats, and "Would you be surprised to hear?" was founded on the phrase continually used by Sir John Coleridge—afterwards Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England—when cross-examining the Tichborne Claimant in 1872. "Crutch

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

and "Toothpick" was sung by Miss Nellie Farren in the early 'eighties to ridicule the youth of the day, who wore blue trousers, black coats, and white neckties, carried a crutch, with their elbows out at right angles, and had a toothpick always between the teeth.

This particular type of individual is now quite obsolete, the younger sort of dandy known in the past as buck, macaroni, blood, swell, toff, masher, dude, chappie, Johnnie, and many other similar appellations, having disappeared. As this individual was of no importance to the community in general, his exit from the scene of London life has scarcely excited comment. Perhaps, after all, he never existed to the extent which the music-hall songs of the past attempted to lead the public to believe. These ditties, whilst invariably deriding the attempts of impecunious City clerks and others to pose as dandies, were generally permeated with a strain of admiration and respect for the real article, who was generally described in the last verses as being liable to perform prodigies of valour when away from Bond Street or Piccadilly, his stiff collar and cuffs being, for the time, laid aside.

The favourite song of the 'sixties dealing with the theme just mentioned was "Champagne Charlie is my name," a description of a Bacchanalian buck of the day, pictured by the late George Leybourne as wearing the long side-whiskers known as "Piccadilly weepers"—hirsute ornaments now completely obsolete. This song, which in its time created quite a sensation, described the "real swell" whose only susten-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ance, one was led to believe, were the various brands of champagne. On the other hand, Miss Nellie Power, an actress of considerable charm, some years later achieved considerable popularity with a ditty entitled, "La di da," in which the attempts at fashion made by an impecunious clerk were held up to ridicule and derision, his cheap efforts at a fashionable appearance—such as the penny flower in his coat, his penny paper collar, and other adornments—being ironically detailed.

No music-hall entertainment was then complete without a song dealing with the swell and his ways. About the last of these, which deserves notice as practically the requiem of the dandy, was the "Masher King," sung by the late Charles Godfrey in the 'eighties. Attired in a silk dress suit with knee-breeches, for many weeks he delighted the audience at the old London Pavilion with a description of the duties of a masher's life—an existence which entailed a

"Stroll up the Strandity,  
Cane in his handity,"

as well as other arduous social obligations of a similar nature.

Silly, pointless, and vapid as this sort of song frequently was, it yet pictured a side of life which really did exist, and now exists no longer.

The proof of this is that for many years no new word has been coined to designate a dandy. The type is extinct, and being so, no longer lends itself to ridicule.

The great type of the dandies was Brummell, whose

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

memory yet survives. Brummell was the Bonaparte of the beau-monde. Dress, address, daring, discretion, and distinction : - these were the qualities which in combination made him the arbiter of fashion. He possessed more than any man did before or has since that originality which is not eccentricity, and that affectation which was artistic as well as attractive. He was so conscious of power that he was unconscious of criticism, and, possessing that confidence which is another faith, although of obscure origin, he moved the mountains of Mayfair. Dandies, however, influence only their own generation, not the generations that follow ; theirs is a personal power which is inexplicable when their personality is removed. How great was the power of Beau Brummell, when he was at the height of his glory, may be imagined from the reported saying of Lord Byron that he would rather be Brummell than Bonaparte. That was, however, when dandyism was a fine art in London. The buck, the dandy, and the beau have long since had their day, and left no successors behind them.

Quite a feature of London life in the 'seventies and early 'eighties was the "Crutch and Toothpick Brigade," a peculiar brotherhood of young men which has already been mentioned. For the most part none too well dowered with brains, the most salient points about its equipment were a black silver-mounted crutch stick, a toothpick languidly held between the teeth, and in the evenings, when the battalion was at its best, a silk-lined Inverness cape. Its head-quarters were established at the old Gaiety, in the Strand.



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Here in the stalls, night after night, rows of young men were to be seen serenely surveying the entertainment they worshipped, with scarcely a smile upon their somewhat expressionless faces. To them the whole thing would seem to have been more in the nature of a religious function than anything else, for when engaged in conversation they would quote certain lines of their favourite burlesques as if part of a ritual. For the most part practically blameless from a moral point of view, they were, nevertheless, exposed to a good deal of criticism and ridicule, it being said that their highest ideal was to win a smile from one of the divinities who deigned to pose in the chorus.

London had known many different kinds of dandies before them—the wild bloods of the Hell Fire Club, the dashing bucks of the Regency, the whiskered swells of the mid-Victorian era—but anything like these sad, solemn, vacuous young men, garbed in a sort of spotless, if funereal, raiment, it had never seen, and for a time songs and skits abounded in which their peculiarities were noted, laughed at, and abused.

The high priestess of this cult was, of course, the inimitable Nellie Farren, who, together with Kate Vaughan, Edward Terry, and Royce, formed a burlesque quartette the like of which will probably never be seen again. The old Gaiety burlesques were of quite a different nature from anything seen before or since; to begin with, the libretto, written by a clever man, H. J. Byron, abounded in sparkle and real wit. The spirit of life, so elusive and difficult to define, was there, and perhaps the young men who, night

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

after night, attended an entertainment they knew by heart, were not so far wrong after all—they had a good thing, and they knew it.

Miss Nellie Farren was a star in the theatrical firmament almost throughout all three generations, and it is not surprising that at the different stages of age which these have reached they eagerly combined to pay tribute to her genius and liveliness, and to revive the memories of youth. The actors and actresses who performed on the Gaiety stage during its most brilliant period will long be remembered for their humour, talent, and beauty. The names of Miss Nellie Farren, Miss Kate Vaughan, Miss Constance Gilchrist, Miss Amalia, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Marion Hood, Miss Lizzie Wilson, Miss Alma Stanley, Miss Agnes Hewitt, Miss Wadman, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Royce, Mr. David James, Mr. Fred Leslie, and Mr. Lonnen must ever revive in many a mind memories that are indescribably pleasant.

Well-known frequenters of the Gaiety in its most palmy days were the late Colonel Jim Farquharson, the late Phizzy Drummond Wolff, whose wit was almost as keen and as ready as that of his brilliant father, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff; Mr. Hughie Drummond, whose overflowing spirits, audacious escapades, and undoubted cleverness for several years attracted considerable attention; the late Mr. Harry Tyrwhit Wilson, Mr. "Charlie" Balfour, the late Lord de Clifford, and a host of others who occupied the same seats at this theatre night after night for years.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The majority of these, alas ! have gone, and, in the words of the old Gaiety song, " will never come back any more." Gone, too, are most of the favourites who kept alight the sacred lamp of burlesque, which to-day emits but a faint and feeble flicker.

A peculiarly sympathetic personality, Miss Farren lived in the hearts of the public even after her enforced retirement from the stage. The extraordinary performance which was given at Drury Lane Theatre ten years ago for her benefit owed much of its success to this, and also to the fact that it enabled three generations to revive vividly the memories of youth.

From the late 'sixties to the middle 'seventies the generation which was influenced by the present King, and which numbered amongst its leaders the late Duke of Hamilton and Lord Carrington, reigned supreme. Cosmopolitanism was the keynote of this influence. The Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Hamilton popularized the Continent. They themselves were familiar figures in every capital in Europe, and to their example is, in a great measure, due the extinction of that insular spirit which until then had been a prominent feature of English character and customs. It was perhaps a period of some luxury and extravagance ; it was an immoderately princely and moderately cultivated period ; many a vast fortune was squandered while it lasted.

From the middle 'seventies to the early 'eighties another generation was to the front. The tone of this generation was greatly influenced by Miss Nellie Farren and the actors and actresses who were associated

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

with her in the series of brilliant burlesque performances which then attracted all who were either young or lively to the Gaiety Theatre. This generation resented unnecessary restraint ; it upset many old-world conventionalities ; it inaugurated the habit of dining and supping at restaurants ; and it helped to emancipate its woman-kind from the unreasonable restrictions which formerly were so oppressive. Since then, however, this emancipation has been perhaps unduly extended. It was a good - humoured and a good-natured generation, hundreds of small fortunes being frittered away by it in small extravagances.

The third generation, on the other hand, has devoted most of its energies to making money, and has contrived, in so doing, to further impoverish the West End. It must be admitted, however, that the two preceding generations had so crippled the families to which they belonged that no option was left to the last but to venture into the City, which seemed to afford some promise of wealth.

In former days a sort of glamour of bohemianism surrounded the stage, which is now one of the avowed strongholds of British respectability. Chorus girls then were perhaps unjustly regarded as being, to put it mildly, "fast," and by the austere were viewed with considerable suspicion. All that, however, has long since been changed, and the morality of those ladies who in minor capacities adorn the boards whilst swaying with rhythmic movement to the chorus of some more or less inane ditty is to-day generally recognized as being above reproach. The

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

majority of these girls, indeed, account a life of rigid virtue their principal asset—the talisman wherewith to attain a coronet or a fortune.

The chorus girls of the past were a free and easy pleasure-loving lot, too scatter-brained and too thoughtless to indulge in careful calculation; but things have altered to-day, when damsels of quite good social position and education figure without discredit upon the boards, which many of them shrewdly regard as a short cut to a rich marriage. The old kind of chorus girl, indeed, has been pushed aside by competitors sprung from a somewhat higher class, who of course are infinitely better equipped for matrimonial capture. A good deal of difference exists between the behaviour of most modern chorus girls as compared with that which distinguished their predecessors of a former generation, in whose arsenal of attractions there was little place for calculating prudery.

The latter quality, combined with an unlimited amount of assurance, has brought many an impulsive swain to the altar. The attention paid to some of these girls is put by them to very profitable use; for, according to the ethics of the clan, presents, when of any value, may be quite freely received, being even occasionally acknowledged by a brief telegram—correspondence (except of a compromising character from an ardent and rich lover) being usually discouraged. As a matter of fact, many of these girls make good wives, at least quite good enough for their husbands, who, in the majority of cases, supply more



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

cash than sense. A celebrated stage beauty, who was about to marry a young man little better than a congenital idiot, once aptly defined the situation. "Remember, my dear, you are marrying a boy absolutely without any brains," said a friend. "Don't worry about that," was the reply; "I've got enough for two"—and she had.

The type of woman who, boldly breaking with respectability, openly leads a life of luxurious pleasure is no more, the methods of the class in question having entirely changed, unobtrusive and well-conducted vice now rubbing shoulders freely with virtue, which is often the most flashily dressed of the two.

Gone are the dashing free lances of the 'sixties and 'seventies, whose escapades were almost openly recognized.

Many of these were fine horsewomen, like Agnes Willoughby; she eventually married Mad Windham, of Febbrigg Hall, Norfolk, who, besides impoverishing a famous estate, created considerable scandal in Norfolk by his eccentricities. Riding was at that time much affected by a certain class of woman, a number of whom were known as "pretty horsebreakers," an expression then much in vogue. Occasionally these ladies would intrude into circles where they were quite out of place. A celebrated "anonyma," for instance, whose reputation, or rather lack of it, was notorious throughout Europe, once actually went down to hunt with a famous pack, tricked out in the peculiar livery which only the smartest ladies of the hunt usually ventured to assume.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

One of these, a leader of fashion, about whom, however, certain scandalous stories were current, was very much incensed at this, and forthwith sent a gentleman to remonstrate with the intruder, who, however, was fully equal to the occasion. "Tell Lady ——," was her reply, "that I, not she, am the head of our profession, and shall therefore wear any costume I like."

The queens of the demi-monde, however, never excited as much interest in London as did the great cocottes of the Second Empire in Paris. One of the chief of these, as a matter of fact, was an Englishwoman, Cora Pearl, who, outliving most of her contemporaries, died in a state of complete destitution not so many years ago. She, like many of her contemporaries, was devoted, not only to spending her admirers' money, but actually to squandering it in fatuous extravagance, such as baths of champagne and other follies of an equally unpleasant character.

Some of them, however, had a certain taste for art. Such a one was the famous "Paiva," who, born amidst the most humble surroundings, lived to become the wife of Count Henkel von Donersmarck. The palatial mansion, decorated by some of the most famous French artists and sculptors, which he erected for her in the Champs Élysées is now the excellent "Travelers' Club."

La Paiva was, nevertheless, by no means behindhand in perpetrating acts of mad extravagance. A certain young Frenchman who was desperately in love with her, having for some time pleaded his suit in the face of many rebuffs, said to her—

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

"Tell me what can I do to move you ?"

"What have you in your pocket-book ?" was the reply.

"Twelve thousand francs, at your service as ever."

"I do not care for your paltry money, but the fire is burning badly. Throw them into it ; I like a blaze."

Deliberately, and one by one, the young man tossed note after note into the fire, till all were consumed.

"And now," said La Paiva, "I will go with you to Vichy. I can see you are not mean."

This act of folly was a good deal talked about, and only some years later did the lady, then grown a little wiser, learn that the notes had been mere dummies, with which her lover, astutely prepared for any eccentricity, had taken care to fill his pocket-book.

As late as the close of the sixties there flourished a number of demi-mondaines who had quite a recognized position as a feature of London life. Skittles, Nellie Fowler, Mabel Grey, and many others were openly spoken of much as are the great Parisian cocottes of to-day, and their gorgeous equipages were objects of considerable interest in the Park, where even quite young ladies knew something of their career, as the following anecdote will illustrate.

Two well-known figures in fashionable life were a mother and daughter, the latter as conspicuous for her neat and tiny figure as was the former for her rotundity of form. They were in consequence very appropriately nicknamed "Waist" and "Plenty." Walking in the Park one day, the daughter, who was of a mischievous disposition, descried approaching one of the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

fair "anonymas," as they were then called, to whom reference has been made.

"Mamma," said she, "whoever is that pretty lady, who is so wonderfully dressed?"

"Ah, don't bother me, my dear," was the reply. "All I can tell you is that the creature is not a person whom you should look at, much less mention."

"But why, mamma?"

"Well, if you must know, she is one of those who has made a *faux pas*."

"Thank you," demurely answered the daughter, with a roguish twinkle in her eye. "It wasn't a *pas seul*, I suppose?"

The especial beauty of Skittles was her figure, which, displayed to the best advantage on horseback, captured the heart of many a wealthy swain.

She originally came from Liverpool, where she was said to have been employed setting up the pins in a skittle alley. A jingle of her day told how—

"In Liverpool in days gone by,  
For ha'pence and for victuals,  
A little girl by no means shy  
Was setting up the skittles."

From this originated the nickname so well known to a former generation.

#### IV

FROM time to time bitter attacks are made upon the morality, or rather the alleged immorality, of what are known as the Upper Classes living in the West End of London. Most of these are scarcely justified by facts ; the tone of Society in general is, no doubt, a good deal more lax than that prevailing in Nonconformist circles, but this means but little.

Both the upper and lower classes of England have always been somewhat frank about their moral failings ; the great middle class, on the other hand, whilst somewhat prone to prudery, enjoys the reputation of priding itself upon its more austere morality. The real truth of the whole matter is that in all probability all three of these classes—upper, lower, and middle—are about one as moral or immoral as the other, the whole matter being, in sober fact, more a question of temperament and disposition than anything else. It is very easy for some people to lead perfectly spotless lives, and thus conquer “ in a fight without a foe.” Others, on the contrary, find the greatest difficulty in mastering passions which almost resist control ; for this reason the harsh judgments so readily passed on those who have erred are often senseless as well as cruel. To the credit of London



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Society, in this respect, let it be said that the attitude adopted of late years towards certain female transgressors has on occasion been lenient and humane, allowances having been made for circumstances, unknown to the outside world, which in some measure palliated their offence.

Taking all things into consideration, London Society of to-day is in all probability more moral than it was in the early 'eighties, at which time many irregularities prevailed. As a matter of fact, it is so busy with one thing and another, especially with trying to make money, that it has less time to spend in intrigues, which, it is realised, are invariably followed by consequences of a ruinous and disastrous kind.

Ladies exist, no doubt, who get some of their bills paid by rich financiers, but where possible it may, with tolerable certainty, be asserted that it is their practice to give as little as possible in return. A limited number of liaisons—products some of them of long-standing affection—are also carried on ; but, generally speaking, the somewhat lenient tone of Society is not reflected in its life, which, for the most part, is about as rigidly moral as that of less fashionable but more hypocritical humanity.

As for London morality in general, that remains much the same as it has ever been, though on the surface a certain amount of improvement may appear to exist.

The whole social policy of modern England is directed towards producing a semblance of ultra-decency and virtue, and anything tending to impair

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

this appearance of perfection is adroitly glossed over or suppressed. From time to time the existence of a certain class, the members of which have been somewhat cynically named "ladies of pleasure," is inevitably thrust forward before the public view. At such times a plaint of horrified surprise is almost invariably raised at the continued survival of that which, owing to the permanence of human failings, can with justice claim to be the oldest profession in the world.

Under normal circumstances this sisterhood, which has played such a preponderant part in the history of the world, is entirely ignored, an impression being conveyed that the morality of the present age is immeasurably superior to that of the more outspoken past.

In stern reality, however, there has in this respect been little, if any, change. Notwithstanding a carefully elaborated system of hypocrisy and cant, every one more or less knows this from observation, and the majority from personal experiences, carefully shielded from the light of day.

As a great philosopher has remarked of the approaches to immorality, "Every one has them daily before his eyes, and, as long as he is not old, for the most part also in his heart."

If in the far distant future any student of old-world manners and customs should search the papers of to-day with a view to ascertaining particulars as to the demi-monde of our time he might quite legitimately arrive at the conclusion that such a class had, in the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

twentieth century, almost ceased to exist, owing to the extraordinary state of morality produced by modern culture and education.

Nothing could be more untrue. The conspiracy of silence which prevails as to this question is almost inevitable, owing to the mental attitude of the British public, whose outlook upon life is completely blinded by a sort of unconscious hypocrisy, the peculiar appanage of that sentimentalism which now, more or less, dominates public opinion. A newspaper, indeed, which attempted to speak anything like the truth on this subject would have no chance of existing for more than a week, and would be inevitably overwhelmed by a general chorus of execration, led, of course, by the different leaders of the many forms of religion which flourish in England. Not one of these (with, perhaps, the exception of the Roman Catholic Church, which has ever taken a somewhat human and sensible view of this question) could afford to let slip such an opportunity of stemming the torrent of vice. As for the various societies whose energies are devoted to furthering the repression of other people's passions, any plain speaking devoid of cant would immediately increase the flow of subscriptions, as well as call forth many an appeal for redoubled energy in combating those evils, the real nature and danger of which is as a rule entirely overlooked by Anglo-Saxon social reformers.

Whilst the morals of London remain much as they were, there has been a decided tendency to repress all outward manifestations of vice, which in conse-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

quence assumes insidious forms if no longer daring to flaunt itself abroad.

The dashing demi-mondaines of the old-fashioned type, the ladies who at one time regularly haunted the Park, either in some smart equipage or latterly in discreet broughams, which at a certain spot near the Magazine were drawn up in line for purposes of conversation with admirers, have disappeared.

Up to comparatively recent times Mayfair harboured a number of ladies whose escapades were matters of common knowledge.

The celebrated Harriet Wilson, for instance, lived in Berkeley Street. A somewhat grotesque illustration in her memoirs (which, it may be added, are in large part apocryphal) depicts the Iron Duke in a huge cocked hat, energetically knocking at her door; whilst the Duke of Argyll, disguised in a nightcap as an old woman, is frantically assuring him that Miss Wilson is unable to see visitors. The memoirs in question, though amusing in parts, are, on the whole, of no very considerable interest; besides this, many of the statements made are by no means to be relied upon. Women of such a type, possessing unexampled opportunities of observing human nature, stripped of a number of the trappings which the influence of civilised society has imposed upon it, see much denied to their more reputable sisters, and would be able, had they literary ability of the very slightest kind, to compose volumes likely to be of the highest interest to those future generations which may take quite a different view of all the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

elaborate paraphernalia of pretence now almost of necessity forming part of the stock-in-trade of no inconsiderable section of mankind.

The literary abilities of Harriet Wilson, such as they were, appear to have been devoted mainly to purposes of covert blackmail.

Said the "Globe and Traveller" of the 12th March, 1825 :—

"We think Mr. Ellice does but justice to the public in permitting us to publish the following letter, which he received by the post this morning. It displays at once the objects and motives of the authoress and editor of the detestable publication now circulating under the above title. He has desired us to leave blank the names of other parties alluded to, but has left the letter with us for the satisfaction of others who may be better acquainted with the lady's writing than himself.

" " March 8, No. III, Rue du Faubourg,  
" " St. Honoré, à Paris.

" " Sir,—People are buying themselves so fast out of my book, "*Memoirs of H. Wilson*," that I have no time to attend to them should be sorry not to give each *a chance*, if they *chuse to be out*. You are quizzed most *unmercifully*. Two Noble Dukes have lately taken my word, and I have never named them. I am sure—would say you might trust me never to publish, or *cause* to be published aught about you, if you like to forward £200 directly to me, else it will be too late as the last volume, in which you *shine*, will be the property of the Edetor, and in his hands. Lord —— says he will answer for aught I agree to so will my husband. Do *just as you like*—consult only



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

yourself. I get as much by a small *book* as you will give me for taking you out, or more. I attack no poor men, because they cannot help themselves.

“ ‘ Adieu—Mind I have no time to write again, as what with writing books and then altering them for those who *buy out*, I am done up—frappé en mort.

“ ‘ What do you think of my French ?

“ ‘ Yours,

“ ‘ Harriette Rochfort, *Late Wilson*.

“ ‘ Don’t trust to bag with your answer.’

“ (Addressed, Edward Ellice, Esq., M.P., New Street, London).”

In the publication of this letter the lady’s grammar and spelling was adhered to, both of which, as the “Globe” tritely remarked, resembled the lady’s morality in not being closely bound by vulgar rules.

With the increase of education has arisen a totally new class of *betaira*, which, though entirely devoid of virtue, is clever enough to retain its reputation, amalgamating imperceptibly with people of the strictest views, in whose houses it often resides. Many of these women, though well equipped with funds, are engaged in respectable employment during the day; wiser than their predecessors of another age, who, for the most part, dawdled the daylight hours away in a state of intolerable boredom, they are sensible enough to perceive that light work of some kind or other is a more amusing method of passing the time. Secure in the knowledge that their astuteness is well able to preserve them from detection, such free lances look with profound contempt upon the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

avowed courtesan who, adhering to the methods of other days, is hounded about from pillar to post.

Puritan persecution is powerless to affect a class most of whom are, to all outward appearance, perfectly smug and demure, on good terms with their families, and uninfluenced by many (but not all) of the traditions of the calling which they secretly follow. Nevertheless, its existence is a constant source of demoralization for the population at large, which is insensibly permeated by an element of secret vice of a most insidious and often dangerous kind.

Of latter day London it might truly be said, "Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness."

The real truth of the matter is as follows: the people of England are as a rule cleanly-minded and healthy—perhaps a little less vicious than some Continental nations—morality being a question of temperament and climate. They are genuinely grieved at what is known as the social evil, which, with an utter indifference to the experience of all ages, they vaguely regard as being capable of suppression. Besides this, they have a peculiar and inexplicable affection for anyone, no matter how ignorant, how bigoted, or how self-seeking, who claims to be doing good—anyone, in short, who is a public busybody. They will blindly quote and approve his or her words, especially when accompanied by some rambling references to religion and the higher life—a vague term open to many different interpretations.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The consequence of all this is that any experiment in repression, no matter how ridiculous, is sure to be accorded a certain welcome, and as social reformers are seldom men or women of the world in the real sense of the term, measures of sterling value to the community (which must, of necessity, be more in the nature of judicious regulation than anything else) are never carried out, and indeed rarely even suggested.

The English view of the whole question has in consequence drifted gradually from bad to worse, till it has now become thoroughly obscured.

In the final volume of "Life and Labour of the People in London," Mr. Charles Booth, a social investigator whose conclusions are based upon evidence of an absolutely trustworthy kind, after enumerating the various efforts made to suppress metropolitan vice,\* writes :—

"The result has been rather to show the irrepressible character of the evil than to cure or even diminish it. It can be shifted from place to place and forced to change its shape, but it continues to exist none the less. . . ."

"It may, however, be wise to accept the existence of the evil as in some form inevitable, and to turn our attention to forcing it to take the least objectionable and most manageable shapes."

As, however, this conclusion does not fit in with the ideas of the majority of our so-called social reformers, nothing whatever has been done to carry out this sage recommendation. On the contrary,

\* Page 128.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

since the issue of the book in 1902, the tendency has been rather in the direction of strengthening the present system of unreasoning repression.

The social reformer of a certain type may be said to live in a world of pure illusion, imagining that the human race will be so much improved by laws and restrictions that eventually immorality will practically cease to exist. Speaking of such an anticipation, one of the greatest of living biologists has declared it to be so far removed from existing conditions that the possibility of its attainment hardly merits consideration.

Morality, based upon sentiment, is but a mere caricature of real morality, invariably failing in actual practice. To arrive at any satisfactory solution of the grave problems involved in the solution of most moral questions, unimpassioned reasoning is absolutely necessary.

The fulminations of well-meaning clerics—the crude efforts of legislators ready to sacrifice the well-being of the race in the endeavour to propitiate the Puritan conscience—the neurotic laments of hysterical females totally unacquainted with the unchanging realities of life—all of these are powerless to influence in the slightest degree the colossal strength of human passion which, under thoughtless coercion—like a torrent which has been dammed—is merely converted into a myriad of obscure rivulets, which, percolating into the adjacent soil, speedily produce a foul, fetid, and unhealthy marsh.

The deeply rooted prejudices which at present pre-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

vail in England in favour of the compulsory moralization of the world in general are based upon a foundation of ignorance, hypocrisy, and wilful denial of scientific truth. Biologists, not clerics, should be the guides followed in attempts to deal with such a matter, affecting, as it does, the very existence and future of the race.

Much abuse is hurled at man, whose tendencies towards immorality are contrasted with the purity which is, after all, but the natural appanage of woman. The dream of equal sexual morality is essentially unscientific and contrary to nature, which, deplorable as it may appear, has chosen to proclaim an unequal morality. This, owing to various causes, has, in the civilization of Europe, entailed a somewhat unfair penalization of woman. Certain so-called reformers, who decline to look at this question from the biological standpoint, have within recent years clamoured for the application of an equally rigorous standard of morality to both sexes alike ; that is to say, they wish to produce a class of outcast men, just as their predecessors in long past ages produced a class of outcast women—to punish man for yielding to passions which even the most rigorous self-control can scarcely repress.

On the other hand, numbers of individuals exist who experience no difficulty in this direction, and are therefore unable to appreciate the strength of the temptations which assail more ardent natures. As La Rochefoucauld profoundly says, “When our passions leave us we think that it is we who have conquered them.”



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

A careful examination of the whole subject from a biological point of view reveals much which should cause moralists to incline to leniency. Unfortunately, however, this question has been obscured and complicated by the intrusion of theology and sentiment, both of which, though admirable enough in their own way, must of necessity produce unlimited mischief when injudiciously set up in hostile conflict to well ascertained and incontrovertible fact.

The myriads of unfortunate women who, since the dawn of modern civilization, have led wretched out-cast lives, have owed their fate more to the power enjoyed by Ecclesiasticism rather than to anything else—savage prejudice, which wilfully ignores the main precepts of religion, having ever called for severe penalties as a punishment for even the most pardonable transgression of a somewhat cruel and Draconic moral law.

There was little cant about the England of the past, which was an extremely outspoken country.

Only after Trafalgar and Waterloo did the forces of organized hypocrisy begin to make their influence felt, gradually gaining strength with the years and culminating in the almost general self-deception which is practically universal to-day. When the whole country may be said to glory in its own “unctuous rectitude,” the profession of which has become an almost indispensable adjunct in the pursuit of a successful political career.

Our legislators, indeed, wise in their generation, fully recognize the importance of pandering to the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

new spirit, whilst having at easy command a fine selection of oleaginous phrases wherewith to flatter and cajole the powerful army of bigoted faddists to whose mandate they are ever ready to turn a sympathetic ear.

Whilst, for the most part, well aware of the futility of the present system, or rather lack of it, politicians are entirely dominated by the fear of losing votes, the Nonconformist conscience striking terror into their very hearts.

In all probability they exaggerate a power which, in order to exist at all, must be constantly pushing itself into public view ; our modern politicians, however, are scarcely conspicuous for courage of conviction or personal initiative.

As the public men of the eighteenth century openly bribed with gold, so do those of to-day bribe with promises, some of them, indeed, being ready to assent to no matter what legislation provided it appears likely to assure to them a certain number of votes.

In this respect there is little to choose between the two parties, each of which in all probability would be prepared to pass a Bill decreeing domiciliary police visits for the promotion of morality, had it reason to believe that such a measure would insure its accession to or retention of office.

Straightforward and sensible opposition made in Parliament to needless legislation, avowedly intended to curtail legitimate personal liberty, is almost invariably termed " facetious " or discounted in some other equally cynical way.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

A great number of social reformers no doubt are well-meaning and sincere ; their proposals, however, are too often the results, not of carefully considered experience, but of some vague dream of speedily perfecting human nature.

“Mankind is well governed only by the head. It needs something more than a good heart to rule the world.”

In England it is generally assumed that a certain class of woman is invariably forced into a life, which moralists deplore, by cruel circumstances of which she is the innocent victim. Such, however, is by no means invariably the case. Just as there are men who—libertines from the cradle—are doomed by disposition to the pursuit of unedifying pleasures, so does there exist a certain type of woman who, as the French put it, have “*le diable au corps*.” Resenting the control of respectability, girls of this sort are from their earliest years avid of adventure, and even in their years of innocence are that in mind which they afterwards become in fact.

Not immoral, but non-moral, natures such as these take naturally to the dissipation which to some of them is life itself. Restless at home—resenting control when married—every restraint prescribed by custom and usage is to such as these irksome in the extreme. For the most part natures of this sort end by kicking over the traces, and, to the scandal of their relatives, enter upon a life of unrestrained freedom and licence, too often to be terminated by insanity and disease. Others of more stable temperament

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

merely resent the humdrum existence of middle-class life.

“I am not tired of what I am doing,” a woman of this sort told an inquirer into London life (Henry Mayhew\*), “I rather like it. I have all I want, and my friend likes me to excess. I learned to play the piano a little, and I have naturally a good voice. I find these accomplishments of great use to me ; they are perhaps the only ones that could be of use to a girl like myself. I tell you candidly I was as much to blame as my first lover ; I wished to escape the drudgery of my father’s shop. Partially educated, I thought I was qualified for something better than minding the shop occasionally or sewing or helping my mother in the kitchen and other domestic matters. I was very fond of dress, and I could not at home gratify my love of display. My parents were stupid, easy-going old people and extremely uninteresting to me. All these causes combined induced me to encourage the addresses of a young gentleman of property in the neighbourhood. We went to London and got tired of one another in six months. I was as eager to leave him as he was to get rid of me, so we mutually accommodated one another by separating. My father and mother don’t exactly know where I am or what I am doing, although if they had any penetration they might very well guess. They know I am alive, for I keep them pleasantly aware of my existence by occasionally sending them money. What do I think will become of me ? What an absurd question. I could marry to-morrow if I liked ! ”

\* “London Labour and the London Poor.”

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

This is the history of thousands.

The suppression of the Argyll Rooms, or of the other dancing places which were well conducted, has made not the slightest difference in morality ; whilst the harrying of women from one quarter of the town to the other has most certainly not decreased vice. Every one who has any real knowledge of the matter smiles even at the suggestion.

A real improvement in the general welfare and morality of the community would, however, be effected were frail womanhood allowed to congregate in certain resorts, tolerated only when under strict supervision. Such a course would effectually clear the streets of the shameful spectacle which now, owing to the sternness of the police in important thoroughfares, has overflowed into side streets and squares.

In addition to this, certain blocks of buildings, stringently supervised, might be devoted to housing those whose morality is not their striking characteristic. Rigorous order should be enforced, riot and drunkenness severely punished.

This is true social reform, which it can confidently be predicted will never be carried out in London.

Of the terrible though concealed results of the present system of wilfully ignoring an unchangeable side of human nature, this is not the place to speak. Suffice to say that an untold amount of hereditary disease, cursing generation after generation into the far future, is the price paid for listening to the fanatical views of hysterical, if well-meaning, fanatics.

In past ages from time to time everything possible



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

has been done to brand immorality as shameful, but morals were not improved. In many towns women of loose character were obliged to bear distinctive marks upon their dress, in order that they might not be taken for respectable women. Some French cities made them wear an *aiguillette*. From this originated the old saying, “*Une femme qui court l’esguillette*,” applied to a woman whose behaviour was not above suspicion. The *aiguillette* (generally red) was a badge of servitude which, in later times, was adopted by certain nobles as an additional ornament to the dress of their huntsmen. In course of time the cavalry began to wear it, and later *aides-de-camp* and other officers. The *aiguillette*, which had its origin in the stews of mediæval France, has now become an honourable mark of military rank, its real origin having been forgotten.

In France up to the time of the Revolution the ordinary courtesan was, in the eyes of the law, little more than a criminal—owners of property being forbidden to let or sublet houses or rooms to women of light behaviour—a regulation after the modern reformer’s own heart.

Besides this, a police order, issued in 1780, even forbade tradesmen to furnish them with dresses or adornments, the penalty for so doing being a fine of three hundred francs, in addition to confiscation. The same order (which four years later was strengthened by another of an even more stringent kind) prohibited innkeepers from harbouring loose women, a hundred livres being the penalty for infraction. The

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ordinances in question, it may be added, in no way improved morality, which, on the contrary, sunk about that time to its lowest ebb. Arbitrary repression and interference with personal liberty, as is always the case, produced an exactly opposite result to the one which moralists desired.

The most drastic measures were adopted in Sweden during the early 'thirties, any poor woman who could give no clear account of her method of gaining a livelihood being liable to arrest; whilst immorality was regarded by the law as something in the nature of a crime. The results were appalling, the new legislation increasing rather than diminishing the profligacy it professed to cure. So much so was this the case that in the course of the next year the new law was repealed and a system of tolerant regulation adopted.

In 1844 a great Puritan movement took place in Berlin, all courtesans, as far as possible, being expelled from the city and a reign of rigid morality enforced. Clandestine prostitution immediately developed to an enormous degree. Vice in its most dangerous forms surreptitiously flourished, whilst illegitimate births terrified statisticians by their frequency. In ten years things had reached such a pitch that the Minister of the Interior once more placed matters upon their old footing, after which a better state of affairs soon began to prevail.

What answer have the advocates of repression to make to this? As a matter of fact, there is no answer possible. Puritan reformers simply dare not touch upon the numerous efforts made throughout history

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

to enforce compulsory morality. There is no instance of anything but the most terrible and insidious evils having been the result of such action, and any assertion to the contrary is untrue. As Louis XIV once said, "As well try to prevent consumptives from coughing as make people moral by decree"—a statement which about sums up the whole matter.

"Suppress courtesans," said St. Augustine, "and you confuse all society by the caprice of the passions."

In the early ages the Church was the universal censor of public manners, and denounced licentiousness in the most severe manner; nevertheless, it did not inculcate any savage persecution of the fallen. Good men could never forget the inherent weakness of the world in general, and accordingly a humanizing spirit was present in the social code of the early fathers.

Wiser than some modern so-called Christians, they recognized that it was impossible to eradicate vice, and that it was better for one class to make a profession of it than a larger number should follow it in secret, and thereby demoralize the community in general.

Curiously enough, England some hundreds of years ago was particularly lenient in the very respect in which it is now so severe. The public stews in old London belonged to the Lord Mayors, who farmed them out to Flemings. A code of regulations\* for these places was issued by Henry II in 1161, the very sensible provisions of which show that the legislators of that day understood more about human nature than those of modern times.

\* *Les indiscretions de l'histoire*, première série, p. 71 (Docteur Cabanès).

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Sir William Walworth, it is said, provoked public indignation in connection with the large number of these places which he possessed, and it was in all probability some outspoken reference by Wat Tyler to the source of Sir William's wealth which caused that Lord Mayor to stab him to death.

The following were some of the regulations to which allusion has been made :—

Houses of this sort were obliged to bear distinctive marks, which were to be clearly visible from without.

No girl to be detained against her will should she desire to abandon her career of sin.

The proprietor of a stew was forbidden to harbour nuns or married women, or any woman suffering from any contagious disorders, such as leprosy and the like.

The sale of provisions (including fish and meat), of ale, or fuel was prohibited. This, no doubt, was to prevent illicit stews from being established under the guise of shops, a favourite subterfuge in more modern days.

Stews to be closed on holy days. Women might not be boarded in the stews, the proprietors being compelled to allow them to take their meals elsewhere.

No man might be entrapped or allured into a stew.

Finally, all the stews were subject to inspection by the authorities once every week.

The great argument of Anglo-Saxon miscalled social reformers is that the more you suppress vice and render it inaccessible, the greater will be a city's morality—a contention of the most fallacious kind.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

By suppressing all open manifestations of a certain side of human nature the evil is driven deeper, while it is rendered a thousandfold more insidious and destructive.

Expert medical opinion is practically unanimous as to the direful effects of the present system, or rather lack of it—this, without exaggeration, is poisoning the very well-springs of national life.

Nevertheless, little is heard of the matter, which is very delicate to handle, in consequence of the overwhelming mass of prejudice which any protest must invariably encounter. An English doctor, for instance, of no matter how assured a position, would scarcely dare to speak out freely on the subject—indeed, from a worldly point of view he would be foolish to do so, for he would not improbably be regarded as a social pariah, whilst his practice would most certainly decrease.

Owing to many reasons public opinion cannot be aroused as to this question, there being small hope of the voice of experience commanding any hearing.

Lunacy, as a rule the result of an hereditary taint, continues to increase. Fanatics (whose crooked mentalities are in many cases the remote results of the very evil, the annihilation of which the Puritans prevent) will multiply from year to year, till some future day, when the country will awake, and, setting its house in order, sternly bid the voice of the faddist to be stilled.

The evils of the present system, or rather lack of



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

it, are known to many who are inclined to wonder if an era of sanity will ever arrive. . . .

The more frivolous side of London life as it existed in the 'sixties has totally disappeared to-day ; indeed, so great is the change that the people would seem to have entirely altered their habits and dispositions, which in those times were somewhat bluff and boisterous. The old night houses, Sam's, Sally Sutherland's, Kate Hamilton's, Coney's, together with dancing-saloons, such as the Holborn Casino, the Argyll Rooms, and Cremorne, have long ago disappeared. The former are no great loss, leading, as they did, to drunkenness and ruin. Kate Hamilton's, which was in Princes Street, Leicester Square, was perhaps the one conducted with the greatest propriety and decorum. Here the whiskered dandies of the mid-Victorian era were wont to disport themselves amidst a bevy of crinolined beauty, Kate Hamilton herself presiding as a sort of Paphian and Bacchanalian queen. Mott's was also a great resort for those desirous of seeing life. The oldest of the night houses was Sam's.

Dancing halls were recognized as a regular London amusement, and the quaintly-named Highbury Barn was still in existence. The grounds there, though not very spacious, were tastefully laid out with what was called a crystal platform for dancing in the open air. To this resort went dressmakers and others who, at work during the day, came there for relaxation at night—English grisettes, in short.

Scott's, at the top of the Haymarket (still in existence in another form), was in great request for supper,

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

which was eaten in quaint wooden boxes, like old-fashioned pews, some of which lingered on till the rebuilding of a few years ago.

Before the passing of the Licensing Act in the early 'seventies, which closed public-houses and restaurants at 12.30, London was as late a city as Paris, which has ever resolutely refused to interfere with this form of personal liberty. At that time the night houses had increased to such an extent that action of some sort, though perhaps less drastic than that which was taken, had become imperative.

With the passing of the act in question began the era of real police supervision over a people who up to that time had been exceedingly impatient of control. Indeed, nothing is more striking than the change which has come over England in this respect. The old watchmen, or "Charleys," who lasted well into the nineteenth century, had as much as they could do to maintain even a semblance of authority, whilst in the early days of the police they also were subjected to a good deal of horse play, though at that time their functions were more or less limited to the repression of crime. To-day all is different, and the police, originally created solely to maintain order, have now become in a large measure censors of morality. In reality, indeed, Londoners are as much policed as the inhabitants of any other city in the world. An inspector and constable, for instance, possess a right to enter any restaurant at closing time, though in certain cases such an inspection is not rigorously enforced. The police also can harry any unfortunate woman

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

whose conduct in the street appears to them to be undesirable. As a rule, it must in justice be said that they exercise their functions with considerable tact and moderation, but, nevertheless, it is undeniably true that any citizen who interferes to take the side of a woman whose treatment may appear to him too stern stands an exceedingly good chance of being himself run in on some pretext or other—in all probability he is at once charged with intoxication. Many will remember the treatment meted out to a celebrated English scientist, who, interfering to curb what appeared to him rather brutal treatment, was himself at once hauled off to the police station.

Considering, however, the difficulties with which the police are confronted, they perform their duties in a really admirable manner, and make use of the enormous power which has, little by little, been placed in their hands with a considerable measure of justice and discretion. The power of the police over public-houses is absolutely autocratic, unfavourable reports entailing certain loss of licence, yet instances of attempted blackmail or acceptance of bribes are of late years practically unknown.

With regard to the cruel hounding of poor women from the houses which they occupy, blame can hardly be laid upon the police, who in most cases are forced to take action by the urgent representations of Puritans, some sincere, others merely creatures seeking notoriety by slimy dabblings with filth. Even sincere reformers, it may surprise them to hear, are frequently the instruments of bullies, who, having quarrelled with

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

some girl, take a dastardly revenge by artfully denouncing her in quarters likely to ensure a campaign of persecution.

Thus does the social reformer unwittingly become the willing instrument of the lowest kind of human being.

Christianity, alas ! that gentle faith of tolerance and forgiveness, is, in this island, somewhat pitiless as regards the humble courtesan, who, hunted and harried from pillar to post, is exposed to insult and contumely, the direct result of the teaching and the policy advocated by Puritan cant.

How little the true spirit of Christianity is understood even by those who are supposed to be its chief exponents may be realized when it is considered that the Bishop of London himself, together with the leaders of certain other religious bodies, once actually advocated an inquisitorial control of flats with a view to making these blocks of buildings absolutely uninhabitable by women of whose morality there might be any suspicion.

Such a policy, as a matter of fact, is nothing but a return to the methods of the middle ages, at which time in certain countries stringent repression of frail womanhood was intermittently enforced—always with most futile, and from a hygienic point of view disastrous results.

As the streams and rivulets of old London still flow hidden beneath its streets and thoroughfares, so does the torrent of vice course through the Metropolis, carefully hidden from the public eye. Like the Fleet

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Ditch, whose turgid and slimy waters still meander on their subterranean way, covert prostitution permeates the fabric of social life, preparing a future of insanity and disease for many a generation that is to be.

With the close of the nineteenth century came the suppression of the last of the dancing halls with which London formerly abounded. The Holborn Casino and Highbury Barn were amongst the first to go, the last being the Argyll Rooms and Cremorne, which for some years had been marked down by the Puritans as centres of vice.

There was in reality no adequate reason for the suppression of these resorts, the disappearance of which left London's morality no better and perhaps a little worse.

Well-conducted and orderly, the Argyll actually promoted the cause of public morality, for a spirit of decency and decorum kept in check many who would otherwise have come to far worse harm in hidden resorts, where vice is ever most dangerous.

The closing of the last of the dancing places was the cause of much jubilation amongst self-constituted guardians of public morals, who pushed themselves again to the front once the London County Council had come into being. Very soon indeed after the first election of this body their influence began to make itself felt—certain immoderate attempts at interference with the pleasures of the public going so far as to arouse considerable ridicule.

Music halls generally came in for a good deal of censure, the idea of the reformers being to level them



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

up to the standard of "educational institutes," whilst, where possible, suppressing lounges and limiting the facilities for obtaining refreshment. The question of the lounges and bars excited the Puritan party to frenzy, especially in the case of the Empire, which some little time after the establishment of the Council became quite a burning question, a well-known pillar of the purity party having reported that the lounge in that popular resort was a centre of moral contamination.

This expression of opinion, of course, created a great stir, and after serious consideration and much airing of cant, the licence was renewed, only subject to the condition that the lounge should be suppressed. An elaborate erection of barriers was accordingly instituted, whilst the promenade was converted into a sort of passage and the drinking bar shut off from view. A pæan of delight went up from Puritan throats—the lounge was gone, and London morality saved.

The first evening under the new arrangement was one of some turmoil, the barriers being torn down by a party of rioters and speeches made by the ring-leaders, of whom the chief was said, rightly or wrongly, to have been a young man who is now a distinguished member of the Liberal Cabinet. A short time after this the ridiculous agitation fizzled out. The public generally disliked the restrictions, and after a year or so permission was accorded to restore the lounge to something of its old form. As was complacently pointed out, much good had been done, the Empire having received a thorough purification. Since then it has been allowed to continue in peace.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Serious comment upon this ridiculous incident is almost impossible, yet let it be remembered that the question of lounge or no lounge was discussed as if London morality were really dependent upon its solution. Much unctuous rectitude commanded a respectful hearing, and even those who dissented from the opinions expressed by the reformers were loud in praise of the excellent motives which were animating the crusade. Never was it more apparent that modern London (some of the provincial towns are even worse in this respect) ever attaches a certain importance to the utterances of faddists and cranks, especially when they are old women or leaders of religious thought; the latter, indeed, are considered practically infallible, and exempt from any but the most tender criticism.

Curious is it how, even in modern England, the home par excellence of hypocrisy and cant, certain of the great *betairæ* of the past are held in a kind of affectionate remembrance. Nell Gwynne, for instance, is almost better known than Boadicea. Figuring in plays and pageants to which the most prudish resort, she is almost regarded as a kind of national heroine. The incarnation of laughing, careless womanhood, the memory of poor Nelly has outlived that of numbers of statesmen and divines, whose very names are utterly forgotten, whilst her seductive face continues to smile throughout the ages.

A somewhat picturesque legend (founded, it is to be feared, upon no solid substratum of fact) even declares that the bells of St. Martin-in-the-Fields are

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

once a week rung in her honour, she having bequeathed by will a sum of money sufficient to purchase a leg of mutton for the ringers.

Again, the pōrtrait of Nelson's Lady Hamilton hangs on the walls of many a home, the occupants of which would have regarded her lack of morality with the greatest severity and loathing.

Ladies of the most unimpeachable virtue have not the slightest scruple in going to fancy balls in the dress of La Pompadour or of the Du Barry ; for purposes of costume Cleopatra is considered as respectable as that of Red Riding Hood, whilst impersonations of other *grandes amoureuses* are freely indulged in by the most austere. Time, it would appear, possesses the quality of dignifying vice, and, whilst the peccadilloes of the present age must be carefully concealed, those frail beauties of the past, who loved not wisely, but too well, are cheerfully accorded a kind of posthumous fame.

The great cocottes of France and their whims and eccentricities excite an enormous amount of interest amongst the English people abroad who know most of them by sight, and do not scruple to discuss their eccentricities in quite a tolerant way. The Continent, and France in particular it would appear, being regarded as incapable of that moral reformation which every one in England is so eager to press upon his or her neighbour.

Whilst there certainly existed in the 'sixties a certain number of notorious women in London, who openly posed as great demi-mondaines, nothing

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

like the state of affairs in Paris, where a celebrated cocotte has quite a position of her own, ever prevailed. The English character, indeed, is not favourable to this sort of thing, which is, after all, but a glorification of vice. Any Englishman who is fond of frail society, for the most part likes to enjoy it secure from observation, whereas the French *noceur* is only too pleased to show himself in the company of some well-known "horizontale." A Parisian bachelor, indeed, who professes himself indifferent to the charms of such ladies, unless he has some especial friend of his own, would be looked upon with considerable suspicion as being decidedly abnormal, whereas in England the very opposite is the case.

Nevertheless, there is in all probability little difference in the real morality of the two nations, allowance being made for the Englishman's love of dissimulation and the Frenchman's fondness for display.

Though, as has been said, the old night houses died with the passing of the Licensing Act, they were resurrected many years later in the form of night clubs, which were practically something of the same thing, though very much less coarse and brutal. The best known of these were the "Gardenia," in Leicester Square, and the "Corinthian," in — Street, two rather amusing haunts, which, as a matter of fact, did no particular harm to their frequenters. Of these two, the "Corinthian" was by far the most select, being conducted with the greatest decorum and order. The "Gardenia," on the other hand, was at times exceedingly lively, whilst the fair habituées of the latter

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

were by no means always welcomed in the more select "Corinthian." The later night clubs, however, were of a much lower sort, the last being the "Alsatian" and "Palm" Club, the latter of which was raided on more than one occasion. All these sorts of clubs, however, were finally extinguished by the last Licensing Bill, in which for the first time the principle of legislative interference with clubs was established, a further blow at that personal liberty which the Englishman of the past so greatly prized. As a matter of fact, the ordinary law was already quite strong enough to deal with disorderly clubs, but the Conservative Government, ever desirous of conciliating faddists and capturing the Puritan vote (which it never obtains), quite cheerfully took the first steps towards treating clubs in the same way as public-houses. The results of such a policy must inevitably lead to further drastic and unnecessary restriction of the rights of the individual.

In Paris the night house flourishes freely, Maxim's and the Abbaye de Thélème in Montmartre being two of the best known ones. At the Abbaye de Thélème English ladies may occasionally be seen sometimes with their husbands, sometimes with other people's. Be this as it may, many worthy individuals who, in England, are quite austere in their views, do not at all object to having supper at this resort, where they appear quite at their ease sitting at tables next to the most notorious of cocottes. Good order is maintained, and the whole place well conducted; indeed, it is purely a modern English, and, let it be added, ex-



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ceedingly narrow-minded idea that disorder is an inevitable concomitant of sitting up late, a practice which, by some extraordinary process of reasoning, is in this island supposed to be disreputable, if not actually wicked. Some people require less sleep than others, and to such as these enforced retirement to bed is a real hardship.

The great argument, of course, against such places as the Abbaye de Thélème, Maxim's, and the like, is that they encourage young men to sow their wild oats. This, to a certain extent, is true, but wild oats somehow have a way of getting sown, even when stored away and apparently incapable of germination. Better perhaps to scatter them to the winds, where no future harvest of concealed misery and ruin can result.

The French have no opinion of Puritan training for young men; they know human nature too well. Nor do they attach much importance to the views on morality inculcated by those who in many cases have themselves no passions to conquer. The love of meddling with these matters—dallying with pruriency—is too often but the symptom of an abnormal temperament, as many a medical man could tell.

Continental nations cherish but few illusions about English morality, the lack of which is especially notorious in Paris, where Anglo-Saxon austerity is considerably relaxed.

France entertains a fierce contempt for this sort of gentry, the natural scepticism of the nation, which is not at all moved by cant, having in that country at least thoroughly kept in check their narrow creed

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of repression. Some years ago, however, the efforts of certain French Puritans caused serious loss of life in Paris. A very fierce riot indeed occurred in consequence of the attempted suppression of an annual ball, at which certain artists' models were said to have disdained any effective clothing. The loss of life brought about by this interference incensed public opinion, and since that lamentable affair the reformers have been more or less quiescent, confining themselves to intermittent attacks upon the pictures appearing in certain of the more daring papers so eagerly purchased (and afterwards denounced) by visitors from across the Channel.

The French, it must be owned, perhaps go rather too far in the cheerful toleration which they extend to everything of a morally lax nature, provided it is amusing. The plays and novels of modern Paris go far further in this direction than anything tolerated during the much-abused Second Empire. The basis of this toleration rests upon the profound conviction that repression, except for the somewhat childish end of external make-believe, makes things rather worse than better. Voltaire said this, and many other great thinkers besides.

The wondrous hypocrisy which results from such a state of affairs was exemplified some years ago in the case of a notorious advocate of purity, who from his seat in Parliament made many an impassioned appeal for a higher standard of morality at the time of the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and was some few years later sentenced to a term of

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

imprisonment for one of the very offences against which it had been aimed, his life for years past being discovered to have been one of a most unedifying description. Women—pretty women, not the ugly ones—know how much reliance can be placed in the austere masculine morality, to which not a few individuals pretend. Many a “light of love” could, if she chose, truthfully re-echo the comment of the Athenian *hetaira* who, when certain individuals of austere and staid repute were mentioned in her presence, naively remarked, “At one time or other they have all knocked at my door.”

R. N.

## V

THE Turf in old days was a very different thing from what it is to-day, when the glamour which formerly hung around it is somewhat dimmed. In former times the prominent owners of race-horses, or at least the great majority of them, were drawn from the fine flower of the English aristocracy, in many families of which racing was a veritable tradition. Even now there hangs about old sporting annals a certain genial English atmosphere which recalls the full-blooded, if somewhat careless, existence into which the sportsmen of the past threw themselves with good-natured, if occasionally reckless, abandon. In a sense the racing of the past was more or less a family party, a state of affairs which has now completely changed. The old-time owners were for the most part a somewhat careless, free-living set of men who sat late over cards and wine ; their sole desire to pass life pleasantly away. The modern owner more often than not is a very careful liver, and one who drinks little, whilst abhorring late hours. Both the old and the new, however, have one thing in common, which is the almost inevitable impecuniosity which comes at the end of a racing career.

Sad is it that this jolly sport, which above all others

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

promotes pleasant sociability, should in so many instances have brought ruin in its train, and left such a number of its votaries miserable and broken-hearted men.

This reflection, however, applies more particularly to the past, for to-day there is not the same reckless betting as formerly, the speculative tendencies of those who delight to risk large sums having been diverted to that even more disastrous avenue to ruin—the Stock Exchange.

In all probability hardly one of the great racing men of the past ever ended a winner upon the Turf, the heavy expenses connected with the sport devouring most of the profit gained in stakes. To-day, of course, these expenses are almost prohibitive, the owner of moderate means being, unless very lucky, soon forced to retire.

With the wide dissemination of sporting news by the cheap Press the public is furnished with much accurate information which was formerly not at its command, and as a consequence the prices laid by bookmakers to-day betray a remarkable shrinkage as compared with those formerly to be obtained. From one cause and another bookmaking is not the business it was, and for this reason layers of odds have developed a caution which is all to the disadvantage of the backer. Those, however, wagering a small sum in ready money are generally able to obtain a fair price; it is the big better, of whom the ring is not altogether certain, who finds himself confronted by the shortest of odds. "I believe," said a dashing



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

gambler who was rumoured to be at the end of his tether, "that the ring know something; they will hardly lay me this horse" (naming a much-fancied favourite) "at all." "Know something? I should think they do," commented some one standing by. "They know you won't be able to settle."

Whilst much is heard of the demoralizing effects of betting on races amongst the working classes, little is said as to the many old families which have in the past owed their ruin and downfall to the Turf. Peculiarly fatal to the English aristocracy almost throughout the nineteenth century, racing as a means of scattering a patrimony has rather fallen into disfavour in recent years, speculation in the City having taken its place. Betting to-day is carried on in very moderate sums, the huge wagers of the past, when a fortune sometimes depended on some horse's success, being now almost unheard of.

Exceptions to this, however, occur. At a recent fashionable meeting in the present year a daring backer, well dowered with riches and, let it be added, by no means deficient in wits, is said to have lost no less than twenty thousand pounds by the defeat of a much-fancied favourite. By a marvellous stroke of good fortune, however, he recovered it on the next race, when a little-fancied horse which he had backed recovered him his money, two prominent competitors, from whom much danger was to be anticipated, having been put out of the race by an accident.

Whilst not long ago many thousands of pounds could easily be wagered, it is now very much more

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

difficult to invest very large sums in wagers upon the Turf. Owing to the great use of the telephone and telegraph, the market is far more sensitive than was formerly the case, and any considerable sum of money invested upon a particular horse is liable quickly to reduce the odds. In addition to this, the leviathans of the ring are not as plentiful as in former days, whilst such as still exist are, as a rule, cautious in the extreme.

Ante-post betting, to which formerly such importance was attached, is now practically dead, wagers on future events, such as the Derby, being at the present time somewhat few and far between.

Whilst there is no doubt but that a large proportion of the population is interested in horse-racing from a speculative point of view, the number of people habitually attending race meetings is not so large as the sporting traditions of this country might lead one to suppose.

The working classes, for instance, do not take their families to the race-course, as is the case in France. Due and comfortable provision is made for ladies in the club enclosures at gate-money meetings ; but the stands, admission to which is open to the general public, are not very well suited for women. In this respect the arrangements at the various courses round Paris are immeasurably superior, and the result has been peculiarly beneficial to the best interests of the French Turf. Without doubt were some enclosure established to which those of small means might resort with their families, secure from the some-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

what disagreeable accompaniments which are to-day almost inseparable features of English race-courses, a new kind of public would be attracted which in time would prove a very tower of strength in the defence of the Turf, against which the forces of Puritanism are ever ranged in sullen array.

Such enclosures should be some little distance from the ring, and, as in France, light refreshments, not necessarily alcoholic, should be within easy reach. Rowdiness and disorder, it need hardly be said, must in such an enclosure as this be repressed with an iron hand.

To those who have from time to time mooted the idea of, as it were, humanizing the race-course and making it a comfortable place of out-door amusement for those whose whole interest in the Turf is not limited, by betting the reproach has been hurled, "You want to make the English race-course like a 'garden party.'"

The reply to this is that were such a state of things brought about the sport of racing itself would rather tend to improve.

By no possible stretch of imagination can it be conceived that any deterioration would result merely on account of the onlookers being accommodated in comfortable, cheerful, and civilized surroundings, their womenfolk at their side secure from sights and sounds of an unpleasant nature.

The betting ring, as at present maintained, need in no way be touched; and here the lovers of the happy-go-lucky, rough and sometimes rowdy surroundings might still be perfectly at home.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The establishment of the "pari mutuel," which is so successfully worked abroad, is a rather more difficult question. In the first place, it seems at present extremely unlikely that legislative sanction would be ever accorded to such a form of speculation in this country. In the second, the introduction of the Totalisator might be resented as an innovation by habitual votaries of the Turf, who would fear that its introduction would be followed, as in France, by the practical abolition of bookmakers.

By layers in general the pari mutuel would undoubtedly be very strenuously opposed; it would, indeed, fill their cup of sorrow, which of late years has been by no means empty, right up to the brim.

The prosperous days of the ring have to a large extent ceased to exist—making a book is not the good business it was, and the uncertain nature of a bookmaker's financial career is shown by the fact that one of the greatest of the fraternity who, in his day, had been reputed with justice to have been a very wealthy man, died some years ago in anything but affluent circumstances. Certain transatlantic backers, lucky and shrewd at landing coups, are said to have brought this about. A contemporary of his, another very well-known bookmaker, who, however, had not the same reputation for open-handed charity, fared even worse. His misfortunes, however, came about in a totally different way.

The career of this man had been a very chequered one, and he had more than once found himself possessed of a good fortune and then lost it again. Late

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

in life, however, everything had gone well, and once again a rich man, he married a young wife, and determined to more or less settle down. Resolving to abandon the uncertainties of a bookmaker's career, he called to mind the many financial vicissitudes which he had in his time undergone—the many tempting schemes and speculations which once again might perhaps lure him to impecuniosity. Accordingly he determined to guard himself, and, after thinking matters over, handed practically his entire fortune to his wife, in whom he reposed the greatest confidence. Young woman as she was, he reflected, she must of necessity live longer than himself, and everything now belonging to her, any debts which misjudged speculation might produce would be powerless to reduce him to poverty again. Now at last he was financially safe.

The unexpected, however, happened, for all of a sudden the wife died, leaving a will by which everything that she possessed (her old husband's fortune) was bequeathed to a relative—an individual who turned out to be of a somewhat heartless disposition.

Far from coming to some arrangement with the now impecunious widower, the legatee at once announced his intention of taking the entire sum, which he did, only, after many entreaties, consenting to allow the ruined old bookmaker a few shillings a week, on which, a broken man, he barely contrived to eke out a miserable existence.

His old comrades of the ring, as a matter of fact, did all they could for him, and actually started him once again as the maker of a small book. The old man, how-



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ever, was too broken down to do any good, and, retiring from the race-course for ever, became a shambling picture of senile misery, haunting sporting restaurants and bars, where his misfortunes occasionally procured him some slender financial aid. He had been, it was said, a hard man in his time, but Providence was certainly hard on him.

The idea that bookmakers, as a rule, die wealthy men is fallacious. Only a few have done so. For the most part those who have made good fortunes have grown rich by using a moderate capital made by betting in other enterprises of a far more solid nature; the aptitude for figures which a successful Turf career entails rendering them peculiarly fitted for certain aspects of commercial life.

A well-known instance of this was the late Mr. George Herring, who, though never a bookmaker, was once closely connected with racing. In his time commissioner for that pillar of the Turf, Sir Joseph Hawley, Mr. Herring accumulated a very large fortune in the City, where his name was sufficient to guarantee the stability of any enterprise with which it might be connected. Not as a City man, however, will his name be especially remembered, but rather as the very embodiment of cheery, genuine, and absolutely unlimited philanthropy, his purse being ever open to the call of real distress.

A remark which it was his habit to make when inviting friends to dinner perhaps best expresses his excellent character. With that odd cockney accent which he retained to the end of his life, he would

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

add, "And mind come 'ungry." Numbers indeed did come to him "'ungry," and of these, were they real victims of misfortune or sickness, none were ever sent unrelieved away. \*

Going upon the Turf, which was once looked upon as almost a regular career, is not regarded in at all the same way in these more businesslike times. To-day men with whom the serious business of life is more or less confined to sport in all its various forms have practically ceased to exist. Modern conditions are unfavourable to them; besides which, the peculiar prestige which in old days hung about those known as typical sportsmen has more or less departed. There was something essentially English about some of the sporting characters of the past—bluff, kind-hearted, and genuine individuals, whose peculiar ideals were perhaps a great deal more healthy than those popular with a less robust generation. A typical character of this kind was the late Sir John Astley, well known by the name of "the Mate." An account of his life and recollections which appeared not very long before his death achieved a very considerable success. The work in question, it may be added, was published in consequence of the suggestion of a friend, the late Mr. Dick Thorold, who pointed out to Sir John the popularity that such a volume of sporting reminiscences would be likely to attain.

Sir John at first was somewhat deterred from entering upon this work on account of literary effort being somewhat out of his line, but the difficulty in question was overcome by his dictating the text to Joseph

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Lewis, a young jockey whom he had assisted, after a bad accident at Newmarket, and had caused, upon his recovery, to be taught shorthand and typewriting in order to enable him to earn a livelihood. After a rough version had been completed, it was entrusted to Mr. Thorold, who contrived to preserve the characteristic idiomatic phraseology of "the Mate," whilst at the same time putting the whole into the shape necessary for publication.

Sir John Astley's powers as a runner were, as may be gathered from this book, of no mean order; but an even more agile sprinter was Captain Machell, who, as a young man, is supposed to have won large sums of money by his extraordinary power of jumping from the floor on to a high mantelpiece, a feat, the performance of which seemed so impossible that people were always ready to bet against it.

Betting on this sort of thing, and also on judging the exact height of chair legs, and the like, has also, at times, caused a good deal of money to change hands.

As is well known, it is extremely difficult to judge the exact height of a top hat, which is most deceiving in appearance, and the same optical delusion prevails in other cases.

A certain sportsman of the past was notorious for invariably winning bets of this sort, but his operations received a severe check, owing to the fact that he was discovered by his host in a country house, one morning, taking careful measurements of such objects as were likely to form a medium for speculation.

A figure with whom most racing men of the last

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

generation were well acquainted was that of the late Mr. Sam Lewis, whose somewhat expensive aid in raising the wind after a bad week was to many sportsmen invaluable. No class probably appreciated Sam as much as the votaries of the Turf, one of whom on hearing of his death promptly declared that he should give up racing, as he would not be able to bring himself to bet properly now the monarch of Cork Street had gone. Mr. Lewis himself sometimes bet freely and lost large sums upon the Turf. Though an extraordinarily knowing man at his own business, he was so devoted to gambling, especially at cards, that on more than one occasion he was the victim of organized trickery. At Nice, for instance, some sharpers once won a very large sum of money at baccarat from him. The swindle, however, coming to the ears of the authorities, the latter proposed to force the sharpers to disgorge. To this, however, Sam would not consent, saying that, as, rightly or wrongly, he had lost the money, matters must stand as they were. His play at Monte Carlo was sensational, but, in all probability, his largest losses were at some of those big private games in which he delighted. He was, in short, a gambler, and, like all gamblers, always ended by losing.

With regard to his money-lending transactions, one of the great secrets of Sam Lewis's success was his intimate and accurate knowledge of the exact financial position of every one in the West End at all likely to apply to him. Besides this, he had the well-deserved reputation of either concluding a loan at once or refusing it altogether—in each of these cases the pro-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ceedings were short, sharp, and decisive—no haggling or equivocations, no delay for verification or inquiries ; the whole thing, one way or the other, taking at most a quarter of an hour, a space of time in which the quaint, bow-windowed room in Cork Street saw many a thousand change hands in return for a piece of blue paper. Straightforward enough in his own particular way, never did Sam attempt to justify the large interest which in certain cases it was the inevitable necessity of his calling to demand.

“ You are a fool to borrow this money, which I don’t want to lend you ; however, if you will have it, these are my terms, here is the bill, and there is the cheque, the bank is round the corner. Make up your mind, for I want to go and lunch.”

One of Sam’s favourite maxims, which he was never tired of quoting, was, “ Lend to the rich, and not to the poor,” the policy inculcated by these words being one of the great causes of his success.

An advance made by a money-lender to a poor man often ruins the latter, without substantially benefiting the former, who, after resorting to legal proceedings, obtains but a small proportion of the money originally lent. On the other hand, rich men, when in want of ready cash, pay high interest to procure its immediate command, afterwards liquidating their debt without demur, being as a rule only too eager to conceal their folly from the public gaze.

Sam well appreciated this, and made some very large loans to wealthy men, who, for some reason or other, wanted them at a moment’s notice.



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

To younger sons of slender means and dubious expectations he was, however, generally obdurate. "Better go to your people, my boy; in any case, you would eventually have to go to them to pay me."

When he did lend to such as these, it was generally as a friend rather than a money-lender, merely taking a cheque dated at some future period as an acknowledgment of the sum, for which he would accept no interest.

He did many kindly acts. On one occasion a poor doctor, who had sustained much unmerited misfortune, went to some one well acquainted with Sam and begged him to use his influence with the latter, from whom he wished to obtain an advance of £500.

An appointment was made, and the doctor and his friend duly found themselves one morning in Cork Street. The situation was explained, the medical man making no secret of the causes which had forced him to need an advance, for which he declared himself ready to pay almost any interest. Sam was furious. "Here are you," said he, "an obscure practitioner coming bothering me for money which it seems likely you will never be able to repay. If I were to be such a fool as to lend it you, I can assure you I should take a genuine pleasure in causing your ruin in the event of default. People like you regard us money-lenders as their legitimate prey; in all probability you have not the slightest intention of repaying such a loan should you succeed in obtaining it."

He stormed, raged, and swore. The poor, unhappy doctor fervently wished he had left the little money-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

lender alone. At length, at the end of his tirade, Sam, still apparently in a white heat of fury, seized a cheque-book and wrote off a cheque for the required sum.

“There is your five hundred pounds,” said he. “I want no interest, and you can pay me whenever you like. I hope your troubles will come to an end, and also that you will keep out of money-lenders’ clutches in future. Good morning, and good luck !” Which words brought the interview to an end.

The doctor was quite overwhelmed at this act of generosity, faithfully repaying Sam some time afterwards, though the latter protested that he need not do so unless it was perfectly convenient.

Though Sam in all probability was very seldom taken in, he once received a considerable blow, the direct consequence of a sharp trick played upon him by a millionaire of the same race as himself. The sum of money involved made of course little difference to the astute financier, but, nevertheless, he was exceedingly sore at being taken in, though the shrewdest money-lender in the world could not have avoided this particular misfortune.

The matter happened thus. The millionaire in question was a man with sporting tendencies ; that is to say, he kept a number of race-horses, and occasionally indulged in a game of baccarat for heavy stakes. On one occasion, when on the Continent, he happened at one of these gambles to win some ten thousand pounds from a Polish nobleman, whose wealth, such as it was, lay almost entirely in an already impoverished

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

landed estate. Matters, however, were satisfactorily arranged, and the millionaire, who was of not an unkindly disposition, consented to let matters stand over, provided that every year he should receive interest on the ten thousand pounds, at a very moderate rate—something between three and four hundred pounds was the figure.

After the interest had been paid for some years, the speculative Pole was one day rather pleased at receiving an extremely kind letter from his creditor. It set forth the latter's regret that his friend should be every year taxed with the incubus of paying away this interest to him, and added, that after having carefully thought the matter over, the writer had arrived at a conclusion which could not fail to be satisfactory to all parties. The Polish nobleman should come over to London, and he, the millionaire, would then put him in the way of raising the ten thousand pounds and something more for himself, if he should desire it.

Without a moment's hesitation, the Pole, who happened to be even more hard up than usual, made up his mind, and a couple of days later found himself in the financial magnate's study, where the latter handed him a letter of introduction to Sam Lewis, setting forth that the bearer was an intimate friend, with large estates in Poland, who had been known to the writer for many years. At the conclusion was expressed a hope that everything possible would be done to meet the wishes of the bearer, who was an extremely well-known man in his own country—a statement nothing more than the truth, though in a differ-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ent sense to that in which Mr. Lewis understood it. The introduction took place, and the latter, who relied absolutely upon the excellent credentials furnished by the millionaire, whose slightest utterance in the financial world was then all-powerful, advanced the noble from the north some fifteen thousand. The latter, now for the first time for many years in funds, at once paid off the debt to his friend, and then went joyously back to more baccarat banks five thousand pounds in pocket.

At the time of repayment, of course Sam found it quite impossible to obtain one shilling, a fact which his debtor made no effort to conceal, and as all attempts at a settlement seemed likely to prove futile, the unfortunate lender at last realized that he had been done.

When speaking of his dealings with the late Lord Ailesbury, that curious character whose eccentricities were at one time notorious, Sam always declared that he had been a heavy loser. Nevertheless it would seem doubtful whether such was really the case, for in all probability he had made a very large sum out of this extravagant young man in the early days of their acquaintance. What Sam probably meant was that from first to last he had only recovered the capital lent and some eight to twelve per cent as well. To do Mr. Lewis justice, however, he made this spendthrift an allowance sufficient to maintain him in comfort during the last years of his short life. Enormous insurance policies had to be kept up to cover the debt, which must have largely decreased the sum produced by the interest.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The enormous fortune, which has now almost entirely gone to charities, was not by any means all made through money-lending. Sam was an astute speculator, and bought largely and well in the early days of the South African boom; in many other directions also he had irons in the fire, many of which turned to gold. Certain large transactions with Austrian and Hungarian magnates proved more profitable than the advance made to the Pole which has already been described.

There was certainly no nonsense about Sam. When he was asked, "Why don't you give up the money-lending business, now you have made so much money?" he would reply, "I'm Sam Lewis, the money-lender, and if I were to become Archbishop of Canterbury, I should be Sam, the money-lender, still—no one would forget it, so I may as well remain as I am."

Sam's first coup, it is said (though what amount of truth there may be in the story it is now impossible to ascertain), took place at Brighton. He then did a modest business in jewellery, which brought him in contact with a young officer who, extremely well off in reality, was too indolent and stupid to go into his own affairs, his sole concern being plenty of ready money at easy command. Sam saw that he got it, and in so doing accumulated enough capital to fairly launch himself upon his prosperous career.

Though by no means indifferent to art (the kindly money-lender did several good turns to artists and others), he had little liking for ancient architecture



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

or scenery, except as a background to the Casino of Monte Carlo. The story of an archæological trip which he was once induced to take from the Principality is well known. Monte Carlo proving rather dull one year, Sam having heard much of the charms of Rome, determined to go there, which he did. Well within a week, however, he was back again in the Halls of the Goddess of Chance.

“Hullo, Sam!” said an acquaintance, “how did you like Rome?” “Rome,” replied Sam, in accents of the most profound contempt, “you can ’ave Rome,” and whisked off to put another maximum on the table.

In the West End no figure was better known than that of this little man, who carried in his brain many a secret, and probably knew more of the affairs of many of the great families of England than they themselves. In his way, indeed, he was a power, sitting up in his bow-windowed room in Cork Street. His recollections, had he written down all he knew, would have provided some of the most interesting reading possible, for, at one time or other, many prominent public men and others, known to the world more particularly for strenuous effort and endeavour, had gone to seek his aid.

The day before his death, it is said, Sam, having realized that his end was near, sent for his book of debtors, and drew a feeble pen through several names against which large sums were inscribed. Of his wife, whose charity and kindliness of heart there is no need to speak, it must be recorded, that probably

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

no human being left so many individuals genuinely and personally touched by her death. Practically every one who had come in contact with her received a legacy, down to the very crossing-sweeper in her Square. She made, indeed, one of the kindest and most humane wills ever drawn.

Many of its provisions (it may not be generally known) were inserted in order to carry out certain wishes expressed by her late husband, who had a very retentive memory as regards those whom he liked or whose attitude had seemed to him to exhibit a sympathy not prompted by ulterior motives.

In this kindliness of heart Sam Lewis resembled some other men who, risen from humble beginnings to great commercial success, have shown themselves sensible of kindnesses done them in their early days. Many years ago a tradesman, whose name is now almost a household word, was employed in a modest capacity in West End shops. The first customer he served happened to be a doctor, and whilst showing the latter some delicate ware, in the nervousness of the moment he let it drop, when it was shattered instantly into a thousand pieces. Very good-naturedly, however, the doctor took the blame upon himself, paid for the broken article, and made one or two trifling purchases besides. In due course this tradesman accumulated a large fortune, when, calling upon his first customer he reminded him of the incident, and in recognition of his generosity settled a thousand a year upon him for life.

By a curious coincidence there lived close by this

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

generous man another wealthy tradesman who owed the origin of his success to a very similar accident. He commenced life as an errand-boy, and whilst driving down Holborn in an omnibus one pouring wet day, gave up his seat to an old lady, who would otherwise not have found accommodation; in recognition of which act of courtesy she presently set him up in business on his own account, and at her death bequeathed to him the whole of her very considerable fortune. An old lady also brought good luck to another firm, the name of which is now almost a household word.

The early steps in commerce of Mr. Whiteley, the Universal Provider, who met with such a tragic fate, were of a very modest nature, his first shop having been in Westbourne Grove, almost opposite to where the present monster premises of his firm stand. The evening before it was opened an elderly lady called at the shop and inquired the price of certain ribbons which were being arranged in the window. Mr. Whiteley expressed his regret at having to refuse her request, adding that the establishment would only open on the following morning. As, however, the lady said that she required them for some charitable purpose, he consented to sell the ribbons, and entered into conversation with his customer. Learning that this was the first venture of the kind that he had yet attempted, the latter inquired if Mr. Whiteley had solicited a blessing upon his venture. He admitted that he had not yet done so, and at the suggestion of the lady they at once together offered up a short prayer

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

for his success. Some months later, happening to see the lady pass the shop, he ran out and hastened to inform her of the good fortune which had up till then befallen him. On every anniversary of the lady's visit it is said Mr. Whiteley never failed to send a present of ribbons for the charity with which she was associated; and when, after the great fire, Mr. Whiteley reopened his present monster establishment, he begged of this lady to come again and offer up a prayer previous to his recommencing business. She was now too old and infirm to do this, so her granddaughter was deputed to act in her stead.

Ever since the English Turf has been in existence a certain number of eccentric characters have from time to time been associated with it, but in modern times none surely ever existed whose extravagances were more notorious than Mr. Baird, of Stichell, known to the racing world as "Mr. Abington" and "the Squire."

Racing, except during the last years of his life, may be said to have been the very aim and object of a wasted existence. His passion for riding winners indeed, was such that thousands and thousands must have been paid in order to secure a mount likely to get first past the post.

After a short career at Magdalene College, Cambridge, Abington Baird plunged wildly into what can only be termed an orgy of extravagant excess, and his wild doings were, for a time, a matter of regret even in none too particular circles; his pleasures, which were of a somewhat unrefined character, ending frequently in scenes of rowdiness and riot. The

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

nature of some of these may be inferred when it is stated that a contest of several barrel organs, all playing one against the other in his drawing-room, was very much to his taste. In his latter days pugilism was his especial hobby ; for a time, indeed, he was a well-known figure at the old Pelican Club. Differences, however, between that institution and himself eventually led to his withdrawal, at which time he declared his intention of himself founding a club where he could do exactly as he liked. Spoilt from his earliest years, Abington Baird, when scarcely twelve years of age, inherited, by the death of his father, a vast fortune, and altogether, at one period of his life, he must have possessed considerably over two millions of money. It was his misfortune that, partly through circumstances and partly through inclination, he associated mainly with companions who, though perhaps not much his inferiors by birth, were not such as his wealth entitled him to consort with.

Abington Baird was by no means indifferent to the charms of the fair sex ; his adventures in this direction more than once costing him a very large sum.

The story goes that, having quarrelled with a certain lady not unknown to the stage, and in an access of passion given her a black eye, he gave her no less than a hundred thousand pounds to overlook it. If this is true, the black eye in question was surely the most expensive ever known.

Another lady, the wife of a well-known sporting character, was once, it is said, approached by Mr. Abington, who wished her to elope with him.



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

She appeared to listen to his blandishments, and eventually it was arranged that she should be given a cheque for a hundred thousand. Receiving this, she at once made for the bank, only to find that a draft for such a large sum could not be cashed without Mr. Baird's personal guarantee. In no wise discomfited, however, the lady desired that a clerk should be sent in a cab to obtain the required authorization, whilst she sat awaiting his return at the bank. In due course the money was produced, when the lady, pocketing the notes, at once returned to her husband, with whom she shared the money, refusing ever to set eyes upon Mr. Abington again.

The career of this young man must seem very shocking to the world in general, which very naturally is unable to realize the temptations to which an enormously rich youth of unbalanced mind and unedifying inclinations must of necessity be exposed. As a matter of fact, all through life Mr. Abington may be said to have hardly had a fair chance, for he fell into the hands of people whose interests entirely lay in preventing their patron from leading a decent existence.

Nevertheless, though justly subject to much severe criticism on account of his life and associates, there was a side to Mr. Abington's character to which justice was never done, as the following will show. On one occasion a letter was handed to Mr. Baird, written by the wife of a former friend. In this the lady informed him that her husband was dangerously ill in Paris, and that they had unfortunately

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

reached the end of their resources. Under these circumstances she ventured to ask for assistance. Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Baird summoned the most eminent physician of the day, and, having stated the circumstances, he handed him a blank cheque, with orders to proceed forthwith to Paris, and at whatever cost to bring the invalid man back to England—completely cured. His orders were carried out to the letter, and three weeks later his friend returned to London accompanied by the doctor, snatched literally from the grave by Abington Baird's millions—and, what is immeasurably more creditable, by Abington Baird's generous impulse and genuine kind-heartedness. Such an incident as this—one of many, let it be added—should not be forgotten in connection with the poor lad who, whilst he befriended many, was his own worst enemy. Encouraged in every sort of extravagance by individuals who battered upon his bounty, huge sums of money were lavished upon trifles by this spendthrift. Inordinately fond of fruit, it is said that his bill at a West End fruiterer's was no less than £2000 a year.

The origin of the Baird millions is a curious one. Alexander Baird, the late Mr. Abington's grandfather—the founder of the family—was a small farmer, and excessively poor. His only wealth consisted, indeed, in his having a multitude of sons. A story is told, in evidence of their poverty at that time, that when the local "Meenister" was complaining that the wind blew through his doors, one of the young Bairds capped this by saying that the fissures in theirs

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

were so wide that the very cats and dogs came through them. Being compelled to give up farming they became miners, and from digging for coal, presently betook themselves to digging for iron. Just about this time the introduction of railways gave a tremendous impetus to trade, and having saved some money, they undertook contracts for rails, electing, however, to be paid in shares rather than cash. Thenceforward success attended their every effort, and millions accumulated in their hands with marvellous rapidity.

Mr. Abington Baird had for all practical purposes secured to himself the power of disposing of whatever property he was possessed. The law of entail in Scotland differs considerably from that which rules in England. In accordance with this, by paying some £40,000 for compensation, he was enabled to purchase the interests of the next heirs, and thus obtained the absolute testamentary control of the Stichell, Strichen, and other estates in Aberdeenshire and in Skye.

Mr. Baird died at New Orleans in 1893, whither he had gone to witness a fight between two champions of the ring.

Another spendthrift of something the same type as Mr. Baird was the late Marquis of Ailesbury, whose chief ambition seemed to be the emulation in voice, manner, and dress of a 'bus conductor of no very first-class kind. Intractable from his earliest years (he declined to be flogged at Eton, where he swore at the head master and afterwards ran away), his eccentricities as Lord Savernake created a certain amount

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of indignant commotion. Strongly addicted to mixing with low society, he continued to go from bad to worse, dying utterly ruined whilst quite a young man. Any harsh estimate, however, of this unfortunate nobleman should be tempered by the reflection that his chances of growing up a credit to his class were really very small, his early education having been completely neglected. As a small boy he had been allowed to run wild amongst companions of the lowest kind—grooms, helpers, and stable lads being those from whom he drew the ideas and inspirations which eventually led him to degradation and ruin.

Of another spendthrift whose meteoric career of indiscriminating extravagance and folly gained for him in 1887 the name of the “Jubilee Juggins,” it need only be recorded that in a very great measure he was more sinned against than sinning.

France also in the middle 'nineties possessed a spendthrift something of this type. This was M. Max Lebaudy, a Parisian millionaire of minute proportions, who was somewhat appropriately nicknamed “Le Petit Sucrier,” his wealth being derived from sugar. Like Mr. Abington, Max Lebaudy was very fond of witnessing pugilistic encounters, which were held at his villa near Paris in a miniature bull ring which he had caused to be erected there. The proceedings on the occasion of fistic encounters were occasionally rendered doubly exciting by the incursion of a young bull into the ring, which it was this young man's delight to see produce a scene of wild confusion. At one time this spendthrift actually contemplated transferring his

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

fortune to England, and settling in this country, preparations being actually commenced with a view to carrying out this intention. He actually applied to the Messrs. Weatherby for a "Gentleman's Riding Licence," which request was refused, the excuse being that M. Max Lebaudy had not had sufficient experience of racing, and that it would be unsafe for the jockeys if he were permitted to ride. In consequence of this M. Lebaudy abandoned his intention of settling in England, and, remaining in France, died shortly afterwards ; his death, it is said, being accelerated by the hardships to which he was exposed whilst serving in the French army.

It may be added that "Le Petit Sucrier," though perhaps a better bicyclist than horseman, was not at all a bad rider on the flat.

Another sporting character of an older generation was the late Sir Robert Peel, whose career was a striking and conspicuous instance of a highly gifted and clever man crippling himself upon the Turf. In appearance Sir Robert was a personality not easily to be forgotten : a big burly man with a bullet-shaped head, eyes restless with mischief, a thick iron-grey moustache, his hat tilted at an angle of 45 degrees, the folds of his ample coat fluttering in the wind, and his hands clasped behind his back. In his last years he bore down the shady side of Piccadilly, irresistibly reminding one of some old-world three-decker. He belonged, indeed, as much to the past as the latter, being born when the nineteenth century was young, and dying as it hastened towards its close. His eager interest in



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

everything, however, continued unabated to the end, being extended over so wide an area as to include the latest theological controversy or a billiard-match at the club between indifferent players for an insignificant stake. Besides this, he retained an excellent memory, and was full of reminiscences of the Peel Administrations, Catholic Emancipation, Lola Montes, Palmerston, Lady Blessington, and Count d'Orsay—a strange survival of another age, living in full accord and sympathy with a younger generation with interests of a totally different order. His own youth had been one of a somewhat turbulent kind—fond of fun and frolic, it was said that having come into collision with the police, who threatened to run him in for some exuberant prank, his retort, “My father didn’t create you to arrest me,” so staggered the representatives of the force (then in its infancy) that they let him go.

Sir Robert possessed a remarkable personality ; with magnificent old-world courtly manners, his self-confidence, in particular, was invincible. Attracting the friendship of all, he scrupulously returned it with familiar acquaintanceship. A born orator, he excelled less on account of what he said, than for the manner with which he said it. Somewhat lacking in real enthusiasm, he could never communicate the contagious conviction of Mr. Gladstone, but as an oratorical actor he was never surpassed. His pure English, precise pronunciation, and exquisitely perfect voice, answering easily, as it were, to the very slightest touch of either pedal, his happy knack of wrapping up a sarcasm in an elaborately and punc-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

tiliously courteous sentence ; his plausible arguments—generally founded upon inaccurate facts—these and many other circumstances rendered a speech by Sir Robert Peel an event in the life of any man whose privilege it was to hear it. As he resumed his seat, however, the irrepressible tell-tale twinkle of his eyes somehow betrayed the insincerity of the performance, whilst within five minutes of delivering a powerful address advocating one view of a question, he would readily deliver a second defending another view diametrically opposed to it ; nor did he possess any great sense of proportion. His irresistible oratory, for instance, replete with a dignity, gravity, and solemnity sufficient to overthrow a Government or terrify a truculent foreign power, would at times be utilized in declaiming against some detail of trifling importance, such as the carelessness of a kitchenmaid in serving up an ill-cooked chop. He used, as it were, a Nasmyth hammer to crush a watch-glass ! Perhaps the most suitable epitaph for Sir Robert is to say that he was the most brilliant failure of his age.

At the end of his life, the Turf had long ceased to know him, but even then he retained a warm, if of necessity somewhat platonic, interest in racing, eagerly discussing the merits and chances of prospective winners of classic events.

Some time before his death Sir Robert had suffered from several attacks of illness, but these his strong constitution seemed to enable him to overcome. Latterly, however, he frequently complained of pains in and

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

about the heart. Some five or six years before his death, a friend who chanced to look in at the old Grosvenor Gallery in New Bond Street was excitedly informed by an attendant that Sir Robert was dying in the East Gallery, and, at once hurrying to the spot, found the old man reclining picturesquely upon an ottoman in the middle of the room, surrounded by an anxious group, whilst, in the far corner of the Gallery, a little crowd of terrified women were huddled together beneath the gaze of the magnificent portraits of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, and other illustrious British painters. The general effect of the same was artistic and dramatic beyond description. At his friend's approach Sir Robert feebly extended his hand, and in a faint voice murmured, "Dearest of friends, I am dying." Without a moment's hesitation the newcomer obtained the name and address of Sir Robert's doctor, and at once drove round to fetch him, Sir Robert being eventually conveyed home under medical supervision about five o'clock that afternoon. In the evening all the papers announced the "serious illness of Sir Robert Peel." At eight o'clock the same night, what was the friend's surprise, on entering the dining-room of a club to which both Sir Robert and himself belonged, to immediately perceive the latter hale and hearty as ever, eating a substantial meal, with a bottle of champagne in an ice-bucket by his side.

As has before been said, Sir Robert's salient characteristic was his unassailable self-confidence, which ever enabled him to overcome even the most embarrassing

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

situations. When Chargé d’Affaires at Berne, where he was very popular with the Bernese, having one day ridden down to the river Aar to bathe at a place near the town where there was an enclosure for the purpose, he happened to take with him a valuable young dog—a setter or pointer; whilst his master was in the water, this dog was seized with one of those causeless panics to which his kind are liable, and set off running along the road at top speed. Finding that calling was of no avail, Sir Robert jumped as he was upon his horse, which was tethered hard by, and pursued the dog until he caught him, some half mile down the road. This, it may be added, was only a country lane leading from Berne to the village of Wavern. Nevertheless, it was tolerably frequented, and the people whom the naked horseman passed were very much surprised, as may well be imagined.

His hat was worn at an angle of 45 degrees, not from characteristic perversity, as was generally asserted, but from an accident which once came near costing him his life. Shipwrecked off the coast of Genoa in 1854, he at that time received a violent blow upon the head, and the bump which was raised prevented him ever after from wearing his hat in the orthodox way. On this occasion Sir Robert saved the life of his valet. Though celebrated as a conversationalist, few, if any, witty sayings are accounted to him. As a matter of fact, in conversation, as in public speaking, he shone not so much for what he said as for the manner in which he said it. Throughout the lives of the late Lord Houghton, Abraham Hayward,

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Bernal Osborne for instance, all of them contemporary conversationalists with the late Sir Robert Peel, as well as after their deaths, numerous witty remarks of theirs were current about the town, but as regards Sir Robert, the reminiscences connected with him are generally in reference to incidents.

Another picturesque figure of a totally different kind was the Duke of Hamilton, who, before his marriage, attracted general attention, and was, for a time, probably the most popular man in Europe. Built upon an extensive scale, possessing a heart to match his physical proportions, and a fortune which was regal, he spent his money royally. The son of Princess Marie of Baden, he had been brought up in the atmosphere of Court life, and in a manner vied in magnificence with the Royalties of his day. It was he who, to a considerable extent, first popularized England and English customs amongst the Golden Youth of Europe, for he was equally well known through the Continent as he was in England. It is difficult to estimate what he must have spent during the few years that he fluttered about as a cosmopolitan butterfly, but at the time report had it that his estate was diminished by a million of money. Nevertheless, from a certain point of view it is impossible to maintain that the money was altogether ill spent. It was luxury of life at its best, without the slightest taint of vulgarity.

For many years the Duke of Hamilton did a good deal of racing in France ; but towards the end of his life, owing to some slight, either fancied or real, his colours were seldom, if ever, seen on the race-courses



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

round Paris. Nowhere perhaps was he more at home than in the gay city just mentioned. Though a thorough boulevardier, it was always said, truthfully or not, that the Duke would never enter the Maison Dorée in which his father had come to such a tragic end—an unfortunate stumble having precipitated him down the stairs of that restaurant with fatal result.

Of late years the sporting characters which were formerly frequently to be met with seem to have gone out of existence, modern ways apparently being unsympathetic to vigorous life. One of the last was the late Colonel North, who was as much at home in sporting circles as in the city. A rough but genuine diamond, he was perhaps best described by a quotation from Tacitus : “ He had talents equal to business and aspired no higher.” As a man of business he was shrewd, energetic, persevering, self-confident, and could be relied upon. These qualities, together with the assistance of some good fortune, enabled him to rise from the lower ranks of labour to the higher ranks of finance. It was as a man possessed of a distinct individuality, however, that his personality was impressed upon the public mind. Unspoilt by success, genial, genuine, and generous, the Colonel was so obviously delighted with his own success, and so genuinely unselfish in his attempts to render others happy, that it was almost impossible not to feel well-disposed towards him. In business he used his head, out of business his heart. His career before the London public was something like that of a shooting-star, but in its brief space he somehow managed to secure

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

a certain popularity with thousands of all kinds and conditions of his fellow-beings, the majority of whom only knew him by repute. The particular sport which Colonel North favoured most was coursing, in the pursuit of which he was eminently successful. Breezy, bluff, and hearty, he was quite devoid of humbug, even when dabbling with politics, which are not infrequently dominated by hypocrisy and cant. Standing as a candidate for a constituency (for which, it must be added, he was triumphantly returned), a gaunt female (precursor of the furies who demand the vote which their more feminine sisters do not want) suddenly interrupted his meeting by shrieking, "Are you in favour of giving women votes?" "Yes, to the pretty ones, madam," was the Colonel's reply. This amused his audience, and prevented any further opposition.

A foreigner who cut a considerable figure upon the Turf was the late Baron Hirsch (owner of La Flèche). He found this country the most congenial place to live in, Parisian society having responded but coldly to such overtures as he made with the desire to enter its inner circle. In England it was different. The warm welcome indeed which was accorded to him by a certain section of English society excited a good deal of adverse comment at one time, though in the end he achieved considerable popularity.

His shooting parties in Hungary gave rise to somewhat exaggerated tales as to the amount of game killed. As a matter of fact some of his bags were very large, thirteen hundred brace of partridges—not red-legged

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ones—in addition to much other game, was by no means unusual. Hares were particularly abundant, but on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to the Baron, a supplemental ten thousand were reported to have been procured from Belgium, a telegram causing them to be sent in time for a particularly big shoot. This story, however, was probably untrue. Baron Hirsch himself was a good shot.

During this Royal visit the average number of cartridges used by each of the party in the week's shooting was somewhere about twelve thousand. The birds were driven in a circle, as is the custom in Austria, the pivot or centre being about four miles distant.

The great public interest which was displayed in Sir Thomas Lipton's efforts to capture the America Cup was almost paralleled some thirty-eight years ago, when Mr. James Ashbury was one of the most talked of men in England and America. In 1870 his yacht, the "Cambria," sailed the first race in American waters for the America Cup! The gentleman in question was found dead in his bed in old Burlington Street; his demise passed almost unnoticed.

Left a rich man (he had inherited some £400,000 in ready money, besides other property of considerable value), he was not long in making a reputation as the owner of the "Cambria," and became generally known in London society. For some years before his death, however, little had been heard of him, except that through lawsuits and other cases his fortune had been seriously diminished. At the very time of his sudden end, a suit involving a large sum of money

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

was said to have been pending between him and the firm of Scholfield, of Manchester. Mr. Ashbury, who was a very generous and amiable man, experienced in a singularly severe manner the contemptible fickleness of London society, which so soon forgets those who, for some reason or other, get out of touch with it.

Of many wielding great influence, but leading quiet, unobtrusive lives, it hears but little till obituary notices testify to the importance of the individual who has passed away. Such a one was the late Mr. Andrew Montagu, known to his intimate friends as "The Little Squire," whose death created a considerable sensation in certain quarters. Mr. Montagu, indeed, played a more important part in the secret history of his own times than was realized outside the inner Conservative circle. A man of very great wealth, he was indeed the particular Providence of the Conservative Party, it being even asserted that about two millions of his money was out on mortgage—partly advanced to important politicians, and partly distributed amongst institutions connected with Tory organizations. This estimate would seem, however, to have been an exaggeration. Nevertheless, the late Mr. Montagu was a most generous and open-handed man, and would always use his interest to assist young aspirants to place and position, though he himself cared nothing for these. He was frequently offered a peerage, but as the particular title which he desired was claimed by some one else, to whom it was eventually given, he died plain Mr. Montagu, though none the less powerful for that.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The famous prize-fighters, Bendigo and the giant Ben Caunt, were bred upon his property. Many were the stories he used to tell of the gigantic but clumsy strength of Ben Caunt, whose three famous battles with the gipsy Bendigo are historical in the annals of the prize ring. In connection with the latter the following story is told.

Bendigo, after his retirement from the ring, became religious and a preacher. Meeting one day a former patron who had been present at many great pugilistic encounters, the latter said, "I hear you have given up fighting now." "Oh, no, sir," replied Bendigo. "I am fighting the devil." "I only hope you are adopting fairer methods than you used against Ben," was the rejoinder, "otherwise I shall feel inclined to change my faith."



## VI

**W**ITHIN the last ten years club life in London has undergone a complete change; in fact, the old sort of clubman is becoming an obsolete type. Many causes have contributed to this, amongst the chief, the City, restaurants, golf, and motors.

In the best days of "Clubland," the chief attractions of a club lay in the wit of its members and the similarity of their tastes and opinions. At that time men went to their clubs to seek company, whereas to-day many go to avoid it. Members then were contented with rough lounges and esteemed congenial companionship the best furniture a club could possess. In the luxurious palaces of to-day most of the members dine somewhat morosely at their own little tables, surrounded by faces hardly as familiar as those to be met with at a restaurant. Dr. Johnson defined a club as "an assembly of uncertain fellows meeting under certain circumstances." The more modern definition would be "an assembly of uncertain fellows meeting under good circumstances." About the close of the eighteenth century the first great change came over the spirit of club life. This was when White's, Brooks's and Boodle's became the fashion. Exclusive institutions, admitting only well-known

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

men, these clubs were hard of access to those not of the fashionable world. In these days, however, the chief recommendation of a candidate lies in his comparative obscurity. The less he is known the greater his chance of success. Every year new clubs are started in order to absorb the overflow, and the growth of these new clubs saps the older ones.

The foundation of the Bachelors' Club inaugurated a new era in club life. Its success, it may be added, was achieved in the teeth of very strenuous opposition from many quarters. It steered, however, most successfully through the evident dangers attending a new departure of this kind, and very few clubs, certainly no young man's club, can boast a better list of members. Alone of all the clubs that admit ladies within its doors, has it escaped even the faintest breath of censure. Whether this is owing to the strength of the committee or to its rigid enforcement of the rules, or whether it is due to the esprit de corps of the members themselves, is a matter for speculation, but the result is exceedingly satisfactory. Other clubs which, at their inception, bade fair to usurp the lead have latterly not been so successful. As a rule this has been caused by a relaxation of their original exclusiveness, and an absence of severe scrutiny.

The West End, and "Clubland" in particular, was formerly peopled by a great number of individuals who were without a regular profession or occupation; such a thing, indeed, hardly entered into the scheme of existence of people brought up to consider them-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

selves a privileged class, who, by some beneficent law of the universe, were exempt from toil. For many of these who were bachelors a club served as home—they lived there, lunched there, dined there, and occasionally died there. Many of them who were getting on in years had their favourite chairs and other fads, which younger members tacitly respected.

All sorts of queer old usages prevailed ; it was not the thing to acknowledge anyone from a club window, whilst to raise the hat to a passing lady was a breach of club usage. The great majority of members lunched in the coffee-room with their hats on, whilst in certain clubs evening dress at dinner was practically compulsory. At one or two clubs, even at the present day, a small apartment, separate from the regular dining-room, is reserved for members dining in day clothes. Smoking was strictly limited to certain rooms, usually the most uncomfortable, whilst strangers were, in many cases, only allowed in a small strangers' dining-room and the entrance hall.

At certain of the older clubs, a few customs dating back to the eighteenth century still preserve their sway. Some of these were curious in the extreme—change for gold used to be given in washed silver. The snuff box which used to be present on the mantelpiece in every club has now almost everywhere disappeared, the habit of snuff-taking having become practically obsolete—routed by the triumph of the cigarette.

Five o'clock teas, of which an enormous number are served in West End clubs, are innovations which

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

as far as clubs are concerned have only achieved their present popularity within the last twenty-five years, in which time they have to a great extent supplanted the brandies and sodas once so popular in clubland. Nothing is more striking than the increase of temperance, or rather abstinence from alcohol, which has prevailed within recent years. At lunch in particular mineral water or light beer is drunk by an increasing majority.

Yet be it remarked this triumph of sobriety has not been brought about by any methods of coercion; a member is as free to-day to drink as much alcohol as he likes. As in the past, the club cellars are there, ready to afford him whatever wine or spirit he may choose; though it is not inconceivable that, in the future, some meddling measure passed as a sop to intolerance and fanaticism may put a quite unnecessary check upon such freedom.

The cause of temperance has conquered owing to the altered habits of the time, to a changed public opinion, and, above all, to an increased knowledge of the laws of health; a general and well-founded idea prevailing that alcohol taken except in very moderate quantities leads to illness, discomfort, inefficiency, and even sometimes to death.

The realization of such a truth as this is worth a thousand useless laws of so-called Temperance Reform—measures which promote little but the discomfort of the people and the self-gratification of the fanatics whose very existence is bound up with intolerance and coercion.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

With the coming of the new era of strenuous activity the labours of club servants have been much increased, members being in far more of a hurry than was generally the case in the easy-going days of the past.

The Christmas contribution for club servants is comparatively a new institution. Club servants are not overpaid, and when upon duty their work is particularly severe. The electric bells never cease ringing until the club closes, and every member has a different humour. In some of the big clubs the total of the contributions is very large, considerably over £500. This seems enormous, but as there are over a thousand members in several of these institutions, the total is not unreasonable.

Member's subscriptions to the Club Servants' Fund constitute in reality but another form of tip, though of a quite legitimate kind.

A tip in time saves nine, and any experienced man will admit that no one was ever ruined by judicious tipping. Indeed, knowledge of the world mainly consists in knowing how to tip, when to tip, and who to tip; for "tipping" need not necessarily mean the handing of money surreptitiously from the hand of one to the hand of another. An intractable politician is tipped by the bestowal of a peerage; a pretty woman by a well-turned compliment. Admitting, however, the use of tipping, the abuse of this custom is certainly that a guest should be expected, or should even be permitted, to fee the servants of his host. In former days the servants ex-



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

pected to be fee'd by the guests who had dined at their master's house ; but the good sense of our immediate predecessors led to the removal of this inhospitable demand.

Within the last quarter of a century the increase of clubs has been enormous.

Ten years ago, the Royal Commission on Liquor Licensing Laws directed that a return of clubs in Great Britain and Ireland should be made. The return in question was compiled from information supplied by the police authorities, and the first twenty-seven pages of the Blue Book dealt with the Metropolitan clubs and those within the City of London police district, and contained a number of flagrant errors ! For instance, the Amphitryon Club, which had been started some six years before, and had closed its doors during the preceding year, was included in the report, it being incidentally mentioned that this club had been in existence seventy-four years ! The Wheel Club and the Trafalgar Cycling Club also appeared in the report, though they had both ceased to exist.

The Marylebone Cricket Club, with 4000 members ; the Queen's Club, with 1300 members ; Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, with 1500 members ; the Sheen House Club, with 1500 members ; the Imperial Institute, with 6500 members, and the Empress Club in Dover Street, with 2000 members, were all omitted. These were only a few of the clubs which are not mentioned in the report, which the Secretary of the Royal Commission put forward

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

as, "A complete record of the clubs in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, as nearly as can be obtained."

There are now at least two hundred clubs in London, of which only thirty existed sixty or seventy years ago, whilst about half have been founded during the past thirty years, dividing between them no less than some 120,000 members. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were probably not more than 1200 men who had secured election to a London club, and now there are considerably more than 200,000! Of course, no distinction now attaches to being a "club man," but it is curious to observe that the revolution as regards clubs in London only commenced about a quarter of a century ago, and has raged with unabated energy ever since. To-day people in every rank of life have their club, and the social prestige which was formerly attached to membership of a number of these institutions has in consequence sustained a considerable decline, many West End clubs being no longer the exclusive institutions which they once were.

Of late a number, which formerly had a lengthy waiting list, have suffered severely from a paucity of candidates, the prestige which in past days was attached to membership seeming to prove unalluring to a somewhat hard-headed and calculating generation. One reason for this is no doubt the large increase of convenient clubs, to which admission is easily obtained—another, the competition of restaurants where food, whilst not very much more expensive, is in-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

finitely better, besides being attractively served amidst surroundings of an agreeable nature. Whilst everything possible has been done to increase the comfort and amenities of these places, most club committees have been culpably careless in failing to bring the institutions over which they preside up to date, whilst making but feeble efforts to stem the strong tide of competition, which from a culinary point of view easily overwhelms them. An attempt exactly to ascertain any new features in club management, the arrangement of the club-house, the reforms of the coffee room likely to prove acceptable to members present and prospective, would without doubt yield excellent results; but though the advantages of such inquiries are obvious, the idea does not appear to commend itself to the rulers of clubland. Rather do they prefer to continue the archaic methods of a long past day, resenting criticisms which (often the expression of a general want) would put the club fortunes upon the path of renewed and continuous prosperity. There is no doubt whatever that unless something is done, certain of the older clubs will soon disappear altogether, doomed to destruction by the lassitude and incompetence of those ruling over their unhappy destinies.

A few West End clubs, however, still contrive to maintain the high reputation which others have somehow contrived to lose.

The Athenæum, Turf, and Travellers' are conspicuous examples.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Established about 1819, the 'Travellers' at first attracted a good deal of notice from the fact that a candidate for admission was required to have been five hundred miles distant from London, a considerable sensation being caused at that time by the discovery that several members, who had originally entered their names, had not travelled the prescribed distances. An investigation was demanded, so much stir being made that the newspapers of the day published lists of places, a visit to which was a sufficient qualification for membership.

Owing to the method of election at the 'Travellers' (at which club the members and not the committee elect) rejections of well-known people have frequently taken place.

The question of blackballing candidates for clubs is a very delicate one. An individual prominent in the world of London often stands a greater chance of rejection than a quite unknown man.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, for instance, was blackballed for the 'Travellers' in 1895. In previous years the same club had refused admittance to the late Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Rosebery, the late Lord Lytton, and the late Lord Randolph Churchill. To be rejected at some clubs is a greater compliment than to be elected, for in the former case it is an involuntary tribute to the importance of the candidate, whilst in the latter it proves him to be unknown.

The rejection in question brought about the resignation of several important personages, though it is rather difficult to say exactly why. The question

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of how far a member is called upon to support the claims of his candidate is one which requires careful examination? In theory every club is a republic, where all are absolutely equal. The newly-coined phrase, an "influential member," is not only a gross vulgarity, but an implied impertinence to the others, who by inference are inferior. No individual has a right, figuratively, to level a pistol at the heads of his fellow members, saying, "Give me your votes, or I will wreck the club." It is an obvious act of revolt against the equality of club life for a member to insist that his candidates should, as a matter of course, obtain admission. If an important personage, or a popular member, supports a candidate, the latter has the advantage of the influence of his supporter. But there surely the preference shown to him should end. The question really is not whether a particular candidate deserves or does not deserve to be admitted, but whether a member can, with just consideration for the rights of his fellow members, turn upon them and say, "You reject my candidate? Very well, I leave the club." Such a proceeding, it cannot be denied, is quite out of keeping with those principles which should govern club life.

The most exclusive of all London clubs, curiously enough, is hardly ever heard of at all. This is "The Club," which was founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1764. Very few members are elected to this club. Not three hundred, indeed, have secured election since the creation of the institution. By the regulations of "The Club," the number of members is



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

limited to forty. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, Mr. Burke, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Charles Fox, Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Leighton, Mr. Huxley, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Goschen, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. David Garrick, Lord Herschell, Lord Dufferin, Lord Wolseley, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Peel, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Poynter are amongst those who have been, or are members of "The Club." Notwithstanding the importance of this institution, the existence of "The Club" is scarcely known. Indeed, when the Turf Club was being founded, it was proposed to call it "The Club," and it was some time before the promoters of the former institution became aware that the name was already in use.

Of the Turf Club there is little to be said except that all of its members are practically drawn from the world of fashionable and sporting society of the best kind.

The Athenæum was founded in 1824, its first home having been No. 12, Waterloo Place; the title originally proposed being "The Society." This, however, was changed at the inaugural dinner, to the one which this club now bears. In 1827, the committee, having obtained possession of a more convenient site (part of which had been occupied by the recently demolished Carlton House), entrusted Decimus Burton with the task of building a suitable club-house. In the course of its construction Croker insisted that the Scotch sculptor, John Heming, should contribute

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

a frieze designed as a reproduction of that of the Parthenon, which ornamentation was at the time characterized as an extravagant novelty. Notwithstanding a good deal of opposition, Croker, however, carried the day; the construction of the ice-house, which had been advocated by several members, being abandoned in order to afford funds for this classical ornament.

This controversy produced the following epigram—

I'm John Wilson Croker,  
I do as I please,  
They ask for an Ice-house,  
I'll give 'em—a Frieze.

The formal opening of the new house took place in February, 1830. The building, it may be added, was erected on the west end of the courtyard of old Carlton House, the smoking-room being exactly under what was the Prince Regent's dining-room. A series of soirées, to which ladies were admitted, were subsequently given, which aroused some protests against the invading Amazons. From an architectural point of view the club-house contains many interesting features. The hall, to which a considerable amount of accommodation was sacrificed, is finely proportioned. Eight pale primrose pillars on broad bronzed bases, copied from the Temple of the Winds at Athens, support the panelled wagon roof, the Pompeian designs on which are after original designs. The two statues in niches, Venus Victrix and Diana Robing, it may be added, were chosen by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who also designed the club seal.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The morning-room to the right of the hall was re-decorated in 1892, when the ceiling was elaborately painted by Sir Edward Poynter ; the bust of Milton in this room was bequeathed by Anthony Trollope ; in the adjoining writing-room hangs a portrait of Dr. Johnson, by Opie, the gift of Mr. Humphry Ward to the club. The drawing-room upstairs is one of the finest rooms in London, having no less than eleven windows ; the chief glory of the Athenæum, however, is its library, the view from which embraces the pretty garden, where once existed a rookery. The annual expenditure on books since 1848 has averaged about £450 a year. The library itself is by far the finest and most important club library in the world, all departments of foreign, as well as English books being represented by rare and complete examples. It is particularly rich in volumes dealing with history, topography, and archæology, in addition to which the collection of English pamphlets is one of the most complete in existence. In a case is preserved a large number of proof engravings, most of them after portraits of members, executed by George Richmond, R.A., who presented the collection. A picture of George IV formerly stood over the fireplace in this library ; Sir Thomas Lawrence, its painter, was engaged in finishing the sword knot and orders only a few hours before his death. It had been his intention to present it to the club, but as his executors declined to part with it, it was eventually purchased for £128 10s. This portrait is now in the museum of the Royal Pavilion at Brigh-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ton, having been handed over to the corporation of that town in 1858. Two busts of Dr. Johnson and of Pope are here, together with the carved arm-chair used by Dickens at Gad's Hill; in this on the day of his death the great novelist had been sitting at work on "Edwin Drood." Macaulay's corner, near the books on English history, is a well-known feature of this library, which the late Mark Pattison said he thought the most delightful place in the world, especially on a Sunday morning. At the table in the south-west corner Thackeray used constantly to work, whilst here also Theodore Hook dashed off much brilliant work. Lord Lytton, the novelist, Abraham Hayward, Samuel Wilberforce, and many other clever men were constant frequenters of this delightful room, the very atmosphere of which is replete with literary associations of the most distinguished kind.

It is interesting to recall that at the foot of the Athenæum staircase Thackeray and Dickens ended their unfortunate estrangement, the former intercepting the author of "Pickwick" and insisting on shaking hands.

The late Cardinal Manning was at one time a constant attendant at this club on ballot days; his own election had taken place at a time when he happened to be attending the Vatican Council. At the Athenæum it has been said he seemed to find some slight reflex of the old Oxford life. Here, in some quiet corner of the library, he was wont to read amidst surroundings, the dignified comfort of which formed a striking contrast to his own modest abode.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The Archbishop's Palace, Westminster, is a mere ecclesiastical barrack ; luxury, comfort, or decoration being the very last objects considered in its internal arrangements. Up three long flights of bare stone steps, a species of lofty barn is reached, partially occupied by confronting garrets ; one of these, in no way to be distinguished from its neighbours, and measuring about nine feet by fifteen feet, was the Cardinal's own chamber, where, in the utmost simplicity, he lived. Containing little besides a small iron bedstead, there were no pictures, no decorations, no little comforts such as brighten the meanest of hovels, and lend an individuality to the humblest of homes. In this cell the great Cardinal lay dead on his low camp-bed ; his cold, clear-cut features being, as it were, in appropriate unison with the coldness of his surroundings.

This good old man in his day influenced hundreds of thousands whose words were flashed across continents, the while he was esteemed and honoured even by active religious opponents.

An aged ecclesiastic who used to frequent the club, somewhat noted for his eccentricity and sermons of inordinate length, one having lasted no less than two and a half hours, was the venerable Dr. Tatham. Another was the nonagenarian Bishop Durnford, of Chichester. Bishops, indeed, have always been more or less abundant at the Athenæum. On one occasion, when an unusually large number were collected together for Convocation, Abraham Hayward is said to have grumbled out, "I see the



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

bishops are beginning to swarm, the atmosphere is alive with them ; every moment I expect to find one dropping into my soup."

The Athenæum has always been particularly remarkable for the longevity of its members, one of whom, who had been elected at the first meeting of the Committee of the Athenæum Club held in 1824, actually surviving till 1898. This was Mr. John Lettsom Elliot, who belonged to the club for close on seventy-five years. He had kept a copy of the first list of members which was published, and in 1882 he had a reprint of this produced, which forms a record of considerable interest. On the original committee were, amongst others, Chantrey, the sculptor ; John Wilson Croker, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir James Mackintosh, Moore, the poet, and Sir Walter Scott—a fine list of distinguished names wherewith to commence a club. Ordinary members were Benjamin Brodie, Mark Isambard Brunel, the engineer ; Dibdin, Isaac D'Israeli, Lord Ellenborough, Michael Faraday, John Franklin, Henry Hallam, James Morier, the diplomatist and author of "Haji Baba" ; Samuel Rogers, Sir John Soane, who bequeathed to the nation the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields ; Joseph Turner, Charles Kemble, Charles Mathews, the elder ; Westall, the artist ; David Wilkie, Henry Holland, Blanco White, a friend of Coleridge ; Whately, Newman, John Stuart Mill, and Jekyll, the wit.

At that period almost every peer was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, apparently with no

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

better qualification to recommend him to that body than that he possessed the title. Thus, Lord Bristol, Lord Brownlow, Lord Bute, Lord Carrington, Lord Charleville, Lord Chichester, Lord Darnley, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Dudley, Lord Gage, Lord Hardwicke, Prince Leopold, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Liverpool, Lord Macclesfield, Lord Mansfield, Lord Morley, Lord Morpeth, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Spencer, and Lord Redesdale all have the letters "F.R.S." tacked on to their names.

Within the memory of the present generation two celebrated clubs have been injured by the defection of important members. Boodle's, now in such a flourishing condition, was terribly damaged at one time, when the late Duke of Beaufort withdrew his name. The blackballing<sup>™</sup> of <sup>the</sup> candidates submitted for election by prominent members occasionally leads to much acrimonious comment and sometimes causes a number of resignations.

The fairest and the most courteous way of electing, as also the most efficient, is by selection. The names of candidates are entered upon the books, and, as vacancies occur, the committee selects from the entire list those who are at the moment considered the most suitable. By that means no one is submitted to the barbarous mortification of being rejected. Any man who has attained a reputation is bound to make enemies, and the more widely he is known the more enemies he is certain to have. It follows, therefore, that no well-known man has a reasonable chance of being elected under the system generally pursued.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

To emphasize its absurdity it may be stated that the late Mr. Gladstone was once rejected for the club at Biarritz. As we travel through life, intentionally and unintentionally we offend many. Some hate us merely because they happen never to have met us, and others because they have. Yet another section hate us because their friends do, and so on *ad infinitum*. It would be impossible to enumerate the variety of motives through which people hate each other with reason, and still more without reason. Under these circumstances a doubt may be allowed as to the expediency of compelling men to undergo the disgrace of being rejected for a club, according to the system at present in practice. Theoretically, a candidate's rejection implies that he is unfit to be a member; practically, in a large number of cases, it simply means that he is of sufficient importance to have attracted enmity.

In certain clubs the election of the committee, instead of being in the hands of the members, is effected by nomination—a method which is capable of producing an unsatisfactory state of affairs when power falls into the hands of a gang. The old English committee-man, simple and suave in manner, conciliatory in the extreme, his only desire to promote the best interests of his club, whilst extending as much liberty and freedom as possible to the members, has now almost passed out of existence.

The club characters, who were formerly fairly abundant, are also gone. Such a one was the old admiral who, suffering for the first time from a severe

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

attack of indigestion caused by a surfeit of lobsters, called out, "Mutiny on board—more lobsters," and then collapsed.

Occasionally a club numbers amongst its members one or two individuals whose eccentricity borders upon mania. More than once there have been instances of men of a certain age who, possessed of a fondness for turning night into day, have made a practice of remaining in their club house till the last possible moment before it closed, in some cases even paying fines in order to do so. One of these individuals, it is said, remained in bed all day, getting up only about seven, when he would go to his club to have a dinner, which was really breakfast. His adherence to this habit, he used to declare, had been considerably strengthened by reason of the fact that having once broken through it and got up early in order to witness some sporting event, he had on his return found himself minus his watch—a loss which had shown him the danger of early rising.

At a club where foreigners of distinction become honorary members, a considerable sensation was once caused by a new arrival pointing to the glass fly-catcher filled with dead flies and syrup, and saying to the waiter, "Bring me some of dat." It afterwards transpired that the visitor in question, who had never been in England before, determined to make a study of English ways and customs, had taken the unsavoury decoction for one of our national drinks.

Occasionally queer notices make their appearance on the boards provided for intimations of things lost

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

or found. Such a one requesting the nobleman who had removed an umbrella not his own to return it to its rightful owner once caused a considerable commotion, exception being taken to the wording. This, however, the writer justified by the contention that as no gentleman could have taken it, the natural conclusion must of necessity be that the purloiner belonged to the rank which he had mentioned.

In the days before ladies' clubs abounded a good deal of curiosity was shown by the fair sex as to the interior of the club houses from which they were excluded—"Monasteries of the Married," as they were sometimes irreverently termed.

A well-known lady, indeed, did once, it is said, actually dress herself up as a man, and in this travesty call upon a certain member at his club, sending in a card bearing the name of a friend. No suspicion being excited, she was duly shown into the strangers' room, and when the member appeared, frankly disclosed her identity. The club in question, though restricted to men, reserved only a few rooms for the exclusive use of the members, and as the lady insisted upon remaining for a short time, she and her host, who was in an awkward position, sat together for about half an hour in one of the most frequented rooms. It is difficult to decide what the member should have done on discovering this trick. In any case indiscreet gossiping soon brought the adventure to the ears of the committee, who, however, wisely concluded to take no notice of the incident, which, after all, was not one of any serious gravity.



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

An amusing incident once occurred at a West End club, where the election of members is conducted in a somewhat peculiar manner.

On the left of the entrance hall is a room in which is the ballot box, the election being by the members in general, and not by a committee. It was formerly the custom for the friends of a candidate to hang about the door of this room, canvassing in his favour, whilst, if possible, detaining anyone likely to insert a black ball by all means in their power. On one occasion a visitor, coming to call upon a friend at his club, found himself, on passing its portals, almost forcibly hustled into this room, and, in the confusion, made to vote for some one who it is said secured election only by reason of this manœuvre.

With the advent of the commercial era came a great change in the general conception of club life.

The attitude of club committees towards the members, for instance, is in many cases quite other than that which formerly prevailed. In old days, these bodies, composed for the most part of old and popular members, were conciliatory in the extreme regarding any minor breach of club law, in many cases straining a point to overlook delinquencies which were not directly injurious to the best interests of the members generally. Great laxity existed as to debts incurred in a club, coffee-room accounts extending into three figures being not unheard of, whilst certain old-time hall-porters ran accounts which were liquidated only at long intervals. Expelling, or even threatening to expel a member was considered a step of extreme

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

gravity and one to be avoided, except where actually imperative. As for members of a club committee glibly talking about their "powers," such a thing was never dreamt of before the intrusion of the middle class into West End life.

The arrogant and pompous attitude which is now not seldom the appanage of a committee-man is an entirely new thing. In the case of his being connected with the City, he often holds the ordinary members in much the same estimation as he does his clerks.

He adores multiplying rules and regulations, and calls for severe notice in cases of infraction. If any improvement in club management is suggested, he is supercilious, whilst towards even the most reasonable of complaints his attitude is unsympathetic, if not positively impertinent.

Of the doings of the committee itself he speaks but little—as he explains, he cannot divulge the deliberations of that august body, they are too serious. "Suffice it to say, that a letter from X. complaining of the potatoes had been considered as deliberately wanting in respect."

Some members of club committees, indeed, are so engrossed in their self-importance as to forget that the sole *raison d'être* of a committee is to ensure efficiency even in the most minute details.

Owing to the dislike of club members in general to create any serious agitation against even an unpopular committee, their real wishes are very often ignored. Any serious change in the constitution of

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

a club requires a general meeting, and this, members, as a rule, are disinclined to attend.

Up to 1892 there had been no general annual meeting of the members of Brooks's Club, the rule which enacted that a general meeting should take place every May being due to the efforts of the late Mr. Charles Robarts. Brooks's Club is said to be so wealthy that should it be dissolved each member would be entitled to £200.

Much the same happy state prevails at the Garrick Club, the members of which, were the club to end, would each receive a substantial sum, for the pictures which adorn the walls are in many cases of great artistic and historical value. Within recent years this club has been entirely redecorated, and the beautiful works of art re-hung in a manner to display their beauties to the best advantage. Many other improvements have also been carried out, with the result that the Garrick is now even more flourishing than at any other period of its prosperous career.

Brooks's contains many interesting relics of the past—amongst others a very fine pastel portrait of Charles James Fox, executed by William Russell; whilst among other prints and pictures is a very curious drawing by Rowlandson of the gambling room at Brooks's in the olden time, when thousands of pounds changed hands every evening. Some of the old gaming counters are still preserved as relics of these wild days. Brooks himself died in poverty, the result, it is said, of large advances made to members. A tradition was current that in order to escape the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

rapacity of creditors Brooks was buried in a small (still existing) vault under the pavement of St. James's Street, a story which probably originated by the smallness of this vault, which would just contain a coffin. Brooks's predecessor was Almack, a Scotchman, whose real name was Macall, and in his day the club was called Almack's. As time went on, one, Henry Banderet, became manager, or rather master of the club, and to him is attributed the credit of having produced that air of solemn and refined comfort which has caused it to be said that dining at Brooks's is like dining in a duke's house with the duke lying dead upstairs. On Banderet's death, in 1880, the management was taken over by the club, in the hands of which it still remains.

At Brooks's there is a club within a club, for here, during the course of the Parliamentary session, are held the meetings of the Fox Club, which was founded in memory of Charles James Fox, a man who inspired an affection in his friends which in certain cases amounted almost to worship. Lord Macaulay, writing in 1831, said, "Even now, after the lapse of five-and-twenty years, there are those who cannot talk for a quarter of an hour about Charles Fox without tears." Nevertheless, Fox, who was a member of Brooks's at sixteen, when it was the head-quarters of fashionable play, was an inveterate gambler. He once sat playing hazard for twenty-two consecutive hours, an exploit which cost him £11,000. Ruined at twenty-five, he was forced to live upon credit, which lasted till 1793, when his friends raised £70,000, out of which his debts

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

were paid and an annuity purchased in order that he might live at ease.

The exact origin of the Fox Club is not known, but twenty-three members are recorded as having been present at a dinner in February, 1829. Previous to this "Fox Dinners," as they were called, seem to have taken place, the club being but a later development of these. Up to 1843 the Fox Club used to meet at the Clarendon, but in that year an application by sixteen members of the Fox Club to use the great room for their meetings was favourably considered. Ever since, the dinners have been held at Brooks's, with which the Fox Club is now thoroughly identified. No speeches are allowed, four toasts only being given without note or comment. These are the memory of Charles James Fox, Earl Grey and the Reform Bill, the memory of Lord Holland, and the memory of Lord John Russell.

Boodle's Club, in St. James's Street, seemed some years ago to have fallen upon evil days, but since then the whole system of management having been changed, it is once more in a very flourishing condition. The late proprietor of the club, Mr. Gayner, and after him his sister, the late Miss Gayner, had conducted the club upon very open-handed lines, allowing members to run up accounts not infrequently reaching three figures, extraordinary leniency being shown to those who either from choice or necessity did not settle their bills. Eventually, from one cause and another the club seemed to be on the verge of extinction. Owing, however, to well-considered reforms



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

and a thorough sifting out of members, Boodle's, under its present most capable secretary, has again become one of the best in the West End. During the reorganization certain alterations were made, but at the same time care was taken not to impair the old-world charm of the house, which from an architectural point of view possesses considerable merit. According to an old custom, the big dining-room at Boodle's may not be used for dinner by anyone not wearing evening dress, a more modest apartment being reserved for those desiring to dine in day clothes. The saloon, originally a gambling room, has been thoroughly restored, and now forms a comfortable lounge; a spacious and well-proportioned room, it contains a finely designed mantelpiece. Except the inkstands and a few accessories which are of good design and execution, there are no other works of art in this club calling for mention, the hunting pictures on the staircase not being of any particular value. A curious feature of Boodle's is that the billiard-room is upstairs, a somewhat inconvenient arrangement not infrequent in old clubs.

In the days before the reconstitution of Boodle's, the club was managed, not by a committee, but by a species of mysterious secret tribunal, whose names were supposed to be unknown, though their duties were understood to correspond with those of an ordinary club committee. The proceedings of this body were conducted with the utmost secrecy, their existence being only inferred by the fact that from time to time, at intervals varying from six months to

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

fifteen years, a printed notice made its appearance. The subject-matter of this generally affected only dogs, or strangers, both of whom old-fashioned members regarded with almost equal dislike.

Such notices, signed "By order of the Managers," generally appealed to the "custom of the house existing from time immemorial." This, although unwritten, was then the only thing approaching to a code of laws which existed.

The mode of election was also of a somewhat unusual kind. Mr. Gayner would be seated by the ballot box near the window in the back room on the ground floor. In the adjoining front room opening into it were the members who, as a candidate was proposed, walked across, depositing black or white balls according to their desires. This done, they would retire again to the front room, when, after a short time, Mr. Gayner would shout out "Elected," or "Not elected," as the case might be. This ceremonial was gone through separately for every candidate. Mischievous rumours used to say that the proprietor never troubled to make any very careful scrutiny of the balls, any candidate whom he considered suitable for election never being rejected, whilst one considered undesirable was certain to be declared "Not elected," even should there be no black balls in the box.

Mr. Gayner was an extremely kindly man and was often of great assistance to members who for some reason or other were in financial trouble. On one occasion a young member who had recently joined the club asked him whether he could indicate any

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

means of raising £500, as he had debts to that amount which demanded immediate payment. "I can't think of allowing you to go to the Jews," said Mr. Gayner; "come with me to my room, and I'll put that all right." Arrived in the sanctum, he took notes for the required amount and handed them to the young man, telling him he might settle the debt any time he liked. In a safe in this room there was always about £2000 in new notes, which it was Mr. Gayner's practice to use when cashing cheques or making any advance.

At his death it is said he was owed over £10,000 by members whom he had assisted. A special clause in his will stated that no member of Boodle's was to be asked for money.

During the lifetime of Mr. Gayner the club suffered a severe blow by reason of the retirement of the Duke of Beaufort and a number of other old members. By an old custom of the house on certain evenings there was a dinner, members taking part in which had to put down their names beforehand. At these dinners the cost of the wine, no matter whether a man drank much or little, was pooled and equally divided between every one. This custom, whilst admirably suiting some of the older men who belonged to a less temperate era, pressed rather heavily upon those of a later generation, some of whom scarcely drank anything at all. Keenly feeling the injustice of an arrangement by which they were made to pay for other people's wine, some of the latter remonstrated with Mr. Gayner, pointing out to him

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

that a more equitable arrangement should be made. The proprietor, realizing that such a protest was founded upon good grounds, promised that matters should be set right, and with this end in view spoke of it to the Duke of Beaufort. The Duke, whilst rather agreeing with Mr. Gayner, declared that he would assent to nothing without the concurrence of the older members of the club who were in the habit of dining, and the majority of these on being consulted energetically protested against any alteration in the old custom, which they had always found to suit them very well. Upon this the Duke informed Mr. Gayner that if any change was made he and these members would leave the club. Mr. Gayner, however, stood firm, saying he had given his promise and must keep it, in consequence of which the Duke and the "old guard" with him, carrying out their threat, did actually leave the club.

The second crisis, however, which occurred just before the reconstitution, was the really serious one. Before the club had issued from this in a rejuvenated form, an idea prevailed that the premises might be acquired by the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose committee meetings were held at Boodle's. If ever the squadron should decide to establish an annexe in London such a club would certainly take its place as one of the most exclusive in the West End.

White's Club, which is a year older than the Bank of England, is another West End institution which has associations stretching far back into the past. Established before the last of the Stuarts had left the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

throne, the destinies of Great Britain were for many years practically in the hands of certain of its members. About twenty years ago White's, like so many other clubs, completely changed its character and assumed an air of sprightly insouciance which towards the end of the old regime had been conspicuous by its absence. The structural alterations, carried out under the direction of Mr. Algernon Bourke, greatly improved the house, the old courtyard being roofed over and converted into a spacious billiard-room. In this yard was the old well from which, up to quite recent years, the water used in the club was drawn.

In 1866 the club was much agitated on the question of smoking, the younger members wishing to be allowed to smoke in the drawing-room, whilst the older ones bitterly opposed such a proposal. A general meeting was held to decide the question, when a number of old gentlemen who had not been seen in the club for years made their appearance, stoutly determined to resist the proposed desecration. "Where do all these old fossils come from?" inquired a member. "From Kensal Green," was Mr. Alfred Montgomery's reply; "their hearses are waiting to take them back there."

The smoking motion was defeated, and as an indirect result was founded the Marlborough Club, where for the first time smoking, except in the dining-room, was everywhere allowed. A period of unrest followed, culminating in a crisis in 1888, when Mr. Bourke assumed the management, and the club once more entered upon an era of prosperity.



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

On the walls of White's hangs an interesting collection of engraved portraits of past and present members, which constitutes a valuable historical record. It is to be lamented that the fine old silver plate is no longer in the possession of the club; this, together with certain other valuable relics of other days, was disposed of some years ago. The old table of the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks (now represented by the Beefsteak Club), however, still remains, having been acquired by White's about the time of its reconstitution.

There was formerly at White's, as in many other clubs, a richly decorated piano. Within the last twenty-five years the practice of having such instruments in clubs would seem to have completely died out.

The bow window, which at one time was quite an institution of fashionable life, was not an original feature of the building. It was formed out of the old doorway in 1811, being built over the entrance steps which may still be discerned underneath.

Arthur's Club, in St. James's Street, was the original abode of White's, which occupied it from 1697 to 1755. It has, of course, been greatly altered and enlarged since then. In the eighteenth century, owing to the association of a Mr. Arthur with the management of White's, the latter club was frequently spoken of as Arthur's; this naturally originated an idea that the two clubs were at one time connected, but such in reality was never the case, the presumed parent of Arthur's having been a coffee-house of that name.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

At Arthur's is the original painting of the fanciful arms of White's, designed at Strawberry Hill, a carved copy only existing at White's. The original gaming room used by members of White's also still exists here.

Whilst Arthur's possesses the original coat-of-arms designed for White's, at White's, as has been said, is the original table which was formerly the property of the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks. On this are carved a gridiron, mitre and cap. The table in question, around which once sat Rich, Hogarth, Wilkes, and many other celebrated men, was after many vicissitudes acquired by White's Club at the period of its reconstruction. It is of oak and capable of considerable expansion, a circumstance that rendered it peculiarly suitable to an old-world dining club, of which a long table was such a prominent feature.

The Beefsteak Club moved into its present premises in Green Street, Leicester Square, not very many years ago, the room, or rather dining-hall, used by the members being erected after a special design. A feature of the high-pitched roof are the gridirons very skilfully interpolated amidst the supporting timbers. The walls of this club are hung with old engravings mostly after Hogarth, and several relics of the old Beefsteak Society are also displayed. A number of Whistler's etchings are above the buffet, on which stand several curious and valuable examples of plate. No strangers, it may be added, are ever admitted as visitors to this club.

A most prosperous institution, the Beefsteak worthily perpetuates the traditions which it reassumed on the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

foundation of the club in the early 'seventies; it represents, indeed, the old Sublime Society of Beefsteaks which had expired but a few years before.

In the eighteenth century a number of Beefsteak clubs were in existence, Peg Woffington presiding over one which was established at the theatre in Dublin. Dr. Johnson belonged to another which had its meetings in Ivy Lane, besides which other similar clubs were established at Drury Lane and elsewhere.

A Beefsteak Club, however, which merits some attention is the one at Cambridge, now for some years in abeyance. This club, which used to meet a certain number of times during the term, exactly reproduced the dinner of the eighteenth century when it was founded. As a rule, there were only four or five members, but a limited number of guests could be invited. The dining costume consisted of a blue cut-away coat with brass buttons and buff waistcoat, the tie being secured with a bull's head. During dinner, principally composed of various dishes of beef, beer only was drunk; the toasts, which were regulated by inflexible precedent, being honoured in port, the glasses containing which were of a size regulated by immemorial custom. One of these toasts (added in the middle of the last century) was the health of the late Mr. Bowes, who won the Derby in 1835, when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, his horse, Mundig, after a tremendous struggle, beating Lord Orford's Ascot on the post.

The dinners of the Beefsteak Club, enlivened by music contributed by an old Cambridge musician

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

known as white-headed Bob, used to be given at the "Red Lion," the head waiter of which hostelry, Dunn by name, was supposed to be the only individual alive accurately acquainted with the exact rules and traditions of the club. In the course of the evening the president had to sing a song, and many other usages prevailed recalling a long-past era. For some years past, owing probably to the more temperate habits of the modern generation, no new members seem to have been elected, but the fine silver plate, which is of considerable value, is still kept ready for the evening when the Beefsteak Club shall meet again. It is to be regretted that no modification in the size of the glasses was made; these had to be tossed off as bumpers in honour of the toasts; the ancient customs of the club causing a great deal more port to be drunk than was good for the diners. Had modifications been adopted suiting the altered habits of the present age, there is no reason why this interesting old club should not be flourishing still. The old-fashioned toasts and other quaint usages could have been adequately honoured by allowing members to drink as little as they liked, a sip of port taking the place of the bumper quaffed with such zest by those of a hard-drinking age.

Another Cambridge club which, though not boasting the antiquity of the Beefsteak yet retained something of the spirit of the past, was the True Blue.

The dining costume worn by the members was regular eighteenth century dress, including a white wig. Like the Beefsteak, but very few members

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

belonged—essentially an exclusive club, the cost of the equipment often deterred those who were selected, as did also the rule that a new member must drink off a bottle of claret at a draught, an unpleasant custom which might well have been modified. Too strict adherence to customs and usages instituted in a widely different age has killed many a quaint old club, which with judicious concessions might still be perpetuating the memory of long vanished ways.

The Dilettante Society is an instance of a dining club which has retained its vitality up to the present day. At its dinners, held at the Grafton Galleries, certain old usages are still kept up. Any member calling the “Society” the Club, for instance, has to pay some petty fine, whilst the secretary when reading the minutes puts on bands. The presence of these somewhat ecclesiastical additions to costume in one of the beautiful portraits belonging to this club once caused the late Mr. Gladstone to take the picture for that of a bishop, a mistake which caused a good deal of amusement.

A curious little club which seems lately to have taken a new lease of life (the interior having been thoroughly renovated with due respect for old associations) is Pratt’s, just off St. James’s Street. This little club, like the Beefsteak, does not open till the late afternoon or evening, its main object being to afford its members the opportunity of obtaining a simple supper or a game of billiards, together with pleasant social intercourse. The supper is eaten in a room called the kitchen. Up to quite recently cribbage for very



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

minute points was the only card game played in this club, but bridge is now played. There has been some talk of adding a certain number of bedrooms to Pratt's, such an addition having proved very popular at several other clubs.

A modern innovation, club bedrooms are almost invariably in great request; so popular are they that in some cases a rule exists by which no member may occupy a bedroom for longer than a certain limit of time. On the other hand, members may reside all the year round at a few clubs, to which they pay a yearly rent. The advantages of living in one's club for a bachelor are very great. Here he may have all the comforts of a private house without its worries, in addition to which every species of convenience in the way of telephones and other trouble-saving contrivances are at his immediate service.

The club of the future no doubt will, in addition to bedrooms, afford its members luxuries such as a barber's shop and a swimming bath. In certain cases this has been done already, for a barber attends daily at White's, whilst the swimming bath at the Bath Club is one of the features of that admirably managed and prosperous institution.

Certain of the Paris clubs have gone even further than this in the provision of amusements for their members, theatrophones and even boxes at the theatres being provided for their use. One "cercle" rents a fairly good shooting in the environs of the capital, where on payment of a small additional subscription members may indulge in sport. If, how-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

ever, report speaks truly, participation in the sport is not unaccompanied by danger.

Standing by the board on which was the announcement of one of these club battues, an English visitor inquired of an old Frenchman, who was pensively scanning the regulations issued in the interests of safety, "Have you ever been?" "Une fois seulement," was the solemn reply, "deux fois c'est la mort"—after which disquieting rejoinder the Englishman decided not to go.

Whilst many of the older clubs are not so popular as in former days, the service clubs, owing to their connection with the Army and Navy, are always sure of a steady flow of candidates. The Rag, for instance, remains as popular as ever.

Established in 1838 as the Army and Navy Club, its first premises were at the corner of King Street and St. James's Square. Originally it was called the Army Club, but the Duke of Wellington desired that the Navy should be represented as well.

In 1848 the Army and Navy Club moved to Pall Mall, the design for the present house being a copy of the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice. The model for the design is preserved in the club. The familiar name of the "Rag," by which it is generally known, was invented by Captain William Duff, of the 23rd Fusiliers. Billy Duff was a celebrated man about town at a time when knocker wrenching and other similar pranks were in favour; his exploits in such a line were notorious. Coming in to supper late one night, the refreshment obtainable appeared so meagre

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

that he nicknamed the club the "Rag and Famish." This tickled the fancy of the members, and a club button bearing the nickname and a starving man gnawing a bone was designed, and for a time worn a good deal in evening dress.

The Army and Navy contains some interesting relics, amongst them a mantelpiece from the Malmaison carved by Canova. Over the fireplace of the outer smoking-room is Nell Gwynne's mirror—this was originally in Lord de Mauley's house, which was demolished when the present club was built. Another relic of this lady is a silver fruit knife dated 1680. There are also prints of Nell Gwynne, but a portrait which is supposed to represent her is in reality another flame of Charles II, Louise de Quérouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth.

Napoleon III lived much in the club when an exile from France, and some Gobelins tapestry was sent over as a present by him after he had become Emperor of the French. In this club is also a portrait miniature of Lady Hamilton, found in Nelson's cabin after Trafalgar. Other military and naval prints and pictures adorn the walls.

In March, 1862, a party of officers, for the most part belonging to the Buffs, a regiment then quartered at the Tower of London, founded the Naval and Military Club; at that time the only purely Service clubs in London were the United Service, Junior United Service, and Army and Navy. At the first premises, No. 18 Clifford Street, there were but a hundred and fifty members, but the success of the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

club being immediate, a larger house, No. 22 Hanover Square, was secured, and in 1866 again, owing to overcrowding, Cambridge House, once the residence of Lord Palmerston, opened its doors, the Naval and Military being the first regular club to be located in Piccadilly.

Besides some fine heads—spoils of the chase presented by members—this club contains marble busts of Wellington and Napoleon, as well as several portraits of royal personages, battle scenes, and the like.

A feature in the corridor is the Roll of Honour, on which is inscribed the names of members who have died for their country.

The Guards' Club, in Pall Mall, was built in 1850, its original premises having been in St. James's Street. Like many other West End clubs, its early beginnings arose at a coffee-house, which formed a convenient meeting place for officers.

In St. James's Street also arose the Cocoa Tree, at which faro and hazard were played for very large sums. Though the Cocoa Tree was frequented by a number of men of fashion and rank, it never quite attained the position held by White's and Brooks's, where play also prevailed.

At the present day there is practically no gambling in London clubs, bridge for moderate points being the only game which is at all generally played. The days of high play at cards, such as a hundred years ago prevailed at Brooks's and White's, are probably gone for ever; the spirit of the age is now unfavourable towards gambling at cards, speculation being a more

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

discreet method of getting rid of money, and also in most cases a more insidious and dangerous one.

With the introduction of bridge, whist began to decline. In clubs to-day it is practically defunct. The lengthy and savage fight between the "long-whist" and the "short-whist" men is now forgotten, yet at one time it excited a considerable amount of interest. The introduction of short whist has been attributed to two different causes. "Major A," the author of "Short Whist," a book which was famous in the middle of the present century, gives the following account of its origin: "This revolution was occasioned by a worthy Welsh baronet preferring his lobster for supper hot. Four first-rate whist players—consequently four great men—adjourned from the House of Commons to Brooks's, and proposed a rubber while the cook was busy. "The lobster must be hot," said the baronet. "A rubber may last an hour," said another, "and the lobster may be cold again or spoiled before we finish." "It is too long," said a third. "Let us cut it shorter," said the fourth. Carried *nem. con.* Down they sat, and found it very lively to win or lose so much quicker. Besides furnishing conversation for supper, the thing was new—they were legislators, and had a fine opportunity to exercise their calling.

The other version was supplied by James Clay, who was one of the principal authorities on whist in his day. His account is as follows:

"Some eighty years back Lord Peterborough, having one night lost a large sum of money, the



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

friends with whom he was playing proposed to make the game five points instead of ten, in order to give the loser a chance, at a quicker game, of recovering his loss. The late Mr. Hoare, of Bath, a very good whist player, and without a superior at piquet, was one of this party, and used frequently to tell this story."

Whatever the origin of short whist may have been, the controversy between the advocates of long whist and those who supported the new game was as bitter as the struggle now being waged between the High Church Party and the Low Church. Life-long friendships were torn asunder, heirs were cut off with a shilling, and blameless reputations were blasted. Innovators always are hated, and have their characters blackened by those who have grown too old to care for the new or are too unintelligent. The clergy too a man were for long whist.

The laws of whist were first codified in England at the instance of Mr. Baldwin. The Turf Club, in 1863, was called the Arlington. The matter was suggested to the committee of the Arlington, and the following members were appointed to carry out the work :

Geo. Bentinck, M.P. for West Norfolk ; John Bushe, son of the Chief Justice of " Patronage fame ; " J. Clay, M.P., chairman ; Chas. C. Greville, Sir Rainald Knightley, M.P., H. B. Mayne, C. Payne, and Col. Ripon. When completed the code was submitted to the Portland Club, and a committee of this, the chief whist club of the country, considered its

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

contents. This committee consisted of H. D. Jones, chairman (he was the father of the late "Cavendish," who died in 1899); Chas. Adams, W. F. Baring, H. Fitzroy, Samuel Petrie, H. M. Riddell, and R. Wheble. It was on April 30th, 1864, that the code was officially sanctioned—a red-letter day in the annals of whist of far greater importance to many players than the signing of the Magna Charta, the Declaration of American Independence, or the adoption of Free Trade.

Deschappelles, the celebrated whist player in the reign of Louis Philippe, was suspected of being engaged in organizing a revolution. His papers were seized—amongst them was a list of those who were to be proscribed when the Government had been upset. The following entry is worthy of being recalled: "Vatry (Alphie) to be guillotined. Reason—useless citizen." Vatry played whist indifferently!

In the early part of the last century clubs which were practically casinos flourished freely in the West End. Crockford's, on the site of which the Devonshire Club now stands, was nothing but a gaming house of a very high-class description. Wattier's, at the corner of Bolton Street and Piccadilly, was also for a time a fashionable place for play. Some time later was started the Coventry House Club, which at 106 Piccadilly furnished its members with an excellent supper, for which no charge was made. Though high gambling seems to have been one of the objects of this club, it was of a different nature from that indulged in at the institutions mentioned above.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

From time to time there has been a revival of the gambling spirit in certain clubs, but such outbursts are generally of but short duration. About twenty years ago the Park and afterwards the Field Club were started. At these baccarat was played, the clubs in question being in reality nothing but miniature casinos, to which, however, hardly anyone not well equipped with funds was admitted. A celebrated trial, during which the ruling was given that baccarat was an illegal game, put an end to the Park Club, and the Field Club, which was carried on rather more quietly, did not long survive, being raided by the police.

On this occasion it is said a high legal luminary, well known for his love of cards, narrowly escaped implication by being smuggled away under circumstances of the greatest difficulty.

He was not like another ornament of the bench who tried a famous case dealing with the legality of baccarat; a game of which he owned himself completely ignorant.

In allusion to this Lord Chief Justice's well-known somnolence, another judge is said to have remarked that if his Lordship was ignorant of baccarat, he had a considerable acquaintance with the game of "nap."

Many men who in the quiet seclusion of the home circle inveigh against gambling of every kind, have occasionally indulged in exciting play. At a certain club where high stakes were the rule a prominent member of this kind, having been forced to resign owing to an irregularity with his settlement, satisfactorily explained the matter to his family by stating

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

that his efforts to check gambling had been so ineffectual that, thoroughly disheartened, he had given up the club ?

In Paris, of course, baccarat, that is to say, the heavy percentage levied on the banks, forms one of the principal sources of a club's income, the French viewing the whole question of gambling in an entirely different manner from that popular in this island. Regulation, which has been applied with the most satisfactory results to betting upon the French Turf, also prevails in clubs, where everything in connection with play has to be carried out in accordance with certain sensible rules drawn up by those well fitted to deal with such matters. In England the cry is ever for suppression of evils, which all dowered with worldly experience know cannot be suppressed. Bishops, divines, and others who from the very necessity of things can know little of gambling or betting, deliver pronouncements as to the need for rigorous measures. These as a rule are generally welcomed with solemn respect. Betting and gambling are by general consent disreputable, but whether they are suppressed or not, the large section of the public which adores speculation knows that the Stock Exchange will always be on hand to afford it easy and discreet facilities for tempting fortune.

## VII

IT is a well-known and acknowledged fact that the artistic glories of a city are the least appreciated by its permanent inhabitants, a truism which certainly holds good as regards London.

Whilst there is every year a rush to the exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, the wonderful art collections at South Kensington and at Manchester Square are at no time uncomfortably crowded. The same observation applies to other national treasure houses; a certain number of people interested in artistic matters are still quite unaware of the wonderful collection of English mezzotint portraits, the bequest of the late Lord Cheylesmore, which may be seen at the British Museum.

Year by year the nation, more owing to private generosity than anything else, acquires an artistic heritage which, already of great value, must become priceless in the future.

Whilst there seems to be no thoroughly representative national collection of English furniture and *objets d'art* of the eighteenth century, the Metropolis is especially rich in examples of the best work of the French *ébénistes* of this period. In the Jones Collection at South Kensington and the Wallace Collec-



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

tion at Hertford House are a number of the finest pieces in existence.

The Wallace Collection, which is now one of the attractions of the Metropolis, is generally supposed to have found a permanent home in England on account of some offence having been given to Lady Wallace by the Government of France, of which country she was originally a native. It has been sometimes said, indeed, that its unsympathetic reception of certain overtures made by her was the cause of an alteration in her will by which the superb assemblage of *objets d'art*, collected by the two Lords Hertford and her husband, Sir Richard Wallace, found a permanent resting-place in Manchester Square.

This story is untrue. The real facts, drawn from an unimpeachable authority, are as follows :—

The late Sir Richard Wallace, notwithstanding his long residence in France, was a pure Englishman at heart and cherished the warmest affection for his country. He never for one moment thought of leaving the collection to France ; indeed, at one time it was mooted that Sir Richard had actually offered it as a gift to England—a rumour, however, not based on fact. The truth is that he always gave Sir John Murray Scott (at that time Mr. Murray Scott, who was his private secretary and whom he treated as a son) to understand that eventually all his art treasures should be left to him. “After our deaths,” he used to say, “do with it just as you please.”

Sir Richard Wallace, during his illness, which lasted for four years, never altered the will which he had

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

made about the year 1878. By this he left practically everything to Lady Wallace, who was confided to the care of Sir John Murray Scott.

After Sir Richard's death Lady Wallace informed Sir John Murray Scott that, warmly appreciative of his kindness and devotion to her late husband and herself, she had decided to leave him everything, he being, as she added, the only friend whom she had in the world.

In reply to this Sir John Murray Scott, with an unselfish spirit of patriotic generosity—after having first told her all that he knew of Sir Richard's wishes, except with regard to himself—said he would much prefer that this collection, in the arrangement of which her late husband had taken so much interest, should be bequeathed to the English nation, and, finding a permanent home in London, should there remain as a memorial to Sir Richard and herself.

Lady Wallace, in reply, then said "that she would do exactly as he decided," and at his repeated suggestion in due course bequeathed the collection to the English nation. Thus did the Wallace Collection become one of our national heirlooms. The disinterested and public-spirited action of Sir John Murray Scott, however, is not sufficiently realized by the public who benefit thereby.

Of the marvellous wealth of *objets d'art* contained in this collection it is almost superfluous to speak, Hertford House being one of the great treasure houses celebrated throughout the civilized world. The result of the discriminating and cultivated taste of three

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

great collectors, it bears striking witness to that sense of the beautiful with which they were pre-eminently endowed. Much of the best work of the great French ébénistes is here, together with priceless china and pictures which, collectively, hardly a king's ransom could buy.

The arrangement of the various treasures is as good as space will allow ; whilst the whole collection is carefully supervised by Mr. Claude Phillips, himself a man of wide artistic knowledge and cultivated taste.

For certain pictures and pieces of furniture very large prices were paid, even in the days when such things were not valued as highly as they are to-day.

The fourth Lord Hertford did not, of course, pay such large prices for the treasures he collected as did Sir Richard Wallace, in whose day the value of such things had greatly increased. Lord Hertford owned No. 2 Rue Laffitte, but did not occupy the whole house. The entresol he let to Demetri Nesselrode, who is supposed to have been the prototype of the villain in the "Dames aux Perles," of Dumas ; the second floor to Mr. Frederick Hankey, who, like his landlord, was also a collector. The suite of rooms occupied by Lord Hertford himself on the first floor, overlooking the boulevard, was said to be the most luxurious in Paris. It contained rooms furnished respectively in the styles of Louis Quatorze, Quinze, and Seize, the only flaw in this scheme of decoration being the fire-dogs or andirons in the Louis Quinze room, which experts critized as being of the period of Louis XVI.

Lord Hertford, unlike Sir Richard Wallace, was

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

not a collector of armour, the beautiful sets now in the Wallace Collection being acquired by the latter. For certain historical pieces Sir Richard paid very large sums. A notable instance of this was the set of silver armour which was formerly the property of Lord Ashburnham, and had been somewhat damaged during the great fire at the Pantechnicon, in which it had been stored.

The collection of clocks at Hertford House is quite incomparable, containing, as it does, a number of the best specimens made during the reign of Louis XIV, when clockmakers carried their work to a high pitch of artistic perfection. There are also some wonderfully beautiful timepieces of somewhat later date, amongst them masterpieces of the great Caffieri, the marvellous worker in metal, one of the highly artistic family of that name which originally had been brought from Italy to France by Cardinal Mazarin in order to furnish the elaborate carving—a striking feature of warships in the time of the “*Roi Soleil*.”

Hertford House was once the French Embassy, at which time the Comte de Saint Aulaire was the ambassador. Lord Hertford, it is said, desired to remove the pictures, but abandoned this scheme on account of the opposition of his tenant, who insisted that if it were carried out the whole house should be thoroughly redecorated.

In the Wallace Collection are no less than twelve pictures by Watteau. The Louvre, in Paris, has not a quarter of this number !

The Boucher pictures are said to have belonged to

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

a set of sixty painted by the artist for Louis XV. The majority of these were extremely free, some even objectionably so. When Louis XVI became king he is supposed to have ordered his minister, M. de Maurepas, to have them burnt; the latter, however, disobeyed the order and had the pictures secretly conveyed to his own house. In course of time some of them came into the possession of Lord Hertford, who made a present of a few to Madame Oger, a lady who lived in the house facing what is now the Turf Club. One of these paintings was eventually sold at Christie's, but others submitted to that firm were rejected on account of the subject with which they dealt. The Bouchers at Hertford House are the least objectionable of the series, which Lord Hertford retained for himself.

The Titian in this collection is said to be only a copy of the memorable "Rape of Europa."

Lord Hertford was well aware of his own gifts as a shrewd connoisseur, and used jokingly to say that he only hoped he might live to be present at the sale of the great collection which he possessed.

The *Hasards Heureux de l'Escarpolette*, which at Hertford House is called the swing, was formerly in the possession of the Duc de Morny. At his sale, in 1865, Lord Hertford secured it for 30,200 francs. Since those days it has, of course, enormously increased in value. A replica of this painting, slightly different in detail, belongs to Baron Edmond de Rothschild.

At the time when Lady Wallace's splendid bequest took effect it was declared that the fifteen Meis-



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

soniers were fast going to destruction owing to the rapid peeling of their surface. The disaster in question would, however, seem to have been arrested, as nothing has been heard of the matter in recent years.

The value of the art treasures which, owing to the self-sacrificing and patriotic action of Sir John Murray Scott, have found a permanent home in Manchester Square, can hardly be estimated. Ten years ago an eminent European expert put it at something between five and six millions of money. At that time a prominent London dealer was said to have been prepared to offer a quarter of a million of money for the contents of Lady Wallace's boudoir alone !

No casual estimate, of course, can be taken as being mathematically correct, but certain is it that no collection of such value has ever before been presented to a nation by a private person.

Lord Hertford, and Sir Richard Wallace after him, of course enjoyed opportunities as collectors which in all probability will never occur again, for every year a certain number of the finest art treasures are for ever withdrawn from the market, passing either by bequest, gift, or purchase into national collections on both sides of the Atlantic. Nevertheless great finds have of late years been made in quite unexpected places.

In the Guelph Exhibition held some years ago at the New Gallery, in Regent Street, hung a portrait of Mrs. Billiter, the actress, by Hoppner. This some years before had been acquired by Mrs. Bischoffsheim, who, happening to be lunching at the Railway Hotel

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

at Huddersfield with the late Lord Rosslyn, was greatly attracted by it, eventually becoming its possessor for something under ten pounds. The railway authorities had purchased the house as it stood from a former proprietor, and as no artistically experienced director had investigated its contents the company had no notion of the value of the portrait.

As a rule, collectors are very good-natured about lending their pictures for public exhibition, and seldom is it that any unpleasant incident is the result. Such a thing, however, did happen in connection with Sir John Millais' picture, "A Flood." Mr. Mathews, to whom it belonged, had lent it to the committee of the Grosvenor Gallery for the Winter Exhibition; but, previous to the opening of the latter, Sir John Millais is said to have visited the gallery and painted in the crows, which now still remain on the canvas. Mr. Mathews was highly indignant thereat, and from that period absolutely refused to exhibit any of the art treasures in his collection.

The practice of enclosing valuable pictures in coverings during their owner's absence from home is accompanied by dangers almost universally overlooked. The late Lord Ashburton, it was said, owed the destruction of some of his finest pictures at Bath House, Piccadilly, entirely to this cause. A smouldering match which had been let fall on the floor originated this fire, the flames of which, catching the coverings of the pictures, raged round the walls, consuming the canvas and leaving the frames little more than singed. As a matter of fact, the only picture which escaped all

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

damage in the burnt-out room was one attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, which stood on an easel isolated in the centre of the room.

Strange vicissitudes sometimes happen to pictures when they fall into the hands of eccentric people. There were in the Leyland Collection four eccentric-looking pictures by Botticelli, illustrating scenes from a story of Boccaccio. In these there were certain nude figures of a woman being hunted by a black and a white dog. Before this series came into the possession of the late Mr. Leyland they had belonged to a Mr. Barker, and at his request an artist was procured to drape the figures to which allusion has been made. When the pictures were secured by Mr. Leyland he sent for the same artist to undo his previous work and restore the figures to their original nudity. After Mr. Leyland's death this set was bought by Mr. Martin Colnaghi for the Lyons Museum, the price paid being thirteen hundred guineas.

The strange adventures of the lost portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire and the circumstances connected with the recovery by the Messrs. Agnew recall a somewhat similar picture robbery which happened in the early 'forties of the nineteenth century. On that occasion several valuable pictures which belonged to Lord Suffolk, and were at his place Charlton, in Wiltshire, were cut from their frames and disappeared. Several years after the theft the pictures were discovered in a small house in a poor district of London. The thief had been unable to dispose of them, and so they remained where they had been hidden until they

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

were accidentally recovered. Most of the canvases were very large, and it is still a mystery how the thief—who was a servant at Charlton—was able to smuggle them out of the house.

Occasionally works of art of the highest value are completely overlooked by their owners.

Mr. Strong, the well-known librarian, whilst employed in cataloguing the late Duke of Devonshire's library at Chatsworth, discovered a little bronze bust in a cupboard, which so attracted him that he wrote to the Duke begging him to let him know if anything of its history was remembered. The Duke wrote back that he perfectly remembered the bust. He had, he said, always been assured that it belonged to a bad period and was of no value. Mr. Strong, however, thought otherwise, and an English expert was summoned to Chatsworth to pronounce an opinion upon the bust. This expert at once decided that it belonged to a bad period and was of no value. Nevertheless Mr. Strong still maintained his original opinion. At his own expense he travelled to Berlin, and persuaded the great German authority there on this subject to return with him to Chatsworth. The instant the latter sighted the bust he sent up a shout of delight; the bust in question was one of the four bronze masterpieces of the world!

Many unsuspected treasures still lie forgotten in remote country houses; whilst prints, pictures, and books of considerable value are often quite unappreciated by their owners. There must, for instance, be a huge number of portraits by Count d'Orsay still in

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

existence. Though little attention is paid to them, such portraits are by no means devoid of interest. Indeed, it seems strange that in these days, when exhibitions of drawings, pictures, and the like illustrating the past are so popular, no enterprising exhibitor has ever attempted to hold a "d'Orsay Loan Exhibition," for a collection of those portraits should be peculiarly interesting.

No one seems to have remembered that when Count d'Orsay was in England he made sketches of most of the well-known men of the day. Many of these portraits would be easily accessible. They are to be found in most country houses of any importance. Those who were able to remember some of the originals used to declare that these likenesses were very faithful representations of the men who sat for them.

Count d'Orsay was by no means deficient in artistic talent; he is, however, always remembered only as a supreme dandy, it being generally assumed that he was the king of fashion in England for twenty years. This is not strictly correct. The truth is that d'Orsay was a very agreeable fellow, remarkable for social tact, good humour, and good sense. He exercised considerable influence in a particular set at a time when the autocrats of fashion had been dethroned or had abdicated and a somewhat lower class was beginning to push its way to the front. Count d'Orsay had very few imitators, and his notoriety rested, in some measure, upon his singularity. Those who knew him well had a real regard for him on account of his fineness of perception, his geniality, and his wit. Never-



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

theless, when he returned to France with Lady Blessington in 1848 his countrymen would not or could not understand what the English had discovered in him.

Of late years enormous prices have been more or less the rule at celebrated sales, which have, in certain cases, acquired quite a sensational interest. The disposal of well-known collections, even before the era of the millionaire collector, always attracted a good deal of attention. At one time or other a large proportion of the pictures and works of art in this country have found their way to the familiar auction rooms in King Street.

Mr. James Christie, the founder of the celebrated firm of auctioneers—Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods—issued his first catalogue as far back as 1766. His offices then were in Castle Street, Oxford Street, and the “Great Room” in Pall Mall. He commenced business next door to where Gainsborough, the painter, then lived, and Christie introduced to the latter some of his best clients. To mark his gratitude for his kindness in this direction, Gainsborough painted the fine whole-length portrait of Mr. James Christie, still the property of the family. In 1897 an admirable marble medallion of the founder of the firm, sculptured by Mr. Brock, R.A., from a drawing by Rowlandson, was set up over the inner doors leading to the auction rooms in King Street, St. James’s.

In 1892 all the chief representatives of the art world of Europe daily assembled in King Street, in order to attend the sale of the vast collection of

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

bric-à-brac left behind by the late Samson Wertheimer, the celebrated New Bond Street art dealer. The prices realized, however, were generally accounted to be below those which had been anticipated. Nevertheless, as the firm was, of course, well aware of the market value of the *objets d'art* sold, nothing could have been allowed to pass out of its hands at a loss.

At the sale of the Clancarty Collection the previous week the conditions were naturally different. No one had the slightest means of ascertaining what price had been paid by the "virtuoso" Lord Clancarty for his various treasures; indeed, all that the experts had to rely upon for guidance was their own judgment. Thus a certain picture was purchased for five pounds by a leading connoisseur peer which possessed an intrinsic value of almost as many hundreds, and which, moreover, had completely escaped the notice of the professional experts.

During the same season the following sales also took place at Christie's. They deserve to be placed on record as striking signs of the times.

17th May. The collection of old silver plate belonging to the late Lord Sydney, formerly the property of the Duke of Sussex.

18th May. The collection of silver and silver-gilt plate, porcelain, and pictures, the property of the late Sir Charles Wingfield; also his library.

21st May. Sale of the celebrated Petworth Collection, the property of Lord Leconfield, and formerly belonging to the late Lord Egremont.

26th May. The well-known collection of old porce-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

lain, furniture, pictures, etc., the property of the late E. R. Leyland.

Mr. Leyland, it may be added, left an immense fortune. His successor, however, did not profess the same devotion for art ; hence a sale, the reason for which seemed obscure to many.

2nd June. Sale of portraits, miniatures, and works of art, the property of the late Lord Westmorland.

26th June. Sale of the celebrated gallery of pictures formerly belonging to the late Earl of Dudley.

10th June. Sale of the magnificent Colworth Collection, the property of the late Mr. Charles Magniac. This, of course, was the art sensation of the season.

This collection comprised a vast number of important pictures, exquisite Limoges enamels, magnificent gold and silver work, armour, antique furniture, and miniatures. It extended over a period of several days, and attracted buyers from every part of the Continent and the New World.

In spite, however, of the great attention which was excited by the announcement of this sale the prices realized were something of a disappointment to the executors and family of the late Mr. Charles Magniac. At one time, it is said, predictions were confidently made that the sale would bring in some £400,000.

The total, however, reached was only £103,000, far less than the lowest of any forecast. A catalogue of this collection was formerly extant in which was recorded the original prices paid by all of the three members of the Magniac family, who in as many generations formed the collection. According to this

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

not very much over £20,000 was originally spent in its acquisition. It must, however, be remembered that in the earlier days of the century works of art did not command such excessive prices as has of late years been the case. As a matter of fact, the margin of profit as between the reputed original cost of the Colworth Collection and the total which was secured at Christie's fairly represented the increase in value of works of art since the formation of the collection.

Another disappointment was the sale of a portion of the gallery collected by the late Lord Cheylesmore. This exhibited a sorry falling off in prices from what was secured a week before at the sale of certain of the Murietta pictures. Contrary to the general impression, Messrs. Agnew did not purchase the celebrated "Monarch of the Glen," by Landseer, for Lord Iveagh. The present Lord Cheylesmore bought back four pictures from the collection.

In the same year a number of water-colour sketches by Turner were sold at these auction rooms. The owner's father, Mr. Faux, had been an intimate friend of Turner, and the collection, consisting of fifty views of the Rhine, was originally executed to his order at a cost of ten pounds apiece. Some mystification prevailed as to why the owner—a man of wealth—was parting with such a unique collection.

*Objets d'art* belonging to royalty seldom find their way to the auction rooms; the sale of various possessions having belonged to the late Duke of Cambridge therefore naturally attracted a good deal of attention, as did also that of the Duke of Sussex's collection

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

some nine years ago. The present King, then Prince of Wales, and other royalties, together with half the art-loving world of London, visited Christie's to inspect the treasures which had been gathered together by the uncle of Queen Victoria. The Duke was married firstmorganatically, his wife being created Duchess of Inverness. She lived for many years at Kensington Palace, and at her death this collection passed into other hands, circumstances eventually causing its disposal at auction. The chief objects of interest, however, in the day's sale came from another source. These were an exquisite pair of Louis XVI open-work vases of ivory and ormolu, which Messrs. Duveen bought for £1680, this being far and away the highest figure reached in the day's sale. The vases were thirteen inches high, the workmanship being of a very fine description.

During the present year (1908) some quite extraordinary prices have been realized, a sum close upon half a million having been expended in the purchase of art treasures put up to auction in London sale-rooms. The Holland pictures fetched just over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds (£138,118 1s.), and the Humphrey Roberts collection nearly sixty-six (£65,677 5s.).

A remarkable feature has been the large sums given for works by two English artists—Turner and Walker, oil and water colour pictures by the former having realized over fifty-three thousand pounds, whilst nearly thirteen thousand was expended in the purchase of the latter's work.



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

An important sale of porcelain was that of the Dickens collection, which fetched the sum of £19,839 15s.

The Ismay books and pictures also realized large prices, the total of which amounted to over twenty-eight thousand pounds.

The most notable sale, however, of the season was perhaps the one which did not come off. It had been the laudable intention of Mr. John Gooch to dispose of his collection of old masters with a view to founding a home for necessitous people with the large sum which his pictures should realize.

Disappointment, however, was the result. For eleven of his Rembrandts only £899 17s. was bid; three pictures by Rubens fared even worse, the highest bid being £42 10s. The climax, however, was reached in the case of a Murillo, for which but twelve guineas was offered; after this the proceedings were stopped.

That much may be learnt from frequenting Christie's is an undeniable fact. Here it was that Mr. Jones, the donor of the celebrated collection now at the Victoria and Albert Museum, acquired the knowledge which enabled him to accumulate that wonderful assemblage of French furniture and china which he bequeathed for the benefit of the nation in a will made some three years before his death. For a comparatively long period of time before he commenced to buy, Mr. Jones was in the habit of making a careful and constant inspection of the various *objets d'art* sent to these auction rooms to be put up for sale. In this way he refined his taste and became a fine judge

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of those particular forms of art which are so richly represented in the collection.

John Jones, who was born in the early days of the nineteenth century, was originally a tailor at No. 6 Waterloo Place, having a branch establishment of his business in Dublin. In 1850 he retired, though still living over his business premises till 1865, when he purchased the lease of No. 95 Piccadilly; here he lived till his death seventeen years later. It was during his residence in this house that his collection was formed, every corner of it being filled with the most priceless works of art. This house was after Mr. Jones's death pulled down, though its associations with collecting were to some extent continued by the late Colonel Leopold Seymour, who possessed a good many specimens of French eighteenth century art.

At the time when the Jones Collection was left to South Kensington certain individuals in authority there were inclined to reject it contemptuously, declaring that the Museum did not want kitchen stuff. William Morris, it will be remembered, called the wonderful work of the old French *ébénistes* "Bankers' furniture."

The fine collection of French furniture and china gathered together at Windsor Castle by George IV was almost entirely chosen by His Majesty's French cook, who was a great connoisseur in such matters. He was commissioned by the King on various occasions to visit France on purpose to purchase all such specimens as might meet with his approval. In the course of time a good many art treasures mysteriously

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

disappeared from the Castle, there being no complete catalogue in existence. This, however, was rectified some seventeen years ago, when a complete inventory was compiled and every article carefully numbered, so as to prevent any further depredations. A particularly fine specimen of French furniture once in this collection found its way to the hammer in London many years ago. About £15,000 was paid for it, George IV having originally given about one-eighth of that sum.

Towards the end of George IV's life considerable depredations took place, for which certain persons about the Court, one of whom was a well-known lady of rank, are supposed to have been responsible. There seems to be little doubt that several of the jewels were abstracted from the crown, and also that much of the royal plate was improperly given away. There are stories told of great physicians of the day being paid by gifts of plate from the royal chests instead of receiving fees.

The true collector is indefatigable in the pursuit of any particular treasures which he may desire to obtain. No one was more active in this respect than the late Duc d'Aumale.

Jean Fouquet, the eminent French painter, who flourished in the fifteenth century, illustrated a "Livre d'Heures" for Chevallier, who was Minister to Charles VII and to Louis XI. The book contained fifty exquisitely finished miniatures. Many years ago this "Livre d'Heures" fell into the hands of some one who cut out the fifty pictures, sold forty of them to a Frankfort dealer for £200, and burned the book. The

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Duc d'Aumale got to know of this, and bought these forty miniatures for his collection at Chantilly, paying as much as £10,000 for them ! Of the ten illustrations that remain scattered about, it appears that only one can be traced. This is at the British Museum. Examples of the work of Jean Fouquet are very scarce. There is a portrait of Charles VII by Fouquet at the Louvre, but there is no painting of his in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

The late Sir Henry Layard was, as is well known, an ardent collector. On one occasion he caused much excitement through a certain transaction which brought into his possession some valuable mirrors that had been bestowed upon a Spanish ecclesiastical institution by a pious benefactor. The mirrors were very old, and part of the transaction consisted in the substitution of new ones in their stead. The descendants of the original donor came to hear of the incident, represented the matter to the Spanish Government, which, in its turn, refused to permit Sir Henry, who was then British Minister, to transfer them to England. At one time it seemed even as if a minor international difficulty were about to arise. Sir Henry, however, with characteristic stubbornness, refused to return the mirrors, and in the course of time the excitement abated and he carried away his treasures to England.

Sir Henry Layard, besides being an excellent judge of art, was a man of quite exceptional mental attainments, as was once very fully recognized by Lord Cowley when, in 1852, he was appointed British

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Ambassador in Paris. Extremely anxious to obtain the collaboration of Sir Henry (then Mr.) Layard, Lord Cowley indited a long epistle to Lord Granville, who had recently become Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which he asked for the assistance of Mr. Layard, warmly praising his many excellent qualities and exceptional ability in his letter. To this Lord Granville promptly replied that as Mr. Layard was such an extraordinary man, it seemed to him that he would be best employed as his own Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, an appointment which was forthwith made.

Besides æsthetic pleasure there is often a certain romantic interest attached to works of art and curiosities. Much more even does this apply to jewels.

When the celebrated collection belonging to the late Mr. Beresford-Hope was sold some years ago, among other curios was what was known as the "King of Candy's Cat's Eye." It was even so described in the catalogue. The gem was set in diamonds. It was purchased by a private buyer for some few hundred pounds. After the sale it transpired that this cat's eye carried with it the right of succession over the island of Candy, and though, of course, the colony now belongs to England, the Government was said to have been the real purchaser of the jewel, considerable importance being attached to its possession from a political point of view.

The dispersal of the Eglinton jewels at Christie's in 1894 aroused a good deal of interest. Amongst them were a necklace, earrings, and brooch said to



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. These jewels were of enamelled gold, set with rubies, emeralds, and pearls.

The tradition is that the necklace, together with the picture by Holbein in Eglinton Castle, were given by Mary to Mary Seton, one of the Queen's "Marys." The necklace and picture are said to have come to the Montgomeries through the marriage of one of them with the heir of the Setons in or about 1611. As a matter of fact, however, it is probable that Hugh, the fifth Earl of Eglinton, made a settlement of the Earldom of Eglinton, together with the property attached thereto, upon his cousin, Sir Alexander Seton of Foulstruther, and the deed is dated 1 August, 1611.

The father of the possessor of the jewels was at the time of the sale said to have discovered the Mary Stuart necklace and the Holbein picture in the muniment room at Eglinton Castle. Another gem of the collection was a black pearl necklace, composed of six large pearls set in diamond clusters.

Some years ago a considerable sensation was caused in the art world by the report that a collection of Cinque-Cento jewellery had been sold in London in some obscure auction rooms for £25 or £30. The collection in question was declared to have been of immense value.

The Canning Jewel, the property of Lord Clancarde, which was exhibited at the New Gallery Exhibition, is valued by experts at a sum well over £10,000. It came from the spoils of Delhi, being pur-

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

chased by Lord Canning. He subsequently sold it, and it was bought back by the father of the present Lord Clanricarde, who is himself an art connoisseur of considerable discrimination.

A few years ago a good deal of interest was aroused by the sale of a famous pearl necklace, once the property of the Comtesse de Castiglione, the celebrated beauty of the Second Empire, to whom reference has already been made.

During the last few seasons there have been no sensational sales of jewellery, though £10,600 was the successful bid for a pearl necklace during the present year.

A rather curious coincidence was discovered about the time when the National Portrait Gallery at Trafalgar Square was opened. At that time the pictures had been removed from their temporary home at Bethnal Green to the new galleries, but were not yet hung; some of them had to be cleaned. In one of the rooms were placed the portraits of the Duchess of Cleveland, Nell Gwynne, and other beauties of the Court of Charles II. By mere chance the only portrait of a man that happened to be put with them was that of Chiffinge, valet to Charles II, who, as history records, frequently admitted these same ladies to the Royal presence when in charge of the Palace backstairs.

The late Sir William Gregory bequeathed to the National Gallery four valuable pictures, including two by Velasquez. One of the pictures in question had been purchased by Sir William at the memorable

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Bentinck sale. Its merits had been overlooked by the dealers, and Sir William, who was a first-rate judge, thus acquired for a few pounds a work of art which was really worth several hundreds. Almost immediately after this sale the authorities of the National Gallery offered him a very high figure for some of his treasures, but, being himself a trustee of this collection, he conceived that by acceding to their request he might possibly be laying himself open to unreasonable criticism. He therefore refused the offer, whilst giving them to understand that the pictures in question should eventually become the property of the nation.

Amongst the treasures of the National Portrait Gallery is a small bust which deserves very careful inspection. An exquisitely modelled and coloured representation of Colley Cibber, this is peculiar in many respects. The eyes are cleverly imitated and the silk bandanna is removable, and when withdrawn shows the bald head of Colley Cibber. This curious and admirably executed work of art is known to have been in the Strawberry Hill Collection and is supposed to be the work of Roubilliac.

A rather pathetic feature connected with this Gallery is that the late Sir George Scharf, its first curator, never lived to see it housed in its present permanent home. By his death the world of art in London sustained a great loss. The son of a Bavarian artist who settled in England, Sir George was in his earlier years an illustrator. The very popular illustrated edition of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" abounds in classical designs, all of which are the work

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of his pencil. But it is rather as a critic, and as one possessed of great historical knowledge and special practical acquaintance with portraits, that he made a reputation which, from an artistic point of view, had every right to survive. Sir George Scharf enjoyed the friendship of many who were great, either in a social or in a literary sense; and in former days, before he became disabled by infirmity, he was a frequent guest of the late Dukes of Grafton and of Marlborough and of the historian, Lord Stanhope. Socially he was a most agreeable companion. His small Sunday receptions in his rooms in Ashley Place—where there was a magnificent library—will not easily be forgotten by his many friends.

In all probability his name was not very widely known outside artistic circles in England, where literature and art can scarcely be said to receive their full share of honour. At heart, indeed, the English people are still somewhat contemptuous of art, not possessing that sense of beauty and proportion which is such a characteristic of our neighbours across the Channel.

It is much to be deplored that, to the lasting detriment of the interest of the community, the best works of art which come into the market in this country generally find their way abroad.

In the Gallery at Berlin there hangs a magnificent painting by Holbein. This was bought at the sale of the Millais Collection at Christie's. It is far finer than "The Ambassadors," by Holbein, in the National Gallery.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

At Berlin, also in the same Gallery, is the celebrated "Widow" picture by Rembrandt. It is said to possess the same quality as the magnificent "Night Watch" by that artist at Amsterdam. This splendid work of art came from the collection of Lady Ashburnham, and before leaving the country it was offered to the National Gallery, but the authorities at that institution refused to buy it on the ground that there were no funds available. In other words, the richest country in the world could not afford to buy that which others less rich could. In addition to these treasures, lost to us for ever, a fine Albert Dürer from Lord Lothian's collection figures in the Gallery at Berlin. At the very moment when masterpieces of this kind were being carried off, never to return, a Romney, costing £3500, was purchased by the director and trustees. Such a sum would have almost secured the "Millais Holbein." Within a few months of this transaction four works by the same artist were presented to the National Gallery.

Of late years a strong feeling has been growing as to the removal of art treasures from one country to another.

When the Borghese bankruptcy very nearly brought the art treasures of a branch of this family into the market, the Roman authorities at the last moment accepted an offer submitted to them by the creditors, and thus acquired the collection, which became national property. In France somewhat strong feeling was aroused by the removal from Grasse of the magnificent series known as "Le Roman de la Jeunesse," by



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Fragonard. The French press also made certain severe comments upon the sale to a celebrated English dealer of five panels of magnificent Beauvais tapestry which had belonged to the Comte de Gattelier, one of whose ancestors was chief architect to Louis XV. These had ornamented the chateau of the Counts of Gattelier and Beaulieu. On the other hand, the transference to Paris of a Louis XV room, with tapestry and furniture of the finest kind, which had belonged for several generations to a noble English family, passed quite unnoticed over here. The transaction in question was very quietly arranged, the owner being well satisfied to receive £50,000 for this beautiful suite, which was resold at once for four times that sum.

The sad lack of national artistic instinct is nowhere more conspicuous than in Westminster Abbey. In the very centre of the nave, for instance, is a brass placed over the remains of Robert Stephenson. Without irreverence, anything more irresistibly funny than the figure of Stephenson engraved upon this—actually arrayed in a frock-coat!—it is impossible to conceive. It is only to be matched by the painted glass window erected to the same celebrity in the north aisle, which is covered with pink, blue, and green railroads, railway trains, and other abominations. This is art in the Abbey with a vengeance!

The late Sir Francis Chantrey, as a matter of fact, did more to spoil Westminster Abbey than anyone else since Henry VIII. Amongst others of his misdeeds he deliberately destroyed and carted away the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

greater part of a magnificent old stone screen in order to make room to introduce his abominable monument to James Watt! Not content with this, he scraped off all the inlaid and painted work upon the monument over the remains of the Standard Bearer at Agincourt in order to prevent these clashing with the dead white marble of his outrageous statue!

The Abbey itself has suffered much at the hands of restorers, the front, as left by Wren, remaining intact up to about some thirty-three years ago. In the 'eighties it was completely restored and, in spite of assurances to the contrary, "beautified"—that is, in the eyes of the restorers, who, as was wittily said, kept their work as dark as possible on the principle that dead buildings tell no tales. The heightening of the towers is generally said to have been Wren's work; this is not the case, the architect would appear to have been John Janser.

Blore, Scott, and others have each contributed to rob the Abbey of interest and charm. The tracery filling the north gable was effectually destroyed by Mr. Pearson. The tracery in question, it may be added, was probably the most remarkable example in England, a circumstance, however, which did not save it.

A conspicuous instance of architectural failure is the building known as the new Law Courts—a veritable example of pseudo-Gothic run mad. The accommodation, moreover, is unsuitable, and at the opening bitter complaint was made of the draughts which swept through some of the courts, to which judges are peculiarly sensitive.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, in particular, hated them, and would get very angry if exposed to their attacks. At some assizes which he attended he once gave orders that all the windows should be closed. Upon arriving at the court the following morning, he was surprised to find that this injunction had been neglected, and on inquiring who was responsible for the disobedience to his orders was informed that Mr. Evelyn, the High Sheriff, was the culprit. Addressing that officer, he inquired the reason. "As High Sheriff, your lordship," replied Mr. Evelyn, "I consider it to be my duty to superintend the ventilation of this court, and I have therefore directed that the windows shall not be closed." "As Lord Chief Justice, I consider it to be my duty, sir," thundered Cockburn, "to fine you five hundred pounds for disobedience." And the money was paid too; so the Lord Chief Justice had the best of that mild joke.

It was another judge who, complaining that he could not hear in a certain court, said to one of the responsible officials: "The acoustics are execrable." "Really, my lord," was the reply, "you surprise me. I can't smell anything!"

The modern statuary of London is especially weak. Much good, indeed, would be done were a committee appointed with a view to considering the question of ridding the metropolis of many of the bronze and marble atrocities that disfigure the city. These not only pervert the artistic tastes of the people, but also render us ridiculous in the eyes of other nations,

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

especially of the French, who cannot fail to compare the monstrous eyesores of London with the beautiful statues so ornamental to the appearance of the city of Paris.

A conspicuous example of failure is the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, erected in 1893.

The late Lord Shaftesbury was a great and a good man. He was a philanthropist who devoted his life to improving the position of the poor. Lord Shaftesbury died, and the community decided to perpetuate his memory by erecting a monument as a tribute to his innumerable virtues, which monument took the form of a pulpit-like basin, from the centre of which rises a spindle surmounted by an oxidized silver Cupid, depicted as having just buried a shaft from his bow in the ground beneath, perhaps an ingenious pun upon the name of the deceased philanthropist—Shaftesbury!

The monument is, in fact, a combination of a ponderous pulpit and a paltry pun. The inscription upon the memorial, it may be added, was composed by Mr. Gladstone. The chief circumstance of interest connected with this is that the name of the late peer was originally misspelt, for whereas his full name ran "Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury," etc., the inscription recorded the Anthony without the "h," though Anthony—with the "h"—has, as is well known, been from time immemorial the first name of the Ashleys.

Etymology, indeed, would seem to be little studied by those responsible for the inscriptions beneath

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

English statues, for a glaring error in spelling, now rectified, was also discovered when the statue of the Duke of Cambridge was quite recently exposed to public view.

The statue of Lord Strathnairn, erected some thirteen years ago at Knightsbridge, is not perhaps so unsuccessful as many of the monuments which have disfigured London during the last two generations. The first idea of Mr. Onslow Ford, the sculptor, was to have represented Lord Strathnairn as the Colonel of the "Blues," and for this reason he chose for his model the particular type of horse which that regiment affects. The Committee of Supervision, however, objected to this, observing that if the "Blues" desired to erect a monument to their late Colonel they had better pay for it themselves. Under these circumstances Mr. Ford was obliged to alter the uniform, and Lord Strathnairn is now represented attired as a Field-Marshal, with certain modifications which suggest service in India. The principal of these is a never-failing source of comfort and delight to the sparrows who regularly nest within the somewhat straggling feathers which crown an Indian service helmet. On the whole, however, the statue is good, its attitude being characteristic and the likeness excellent. The pedestal also is admirable, and altogether adapted to the site. The statue, however, should have been nearer the edge, which would have been more dramatic. Mr. Ford originally designed to have it so, and it is to be regretted that he did not carry out his first intention.



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

When it was first erected a quantity of gold embellished the trappings of this monument; giving it a somewhat garish air. Anything more inappropriate to the London atmosphere than gilding it is impossible to conceive. The gold in question, it may be added, is at present, except when renewed, totally inoffensive, as soot and smoke completely destroy the gaudy effect which it would under more favourable conditions produce.

The little respect in which statuary in London was formerly held may be judged from the record of Queen Anne's statue at St. Paul's having, about 1824, received, by way of restoration, a coat of black paint, except the head, hair, and crown, which were daubed white—a truly extraordinary method of renovating a statue.

The statue of the Duke of Wellington, which formerly figured above the gate at the top of Constitution Hill, was certainly devoid of artistic merit; nevertheless there was something quaint and characteristic about it. The old Duke himself, moreover, is supposed to have quite approved of it. Its removal to Aldershot was hailed by a chorus of acclamation, and it was said that Queen Victoria particularly favoured this alteration, having always disliked driving through what was practically a Royal gate crowned by a horse with a figure of one of her subjects astride upon the top of it. This may or may not have been the case, but probably no statue stands in such a position in any other capital where a monarch rules.

The new statue of the Duke, placed in the centre

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of Hamilton Place, would have gained a good deal of dignity had it been raised upon a higher pedestal. A good idea would have been to have had four mounted figures at the base, the statues of foot soldiers being placed in a more elevated position; the whole composition being, as has been said, rearranged and rendered more solid in aspect.

A great deal of attention, it may be added, was devoted by the sculptor, Sir Edgar Boehm, to ensuring accuracy in the details of the uniforms, particularly that of the Duke. The coat, it is said, was modelled from the actual garment worn by the great Captain at Waterloo.

The sudden death of this sculptor was one of the most tragic incidents of the singularly eventful year in which it occurred. A tall, straight, blue-eyed man, always cheerful and apparently always in the best of health, he was the staunchest of friends and the cheeriest of companions. His house in Wetherby Gardens was the recognized rendezvous of all that was celebrated in Town, either for worth, wit, or wisdom—no mere consideration of position or wealth having ever been a passport for entry within its portals.

The studio at the Avenue, 76 Fulham Road, really comprised a series of five or six studios leading one into the other. Of these, one was specially reserved, at Her Majesty's request, for Royal work. The custom amongst sculptors is to build up the clay model in the nude, later overlaying it with the designed drapery. Her Majesty very naturally shrank

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

from being exhibited to the public gaze in the elementary and, of course, purely imaginative stages of reproduction, and this led to her insisting upon a private studio being reserved for the earlier stages of Royal statuary.

The first patron and friend of Sir Edgar, on his arrival in England, was General Foster. Little by little, by dint of his genius and ability, he worked his way steadily onwards till at length he reached the highest position in his branch of art in this country.

## VIII

**D**URING the last twenty-five years the architecture of the West End of London has undergone a complete change, the buildings having for the most part increased in height ; whilst much fanciful decoration is displayed on façades of all styles, ages, and countries. The houses of the past were more or less uniform in design, whereas at present a veritable rage for variety appears to prevail, many of the more pretentious erections being embellished with turrets, pinnacles, battlements, and *tourelles*, in all probability the result of the architects' rambles in old continental towns. On the whole, perhaps the general effect is pleasing, but a far more artistic and dignified aspect would have been produced had some general scheme been enforced for every street, due latitude being, of course, permitted in matters of detail. The designers of new houses seem never able to remember that decoration should relieve not dominate the façade on which it appears, meaningless elaboration and superfluous ornament being undignified and artistically wrong. The very best effects of all in street architecture are to be obtained from carefully balanced proportion and dignity of style—two qualities which are unfortunately rarely to be found.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

The insertion of meaningless ornament—supposed, presumably, to impart a quaint look—and the building of huge arches supporting an obviously unsubstantial structure, are glaring faults of the worst possible kind. The old-fashioned Georgian mansion, which in many cases much resembled a doll's house, at least erred in the direction of simplicity, which is immeasurably superior, from an architectural point of view, to over-elaboration. The insertion of windows composed of small panes of glass is also hardly desirable in London, which is a City seldom liable to be flooded with sunlight. The revival of the small leaded panes, in particular, is positively absurd.

In the huge erections bearing the electric light (now such conspicuous objects in the streets of London), little attention has been paid to any considerations of artistic design, the efforts at ornamentation being of the very feeblest and meaningless kind. In the eighteenth century many of the accessories of life were designed by highly gifted men. It might, therefore, have been hoped that in these days, when so much cackle is heard about the general appreciation and love of art, the design for these lamp-posts would have been entrusted to a clever designer, who would have produced some simple and appropriate pattern more likely to decorate than disfigure the streets of London.

The West End of London is probably almost as healthy a spot as exists in the world. From cholera, for instance, it is, according to past experience, about the safest refuge on record. During the epidemic of



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

1866 not a single death occurred in this quarter of the town. The total number of deaths from cholera in England registered in 1866 was a trifle over eight thousand, and in one week three hundred and forty fatal cases occurred in the East End of London alone. Mrs. Gladstone was first to organize, during that epidemic, a system of relief and assistance for the sufferers, so suddenly stricken, and, together with several other well-known people, the same lady further established a home for the orphans of those who had succumbed to the disease. A great meeting was held in the City that year for the purpose of procuring funds for the relief of the suffering poor.

A curious circumstance connected with this epidemic was that at a great public meeting held in the City, to secure funds for the relief of those who had been attacked and for the families of those who had succumbed, both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury occupied seats on the platform, and both addressed the meeting. This, it is said, was the only occasion when both these statesmen appeared together on the same platform pleading the same cause. Mr. Kirkman Hodgson was in the chair.

During the epidemic of 1866 in Bristol alone eight thousand people died; whilst the mortality in certain parts of the Metropolis was so considerable as to excite feelings of grave alarm.

Several well-known ladies undertook, immediately the epidemic reached London, to visit and assist those who had been attacked by the disease. Besides Mrs. Gladstone were Mrs. Tait, whose husband afterwards

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

became Archbishop Tait, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and Mrs. Helbert.

Thanks to improved sanitation, cholera is now no longer a terrible scourge capable of decimating whole districts. Drainage has been improved till it has come near to perfection ; whilst large areas formerly given up to slums are now occupied by fine residences.

The late Duke of Westminster found the West End composed of hovels, and left it composed of habitable houses. He improved his property in that district beyond recognition during the last quarter of a century.

His predecessor was generally supposed to be mean, and the opinion which prevailed was accentuated by the "Times," which, when the late Duke succeeded, encouraged him, in a leading article, to spend his wealth freely. Many stories were told of the economical Duke. Driving one day down Piccadilly, a shower overtook him. Putting his head out of the window, he called to the footman : "John, give me those two new hats. I will keep them under cover until the shower is over."

One by one the old mansions of London have disappeared. Scarsdale House, Kensington, was demolished some years ago, the site being occupied by Ponting's. Stratheden House, Knightsbridge, in which Lord Campbell wrote his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," was pulled down about nine years ago. The building in question had little claim to respect beyond Lord Campbell's connection with it. Harcourt House has but recently been destroyed ; whilst Gloucester

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

House in Piccadilly was in the hands of the house-breakers almost immediately after the Duke of Cambridge's death.

No. 105 Piccadilly, now the Isthmian Club, is a house which has undergone many vicissitudes. At one time the Pulteney Hotel, it afterwards became the abode of Lord Hertford, subsequently belonging to the late Sir Julian Goldsmid, whose collection of works of art was disposed of some twelve years ago. Sir Julian possessed an example of the work of every living Royal Academician, and also masterpieces by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney. In addition to this his collection of snuff-boxes was very fine.

Though Devonshire House still survives, Piccadilly itself has undergone a complete transformation, the Albany being one of the few old structures left. Burlington House has been divided up between the Royal Academy and the London University. Northumberland House, with the lion whose tail pointed in contempt towards the City and its beautiful gardens, is destroyed, the ground being built over.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago Lord Harewood disposed of Harewood House, Hanover Square, for a round sum of seventy thousand pounds, to the Royal Agricultural Society. Harewood House was one of those private palaces of London which was designed by Adams. Another house, just across the way, also belongs to Lord Harewood, and was originally erected as a London residence for the eldest sons of this family.

The fourth Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn was offered the ground now occupied by Lansdowne House, in

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Berkeley Square, for £60,000, the same sum being asked for the site in St. James's Square which he then bought. The Lansdowne House property, which was at the time considered to be too far from the centre of fashion, must now be worth a quarter of a million or more! The transaction in question occurred a little over a hundred and ten years ago.

A good deal of valuable London property has fallen to the share of certain families through sheer good luck. The Portman estate is an instance of this. The late Lord Portman used to give the following account of how the property, which is now Portman Square, was acquired.

About 1750 his forbear, coming up to London for the season, was much troubled about the health of his young wife, who was very delicate. He took the best medical opinion, and the doctors advised that the lady should drink ass's milk.

Learning from his coachman that some asses kept for this purpose were to be found in a small farm just outside London which was for sale, the anxious husband, after inspecting the property, purchased it, and on the land in question was afterwards built Portman Square.

In the eighteenth century even the most fashionable part of London was somewhat untended, little attention being paid to the convenience of foot passengers.

At the time of Wilkes' election Piccadilly, from the Green Park coffee-house to Hyde Park Corner, was not paved. The road was scraped, and the pavement

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

laid along the park wall, long after that. St. James's Street was the first thoroughfare to be paved with the Scotch pavement, as it was then called.

Against the back of Mayfair Chapel, at that time, fives were played ; whilst at the east end of Hertford Street was a large dirty pond called the Ducking Pond, where pickpockets used to be ducked.

Even as late as the 'sixties and 'seventies squalid areas and neglected open spaces were still in existence closely adjacent to the busiest thoroughfares.

One of the most lamentable sights of former days was old Leicester Square, which was freshly laid out by the late Baron Grant. Before that time it was a woebegone spot with a broken-down statue in the middle ; nothing could have been more squalid. Baron Grant's financial methods came in for a good deal of severe criticism, and the following verses were written on his restoration of the Square :—

What, flowers in Leicester Square ?  
Those flowers of Grant's  
Are but the proceeds of his many plants,  
The shades by which he seeks to win a Nation's praise  
Are but the shadows of his own most shady ways.  
What does he hope to gain by this affair,  
Save to connect his name with one thing *Square*.

Baron Grant for a time attracted a good deal of attention as a prominent financier of the later Victorian era. The following is another of the many epigrams which were circulated about him :—

Kings can titles give  
But honour can't—  
A title without honour  
Is a *Baron Grant*.



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

A financial meteor, who flashed for little more than an instant across the social heavens, Baron Grant was originally named Gottheimer, his father being a partner in a "foreign fancy" business in Newgate Street. From the social point of view, he only began to attract attention when he purchased a large area of slum-land close to Kensington Palace, demolished the houses, and erected Kensington House—a big barrack of a place surrounded by its own grounds. How many thousands Baron Grant paid for the site and spent in erecting and in decorating the house cannot be guessed; but Kensington House was only once used, and that on the occasion of the Bachelors' Ball, which was given there on Thursday, 22 July, 1880. The idea of this entertainment originated with the late Mr. Augustus Lumley. A number of well-known bachelors contributed £100 apiece, and a "Ball Committee" was answerable for the invitations which were issued. It was the best entertainment of the kind given in London at the end of the last century, being especially well organized. There were numerous additional amusements beyond the dancing, such as fireworks and boating on the lake, and the Royal party did not leave until daylight the next morning. The invitations, however, were issued with great generosity and with little discrimination. Kensington House, having fulfilled its altogether unexpected destiny, was never inhabited, and eventually the building was demolished, and upon the site was erected a large square, together with several streets. It may be said, therefore, of the Bachelors' Ball that

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

a palace was built for that entertainment, which cannot have cost less than a hundred thousand pounds. Out of the ball grew the Bachelors' Club, another offspring of the fertile brain of the late Mr. Augustus Lumley.

During the rebuilding of the West End few discoveries of conspicuous interest have been made, the excavations necessitated by the construction of the Bath Club being, however, in this respect an exception. A great depth being reached, a secret passage was disclosed, whilst several old Irish farthings were also found. In 1811, 34 Dover Street was the town house of the Lord Dynevor of that time; but he, good man, can scarcely have had any use for secret passages, and not much for Irish farthings. The cause of this discovery therefore remains obscure.

Of late years it has more or less become the rule to preserve any original features of interest, such as panelling and mantelpieces, discovered in houses which are being rebuilt. This was done in the case of the new block at the bottom of St. James's Street, which, from an architectural point of view, is certainly one of the most successful erections in this part of London. Here, close to the spot where the Post Office now is, once existed a small musical instrument shop, which was very well known, perhaps on account of the curious name borne by its owner, who was called "Paupa."

One day, it is said, Luttrell and Rogers (the poet banker who, it must be remembered, was notorious for his corpse-like appearance, which caused him to be nicknamed "The Dug-up Dandy"), together with

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

a friend, chanced to stop at this shop. After having walked through the Courtyard of St. James's Palace, Luttrell, drawing the friend aside, aptly quoted from Horace : "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres,*" afterwards wittily translating them : "Pale death, with impartial foot, visits the 'Paupa' shanty and the palace of the King."

Architecturally, St. James's Street has altered a good deal even during the last decade, considerable rebuilding having taken place. Nevertheless, two old and interesting shop fronts remain, which present much the same appearance as they did a century ago. The quaint old façade of Messrs. Lock, the hatters, is so well known as to have become a sort of West End landmark, but the offices of Messrs. Berry, wine merchants, a few doors lower down on the same side, though equally typical of a past era, are less striking to the eye.

At Berry's tea was first sold by the pound, the founder of the firm, one Pickering by name, having originally started as a tea and coffee and tobacco dealer in the sixteenth century, a great speciality having been his "famous Virginia," sold at the sign of the coffee mill.

The device in question still remains on the old weighing scales which are within the house, another interesting feature being the tomes containing registers of the weight of a number of well-known and aristocratic frequenters of the West End since the year 1765 up to the present day.

The names of five sons of George III are here, as well as those of Louis Philippe, Beau Brummell (who from the numerous entries—1798 to 1805—appears

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

to have attached considerable importance to increase of bulk), and Louis Napoleon. The latter, during the days of his exile in London, when he lived close by at King Street, was a constant visitor to the cellars, a spot in which still retains the name of "Napoleon's corner." The cellars in question extend half way beneath the roadway. At the time of the funeral of the Iron Duke the authorities, being much perturbed at the idea of the heavy funeral car breaking through, insisted on shoring up the roof with heavy beams.

The name of Pickering, it may be mentioned, is still preserved in Pickering Place, which is just behind this old house, the back portion of which overlooks it. A curious feature is a small parlour used, it is said, by eighteenth century gamesters, who were wont to station a boy in a still existing recess, from which he could signal should there be any indications of a raid. In this room are preserved what are perhaps the earliest known letters of Queen Victoria, dating from 1822 to 1825, written to a Mrs. Louis, an old attendant of the child Princess, to whom she appears to have been deeply attached, as a memorial tablet in the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields attests. Two good sketches by the future Queen are also here.

The St. James's Street frontage, originally (up to about 110 years ago) embraced five windows, only one of which now remains. The upper story, where for generations lived the Pickerings, Brownes, and Berrys, all of whom were connected by blood, is now tenanted by the Italian Club.

Another curious survival of old London is the Bell

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Inn, in Pall Mall, not far from the Junior Carlton Club, which is said to have undergone no very great alteration for some four hundred years. In any case this quaint old-hostelry is probably by far the oldest building in a thoroughfare lined by palatial clubs.

Of late years West End houses do not seem, during the season, to command the large rents which formerly were easily to be obtained. The advent of the motor-car and the erection of huge residential hotels is largely responsible for this. At several of these, complete flats, absolutely cut off from the rest of the house, are at visitors' disposal, a form of accommodation offering all the advantages of a private house without the trouble and worry of having to provide one's own servants.

The fashionable district of London is constantly altering, every new generation making a move in one direction or another.

Even as late as the beginning of the last century the neighbourhood of Soho was more or less fashionable, and continual discoveries of paintings and frescoes by celebrated artists are even now made in the various houses for many years deserted by their former aristocratic occupiers. Some time ago an investigation at No. 9 Frith Street—said to have been formerly the residence of Lord Thomond—brought to light, both along the staircase and in other parts of the house, decorative paintings by Sir James Thornhill, father-in-law of the eccentric artist, Hogarth. Several examples of the works of both masters have been previously found in other houses



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

in the neighbourhood, and a little trouble and ingenuity might lead to the rescue of other equally important work.

It now seems not improbable that the tide of fashion may at some future period desert Mayfair ; it has already flowed, in some measure, towards the direction of Sloane Street. Dover Street, once full of private residences, is now lined with shops and clubs ; indeed, the whole of this district is becoming much more commercial in character, trade being represented not only in the way of shops, but also by the possessors of a great number of the mansions.

The old Georgian box-like houses are not good enough for the plutocrats of to-day, who as a rule pull them down and erect some elaborate edifice in the Gothic or French style.

The whole scheme of interior domestic architecture has been remodelled within the lifetime of the present generation. In a modern mansion telephones and a lift have almost become necessities. Several severe accidents, however, have occurred owing to the doors of lifts being carelessly left open. The terrible catastrophe which befell Lady Paget is a case in point. Happily, this lady, who was possessed of almost superhuman courage and determination, survived. Though terribly injured by her fall, she retained her presence of mind, and from the bottom of the well of the lift, into which she had fallen from a great height, gave directions to those above as to what should be done. The indomitable spirit which this lady displayed may be realized when it is stated

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

that she was only extricated from her agonizing position by clinging to a ladder, which having been lowered down to her was then slowly drawn up.

There have been several instances of presentiments in connection with lifts, certain of which have been verified in a very curious manner.

A lady entering a lift at a large London hotel in the West End suddenly caught sight of the attendant's face, when she at once asked him to let her out, explaining that she had recently dreamt of being in an accident in a lift, and his face had figured in the dream. Five days later this very lift, which contained a well-known London doctor, fell the distance of two floors with a crash !

The late Lord Dufferin, when in Paris, is said to have dreamt that he was in a hearse being conveyed to the cemetery. A few days later, as he was about to enter the lift of a certain hotel, he was startled to find that the attendant was a life-like reproduction of the driver of the hearse in his dream. Without a moment's hesitation he decided to leave the lift and walk upstairs, which he did. The lift ascended without him, when owing to an accident to the mechanism it was precipitated to the bottom, those who were in it being killed.

In the 'nineties came the bicycle craze, which caused Society for a time to frequent Battersea Park. Here every morning was held a regular bicycle parade, both sexes and all ages being fully represented. Considering the number of unskilled riders who were to be seen wending their way through the traffic, it was

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

wonderful so few serious accidents occurred. Of the mishaps that did happen many were of a ludicrous nature.

There is much unwritten romance about the streets and parks of London, in which fortunes are sometimes unexpectedly found.

An elderly gentleman from the Midland Counties travelled up to London in the spring of 1888 for the purpose of watching the *débutantes* on their way for presentation at Buckingham Palace. Being seized in the course of the afternoon with sudden faintness, he was charitably assisted by a lady who happened to be standing by him at the time. On his death, which occurred some five years later, he bequeathed £150,000 to the stranger who had come to his rescue during this seizure.

The practice customary during Queen Victoria's reign of holding drawing-rooms in the afternoon was very unpleasant for the ladies, who, in all the panoply of plumes and evening dress, were exposed to flattering and unflattering comments from the crowd. On one occasion an amusing repartee from an onlooker occasioned much amusement. A violently Republican orator was denouncing the luxury of the upper classes, whose display of wealth he declared was an insult to the people.

"Where, my friends, are our carriages? Where are our horses?"

"The brewers drive them!" shouted a rubicund individual in the crowd.

Certain people, it may not be generally known,

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

make a point of witnessing every Royal procession possible. A well-known authority on art, now of considerable age, declares that he has seldom missed one of these old-world displays.

Though the new Processional drive is, without doubt, an improvement, lovers of the past could hardly view its inception without a pang, the formation of the road in question necessitating the destruction of a ground plan laid out many generations ago. Nevertheless this was a judicious alteration, and it is much to be desired that some attention should now be bestowed upon the Green Park, which, without all possible question, would be rendered much more agreeable by a certain degree of thoughtful change. Occupying, as it does, the central position in the West End, skirting with its whole length Piccadilly, which is the most important thoroughfare in London, this park is, for the most part, a bare plot of ground, little used except by those who cross it to go to Westminster from the West End, or vice versa. From time to time protests have been raised against its desolate condition. Walker wrote in "The Original" in 1835 : " Amidst all the improvements of late years, it is much to be lamented that the Green Park has been so much neglected, seeing that it is most conspicuously situated, and, notwithstanding its inferior size, is by much the most advantageously disposed as to ground. There was, some years ago, a talk of its being terraced in part, and wholly laid out in a highly ornamental style ; which, by way of variety, and with reference to its situation, seems a judicious plan. I

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

would that His Majesty (William IV) would give orders to that effect. . . . I do not believe that anything would add so much to the ornament of London as the embellishment of the Green Park to the extent of which it is capable."

Here, clearly, is a legitimate field for the enterprise of the landscape gardener. Beds of flowers might also lighten up the view of Piccadilly, besides which artistically contrived terraces with seats might make this park one of the most attractive resorts of the metropolis.

Whilst Hyde Park possesses many associations of a highly interesting character, St. James's Park has the most interesting history of any spot in England: Charles I led through the Mall to execution; Cromwell asking the opinion of his friends as to his assuming the title of King; Milton; Charles II playing at "Pall Mall" under the shade of the elms and the limes, feeding his ducks in the canal, followed by his favourites and his dogs; Lady Castlemaine, La Belle Stewart, Nell Gwynne, the Duchess of Cleveland, St. Evremond, Gammont, Evelyn, Pepys, Dryden, Queen Anne and the Marlboroughs, the beautiful Duchesses of Ormonde and of Bridgewater, Lady Sunderland, Belle Dunch, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Addison, Fielding, Steele, Swift, Richardson, St. John; Lord Bolingbroke, who, statesman though he was, once figured in the nude in a drunken freak in the Park; Queen Caroline and her Marys, the beautiful Mary Bellenden and Mary Lepel, "youth's youngest daughter"; Elia Lelia Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

of Kingston, who walked in the Mall with scarcely any clothing on; Horace Walpole, the two lovely Miss Gunnings—"those goddesses, the Gunnings"; the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire; the Duchess of Gordon, the Duchess of Rutland; Gainsborough, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Johnson, the Comtesse de Genlis, Lady Anna Waldegrave, and Miss Keppel; Mme. Roland and the Princesse de Lamballe—two prominent victims of the French Revolution—and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Hundreds of the most famous names in British history are identified with the four long avenues which stretch from Buckingham Palace to Spring Gardens, for it was in this Park that the London world of those days lived—the world from every quarter of the town since easy-going Charles II opened the parks to the public at the Restoration. It was in St. James's Park that high and low walked, flirted, dined, and danced, but seldom fought, for it was a criminal offence to strike a blow in the Royal Park.

Since those brilliant days many changes have taken place. Rosamond's Pond has been filled in; the menagerie and the cages in Birdcage Walk have disappeared; Duck Island, over which St. Evremond was appointed guardian by Charles II, has been obliterated; the statue of the gladiator, which stood by the Parade at the east end of the canal, has been removed to Windsor Castle; the canal has been turned into an ornamental water, according to more modern taste; and the deer have gone. The general plan of the Park, however, remains the same as in the

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

past, and up till quite recently some of the trees which formed the Jacobites' Walk still stood. The Parade is still used by the Horse Guards ; St. James's Palace, its gardens, and the grounds of Marlborough House exist.

Within recent times St. James's Park, once the resort of the fashionable world, has been aptly termed the "Paradise Lost" of London, the course of circumstances and the changes of customs having driven the pleasure-loving world in other directions.

Looking from a back window of his palace at Whitehall, Henry VIII saw immediately before him a large meadow with a sheet of water in it, called the Cowford Pool. On his right was the small village of Charyng—from which partly comes the name of Charing Cross—and, as far as Highgate, Hampstead, and Harrow, a dense forest, which covered the sites now occupied by such thoroughfares as Piccadilly and Oxford Street. On his left were the hamlets of Chelsea and Fulham. Henry acquired the meadow, partially drained it, surrounded the field with a wall of brick and stone—which was only replaced with an iron railing in 1764—built the Manor House, now St. James's Palace, and used the enclosed space as a pleasure ground for himself and the members of his Court.

From that time until the beginning of the nineteenth century St. James's Park was the centre of English life and history, and was used by Englishmen and women of many succeeding generations by day and by night, for they walked there, dined there, had

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

supper there, danced there, sang there, played there, and raced there. All that was most powerful and fashionable in England frequented this old park and was dominated by its charm.

When Cromwell was the Lord Protector he did not alter the custom which existed until then of excluding the public, but he allowed a few persons whose back door opened into the Park to use the latter. Among those was Milton, who had a house close to where Queen Anne's Mansions stands now.

Elizabeth Cromwell, the wife of the Lord Protector, kept cows in St. James's Park.

Charles II returned to London at the Restoration in 1660, and he at once sent for Lenotre—the French landscape gardener who had designed the Tuileries and Versailles—to alter St. James's Park. A foreigner who lived in England in the reign of James II writes of this :—

“I have been told that King Charles II wished to render St. James's Park more beautiful, and for that purpose summoned from Paris a clever man, the same who had laid out the gardens of the Tuileries. But this man was of opinion that the natural simplicity of the Park, its rural and, in some places, its wild character, had something more grand that he could impart to it, and persuaded the King not to touch it.”

Baron de Pölnitz, who was in England about the year 1732, took the same view of this, for he writes :—

“The man of the world in London rises late, dresses himself in a frock—a close-fitting garment without pockets and with narrow sleeves—leaves his

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

sword at home, takes his cane, and goes generally to St. James's Park, for that is the Exchange for men of quality. It is such another place as the garden of the Tuileries at Paris, only the Park has a certain beauty of simplicity which cannot be described."

Acting, apparently, on the advice of Lenotre, Charles II made many improvements and alterations in the Park, but he did not put there terraces, fountains, and statues, as he had intended. Then the King opened the park to the public, and they have had the use of it ever since his time, though the gates have been temporarily closed on a few occasions.

Warburton, writing a little over half a century later, describes the Park in this manner :—

"I would recommend you a voyage now and then round St. James's Park. What can afford nobler hints for pastoral than the cows and milkwomen at your entrance from Spring Gardens? As you advance, you have noble subjects for comedy and farce from one end of the Mall to the other: not to say satire, for which you have a kind of propensity. As you turn to the left, you soon arrive at Rosamond's Pond, long consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry. The Birdcage Walk, which you enter next, speaks its own influence, and inspires you with the gentle spirit of madrigal and sonnet. When we come to Duck Island, we have a double chance for success in the Georgic, for the worthy Governor can both instruct you in the breed of wildfowl, and lend you his genius to sing their generations."

That Governor was "The Thresher-Poet." He

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

was originally a thresher at Charlton Park. Queen Caroline appointed him governor of Duck Island, later he became Yeoman of the Guard, then took Orders and obtained a living at Byfleet in Surrey, and drowned himself in the Thames at Reading in 1756.

Lord Halifax, in the reign of Charles II, introduced the custom of having impromptu concerts and dances in the Park, and he did that to please the beautiful Lady Wharton. There are continual allusions to such entertainments in the old plays, poems, and satires. In "*Love in a Wood*," Sir Simon Addlepate sends for the fiddlers "to serenade the whole Park," and on their arrival, accompanied by torch-bearers, all at once begin to dance.

Dr. Young, the author of "*Night Thoughts*," in the "*Satires on Women*," published in 1725, describes how Semira, feeling unwell, sends for Sir Hans Sloane—the great doctor of the day, who helped to found the British Museum—and when he arrives he is told she has gone to dance in St. James's Park :—

A midnight park is sovereign for a cold.

There are some who will say that those customs were only possible in a town much less populous than London is to-day. They will be surprised to learn that it was not unusual in former times for ten thousand people to be in St. James's Park—a number which is only now on rare occasions reached in Hyde Park. A man named Nicholas Wilson proposed to tax those who used the Park. He writes :—

"Her Majesty, being at great expense every year



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

for ornamenting and keeping St. James's Park in repair, should give orders that none should enter in ye Park except Foreign Ministers, Members of Parliament during the Session, her Household and the soldiers, without paying a halfpenny apiece. There is no better means to be found to render her Majesty's printed orders more effectual for excluding the commonest people, and by this means the public will ornament the Park, and, in time, be made to build Whitehall Palace. It will, probably, pay the extent of half a million per annum."

In former times it was not thought to be unbecoming to sit or lie on the grass. Indeed, even in 1822 there is this description in the "Morning Post" of 20 June :—

"Seated on the low wall which separates Kensington Gardens from Hyde Park were Prince and Princess Esterhazy, the Earl of Jersey, Lord Palmerston, Lord William Lennox, and many others ; and, reposing on the grass at their feet, the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Glasgow, Lord Alvanley, and several more."

It was, however, not becoming to sit on the benches. Chairs were introduced into the Park in 1785.

The end of the St. James's Park must have come about 1815. About this Sir Richard Phillips writes in 1817 :—

"My spirits sunk, and a tear started in my eyes as I brought to mind those crowds of beauty, rank, and fashion, which, till within these few years, used to be displayed in the Mall of this Park on Sunday evenings, and during the spring and summer. How

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

often in my youth had I been a delighted spectator of the enchanted and enchanting assemblage ! Here used to promenade for one or two hours after dinner the whole British world of gaiety, beauty, and splendour ! Here could be seen in one moving mass extending the whole length of the Mall five thousand of the most lovely women in this country, all splendidly attired, and accompanied by as many well-dressed men. What a change, I exclaimed, had a few years wrought in these once happy and cheerful personages ! How many of those who, on this very spot, then delighted my eyes are now mouldering in the silent grave ? Alas ! that gay and fascinating scene no longer continues, and its very existence is already forgotten by the new generation. A change of manners has put an end to this unparalleled assemblage, to this first of Metropolitan pleasures, though of itself it was worth any sacrifice. The dinner hour of four and five among the great, or would-be great, having shifted to the unhealthy hour of eight or nine, the promenade after dinner in the dinner full-dress is consequently lost."

For 250 years St. James's Park had been the centre of the social, political, and literary life of the nation.

Some time before the Conquest certain charitable citizens purchased the ground upon which St. James's Palace now stands. They there built a hospital for the use of fourteen leper women, endowed the charity, and dedicated the property to St. James. The ground in the immediate neighbourhood—including the 155 acres now occupied by St. James's Park and the Green

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Park—was marsh and meadow land, and it remained in its unreclaimed state, with little alteration, for over 400 years.

In 1532 Henry VIII obtained by exchange the Hospital of St. James's, drove out the leper women—or their equivalents—built a palace on the site, and, purchasing the meadows and marshes which have been mentioned, reserved them for the use of the Court as Royal parks.

Both in France and in England it became the fashion in 1600 to breed silkworms for the purpose of manufacturing silk. James I planted four acres of St. James's Park with mulberry trees in 1609 for the use of those worms, and in 1629 Lord George Goring was appointed Keeper of the Mulberry Gardens. On part of this land Lord George built himself a house, which he named Goring House ; that is the origin of Buckingham Palace.

In 1666 the Lord Arlington, who was a member of the Cabal Administration, hired Goring House and renamed it Arlington House. He it was who, in that year, first brought tea to England, and it is probable, therefore, that the first cup of tea drunk in this country was brewed where Buckingham Palace now stands.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, purchased the property in 1698, and built a new house in the place of the old in 1703, which he named Buckingham House. The situation was exceptional. From the gates spread the Mall, where the world of London lived the greater part of the day and much of the night ; and

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

at the back there was country as far as the eye could reach. As the Duke wrote :—

It is my delight to be  
Both in town and in countree.

George III bought for £21,000 Buckingham House from John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in 1761—that is, a little over fifty years after it was built, the date of the latter event being 1703. Buckingham House was pulled down in 1825, and the present palace, which cost about a million of money to erect, was completed in 1837, having taken twelve years to build. Queen Victoria, who succeeded to the throne on 20 June, 1837, was the first sovereign to occupy it. This was on 13 July, 1837, less than a month after her accession. It was the joke of the day that Buckingham Palace was the cheapest Royal residence in the world, for “it was built for one sovereign and furnished for another.”

The building itself, which is of a somewhat barrack-like style, was built by Nash and Blore, the latter of whom had recased much of Westminster Abbey in 1835.

Her former residence had been Kensington Palace, of which to-day little is heard. Nevertheless it has been the scene of some important events in our history. Here Mary died of smallpox ; William III from a fall from his horse at Hampton Court ; Anne terminated a memorable reign ; George II fell dead at breakfast ; Victoria was born, succeeded to the throne in her sleep, was acclaimed Queen of Great Britain at five in the morning, and held her first Council six hours later.

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Two hundred and ten years ago William III purchased Nottingham House for £20,000 from the second Earl of Nottingham, together with twenty-six acres of land. That is the origin of Kensington Palace and Kensington Gardens. William and Mary altered and added to the house, according to designs by Sir Christopher Wren, and laid out the gardens under the superintendence of Lenotre, who was gardener to the Tuileries. Anne reigned next, and continued to build, and added thirty acres to the grounds. Having sat with her fan in her mouth, said little and become great, the Queen died in her forty-ninth year, and was succeeded by George I, who added the great staircase and the Cube-room, being advised in these matters by Kent.

George II followed, together with Queen Caroline, and the latter increased the Gardens by assimilating a large portion of Hyde Park. This Queen was anxious to enclose St. James's Park, and asked Sir Robert Walpole how much it would cost to do that. "Only three Crowns," was the answer. It is to Queen Caroline that we owe the ornamental waters in Kensington Gardens.

Having kicked his wig more vigorously than usual, to relieve his angry feelings against his minister, George II fell from his chair when at breakfast, and his successor, George III, removed to St. James's Palace.

The Duke of Sussex in due course lived at Kensington, and did much to enlarge and to improve the palace. He married, secondly, Lady Cecilia Gore, who was created Duchess of Inverness, and he was



## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

the favourite uncle of the Queen Victoria. Some of his effects were sold at Christie's only a few years ago, and many of them were knocked down at enormous prices.

The Queen was christened at Kensington Palace, and was to have been named Elizabeth, but the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, from sheer malignity, ordered the Princess to be called Alexandrina as a compliment to the Emperor of Russia, whom he had selected to act as second sponsor. The name Victoria was slipped in as a concession and as a compliment to the Duchess of Kent, the mother of the Princess. In her early years the Princess was especially vivacious, and would speak to almost every one who passed whilst walking, riding on her donkey, or when driving in her miniature cart.

In the "Diary of a Lady of Quality" is an excellent account of the manner in which the Girl Queen was informed of her accession.

On 20 June, 1837, William IV died. The scene closed at 2 a.m., and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to their young Sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard; they turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten to everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

inform her Royal Highness that they required an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and more ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said : " We are come to the Queen on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did ; and to prove that it was not she who had kept them waiting, in a few minutes the Queen came into the room in a loose, white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

That morning began the longest and certainly the most memorable reign in the whole history of Great Britain, only to be ended some sixty-three years later when the sight of a small flag-draped coffin upon a gun carriage caused thousands to realize that a justly revered Queen was being borne to her last home, and that the Victorian Era had passed away.

THE END



## INDEX

- Abbaye de Thélème, the, 158  
*et seq.*  
 Ailesbury, the late Lord, 177,  
 186  
 Ashbury, the late Mr. James,  
 196  
 Astley, Sir John, 170 *et seq.*  
 Athenæum Club, the, 206, 209-  
 214  
 Aiguillette, origin of, 144  
 Amphitryon Club, the, 102 *et seq.*  
 Alexandra, Princess, 35  
 Army and Navy Club, the, 235  
 Argyll Rooms, 143, 149  
 Arthur's Club, 229  
 d'Azeglio, Marquis, 37 *et seq.*
- Bachelors' Club, the, 200  
 Baird, the late Mr. Abington,  
 182-6  
 Balfour, Mr., 50  
 Bath Club, the, 285  
 Bath Hotel, the old, 102  
 Beaconsfield, Lord, 3, 41  
 Bessie Bellwood, 112  
 Bischoffsheim, Mrs., 108  
 Beefsteak Club, the, 230  
 Bismarck, 56, 74  
 Boehm, Sir Edgar, 275
- Bond Street, 15, 41  
 Boodle's Club, 215, 223-8  
 Booth, Mr. Charles, 136  
 Boulanger, General, 31 *et seq.*  
 Bowles, Mr. Thomas Gibson, 75,  
 77  
 Bristol, the, 18, 89 *et seq.*  
 Brooks's Club, 39, 221  
 Brummell, Beau, 117  
 Buckingham Palace, 42  
 Burgoyne, General, 13
- Café Anglais, the, 106  
 Café Royal, 89  
 Calcraft, Sir Henry, 58  
 Cambridge, Duke of, 59  
 Cambridge Beefsteak Club, the,  
 231  
 Carlton, the, 91, 98  
 Castiglione, Comtesse de, 37  
 Caunt, Ben, 198  
 Champagne Charlie, 115  
 Chorus girls, 122 *et seq.*  
 Christie, Mr. J. H., 44  
 Clubs and club life, 199-242  
 Cocoa Tree Club, the, 237  
 Combermere, Lady, 46  
 Cooper, Mr. Frederick, 59  
 Corinthian Club, the, 90, 157

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

- Courtesans, treatment of in various countries, 144 *et seq.*  
 Covent Garden, 14  
 Coventry House Club, the, 240  
 Crutch and Toothpick Brigade, 118 *et seq.*
- Demi-monde, 124 *et seq.*  
 Desart, Lord, 77  
 Devonshire, Duke of, 48 *et seq.*  
 Devonshire, Dowager Duchess of, 48  
 Devonshire Club, 240  
 Dilettante Society, the, 233  
 Dixie, Lady Florence, 28-9  
 Dorchester House, 34  
 Drayton, 36  
 Drummond, Mr. Hughie, 120  
 Dufferin, Lord, 290
- Elliot, Mr. J. L., 43  
 Empire lounge, the, 154 *et seq.*  
 Evans's, 108 *et seq.*
- Fairfield, Mr. Edward, 87 *et seq.*  
 Farren, Miss Nellie, 116 *et seq.*  
 Field Club, the, 241  
 Finch-Hatton, Mr. Harold, 72  
 Fox, Marie, 47 *et seq.*, 56  
 Fox Club, the, 222  
 French contempt for hypocrisy, 159
- Gaiety burlesques, the old, 119 *et seq.*  
 Gaiety actresses, 120  
 Gardenia Club, the, 90, 157
- Garrick Club, the, 221  
 George IV., 14  
 Gladstone, Mr., 34, 35, 40, 41, 49  
 Godfrey, Charles, 117  
 Grant, Baron, 283 *et seq.*  
 Granville, Lord, 37 *et seq.*, 108  
 Green, Captain T. G., 44  
 Green Park, the, 292  
 Guards' Club, the, 237  
 Gull, Sir William, 53
- Hamilton, Lady, 44  
 Hamilton, the late Duke of, 121  
 Harriett Wilson, 132 *et seq.*  
 Hatchett's, 101  
 Herring, Mr. George, 169  
 Hirsch, Baron, 195  
 Holland, Lady, 47  
 Homburg, 19  
 Houghton, Lord, 11, 55 *et seq.*
- Isthmian Club, the, 281
- Jerningham, Sir Hubert, 75  
 Jersey, Lady, the late, 36  
 Jowett, Dr., 21  
 Jubilee Juggins, the, 90
- Kensington Palace, 304  
 Kilmorey, Lord, 36
- Labouchere, Mr., 76  
 La Paiva, 125  
 Lebaudy, the late Mr. Max, 187  
 Lewis, Sam, 90, 172-80  
 Li Hung Chang, 33



# Index

- London architecture, 277 *et seq.*  
 Londonderry, Lady, 37  
 London Pavilion, 111  
 Lotus Club, 59  
 Long's Hotel, 100 *et seq.*
- Macdermott, the great, 113  
 Maison Dorée Club, the, 105 *et seq.*  
 Marcand, Captain, 59  
 Mirès, 82  
 Montagu, Mr. Andrew, 197  
 Montefiore, Sir Moses, 44  
 Montgomery, Mr. Alfred, 54, 228  
 Moore, Mr. John Carrick, 44  
 Morality of London, the, 128-161  
 Morley, Mr. John (Lord Morley), 34, 35  
 Messrs. Berry, 286  
 Murray Scott, Sir John, 244 *et seq.*  
 Music-halls, 111 *et seq.*
- Napoleon, 45  
 National Sporting Club, the, 108  
 Naval and Military Club, the, 236  
 Nellie Power, Miss, 117  
 North, Colonel, 194
- O'Gorman Mahon, the, 76
- Paget, Lady, 289  
 Palmerston, Lady, 37  
 Park Club, the, 241
- Peel, Lady Emily, 36  
 Peel, Lord, 50 *et seq.*  
 Peel, Sir Robert (the elder), 36  
 Peel, the late Sir Robert, 188-93  
 Pelican Club, the, 183  
 Pellegrini, 76  
 Petre, Mr. Henry, 107  
 Pickering Place, 286  
 Pratt's, 233
- Quain, Sir Richard, 53
- Raphael, Mr., 84  
 Reichenberg, Mlle., 34, 35  
 Rhodes, Mr., 68  
 Restaurant, rise of the, 89  
 Ritz, Mr., 94 *et seq.*  
 Ritz Hotel, the, 98, 102  
 Ros, Lady de, 43  
 Rosebery Lord, 34  
 Rothschild, Baron James de, 82 *et seq.*  
 Rowton, Lord, 3
- St. Albans, Duchess of, 42  
 St. James's Park, 293 *et seq.*  
 St. James's Club, the, 38  
 Sales at Christie's, 255-9  
 Salisbury, Lord, 49  
 Savoy, the, 91, 95, 98  
 Schwindleheimer, Mrs., 64 *et seq.*  
 Scott, Mr. John, 44  
 Shah (Nasr-ed-Din), 32  
 Shahzada, the, 34  
 South African millionaires, 8  
 South Kensington Museum, 37  
 Stanley of Alderley, Lady, 46

## *Piccadilly to Pall Mall*

Statues of London, the, 271-5

Stonor, Mrs., the late, 36

Sutherland, Duke of, 73

Skittles, 126 *et seq.*

Sykes, Mr. Christopher, 57

The Club, 208

The Turf, bookmakers and betting, 162 *et seq.*

Travellers' Club, the, 207

Thompson, Sir Henry, 54

Thistlethwayte, Mrs., 36

True Blue Club, the, 231

Turf Club, the, 209

Vance, the great, 111

Vanity Fair, 75 *et seq.*

Victorian Era, the end of the, 305

Victoria, Queen, 40, 41, 42, 43, 287, 394, 305

Wadsworth, Mrs., 37

Wales, Prince of, 47

Wallace collection, the, 244

Waterford, Louisa, Lady, 36

Wellington, Duchess of, 36

Westminster, the Duke of, 280

White's Club, 227-9

Whiteley, the late Mr., 181

Winchilsea, Lord, 71

Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond, 120

Yates, Edmund, 76













